

L E T T E R S

FROM

I T A L Y.

V O L. II.



L E T T E R S

FROM

I T A L Y,

DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Paintings,
&c. of that Country,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

T O

A FRIEND residing in FRANCE.

By an ENGLISH WOMAN.

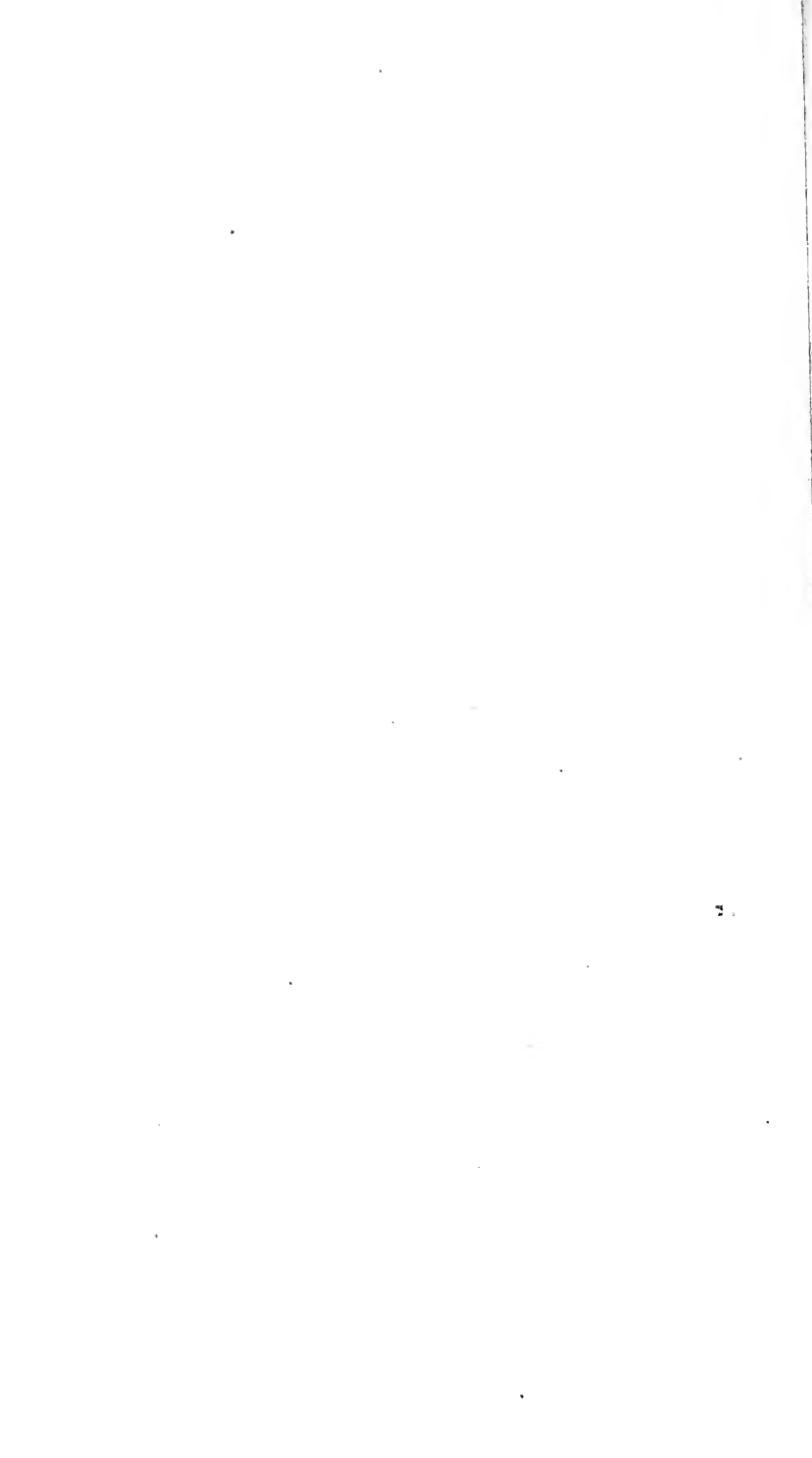
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVII.



LETTER XXX.

Florence, Jan. 1st, 1771.

IF I was writing to a Frenchwoman, I should take care to avoid wishing her a happy new year; as in that polite nation such a wish is supposed to imply a possibility of the year proving unhappy, and they even esteem this compliment as a kind of *memento mori* when one adds, and many of them: but to you I repeat, in the old English fashion, our sincere wish, that this year may prove a most happy one to you, and may a long succession of annual suns gild all your prospects, your happiness still, if possible, increasing, and augmenting with them.

We shall quit Florence in a day or two; therefore this is the last letter you must expect from our residence here. We were yesterday to see the *Palazzo Pitti*, which has a communication with the gallery and the old palace: the corridor that joins them was contrived by Cosmo the First, in order to procure a free egress and regress from one to the other, with ease and privacy.

The Palazzo Pitti is so called from a Florentine gentleman, who built it for himself in the year

Palazzo
Pitti.

1460; but being afterwards reduced in his circumstances, Cosmo the First purchased it, and resided there with Leonarda of Toledo, his wife; since which time it has been always inhabited by his successors. The architecture I think heavy; you may form a pretty competent idea of it from that of the Luxembourg at Paris; the plan of that palace being taken from this. Wings are added to it by Cosmo. The apartments are grand, and finely decorated; the mouldings gilt, also magnificent tables incrusted in Florentine work; but the pictures are what I mean particularly to dwell upon; for there are but few statues.

Apartment below.
Pietro da Cortona.

In the apartment below, or the *rez de chaussée*, a room, to the right, has its ceiling painted by Pietro da Cortona; the subject represents a young man, who quits the arms of *La Volupté* at the remonstrances of Virtue; he is represented by Hercules: the symbols of pleasure surround the young man. Round this middle piece are eight paintings, fan-fashion; one represents Seleucus, who resigns his wife to Antiochus. Another, the continence of Scipio. A third, Potiphar's wife, &c. and these different pieces are admirably well composed; the architectural ornaments, which serve as frames to them, in an excellent taste. The ceilings of the first five rooms, namely the ornaments, are all decorated by the same master, with a surprising variety and ingenuity in the choice and invention. The ceiling of the second room is by Ciro Ferri, from the designs of Pietro da Cortona;

2d Room.
Ciro Ferri

Cortona ; the subject a young man in the clouds, between Apollo and Poetry.

Four paintings adorn the Attic of this saloon ; The Attic of the same. the subjects allegorical, and respect the arts. 3d Room.

The ceiling of the third room is by Pietro da Cortona ; the painting has a fine effect ; it shews the arms of the Medici triumphant, and surrounded by guardian genii : the border of the ceiling represents a naval combat. These paintings are of a clear, distinct, and vigorous colouring. Pietro da Cortona.

In the fourth chamber is another ceiling, which 4th Room. (probably by its tone of colouring) is the execution of Ciro Ferri ; it represents the *apothecosis* of a hero, to whom Hercules has lent his mace : Jupiter is crowning him.

In the fifth room is another ceiling painted by 5th Room. Pietro da Cortona : this is inferior to the others ; Pietro da Cortona. the subject, Hercules on the pile. In one of these rooms is the following remarkable picture by Rubens : Mars is represented as dragged from Rubens. the arms of Venus by the Fury, or Dæmon of war ; Venus in vain endeavours to detain him, the Cupids weep, the Dæmon treads under foot a robust man, supposed to represent Agriculture ; women and children are put to flight by Fear ; the temple of Janus is fallen to the ground : on the fore-ground is a woman crowned with the mural crown, and who, by her cries and lamentations, endeavours to prevail with the Dæmon to desist. This is a fine picture.

Anti-
chamber.

Nico's
Cassano.

In the anti-chamber to this apartment is the portrait of a famous dwarf: it is well executed, as a picture, by Nicolo Cassano.

In the great saloon, called the Imperial, are eight paintings in fresco on part of the wall, which so well imitate bas reliefs in marble, as to be almost a deception. In other parts of the same saloon are painted in (I think) ten great compartments, the representation of these subjects: The Fall of the Arts in Italy, expressed emblematically by Harpies, Satyrs, Time, and Mahomet, who are occupied in destroying the productions of the most celebrated Artists. The subject of another compartment is the Destruction of Parnassus; here Sappho appears lashed by a Fury, Pegasus torn to pieces by Vice, the most famous poets oppressed and tortured by Satyrs and Harpies; the former are endeavouring to seek refuge in the House of Laurento the *Magnificent*, where Homer is the first who gains a safe retreat.

In another compartment appears Virtue, taking refuge at Florence by the orders of Pallas, who shews herself from the skies: Virtue is received by Tuscany, assisted by Generosity; one offers her hand to conduct her and the other poets to the house of Laurento of Medici, whither she is inviting many philosophers who form her train; amongst whom appears Empedocles mourning for his lost works: these three are by Gio. da San Giovanni.

Gio. da
San Gio-
vanni.

In another division, Apollo appears to lead the Muses to the friendly protection of Laurento, who is surrounded by many learned men his contemporaries or favourites: their reception is announced to the world by Fame. This is by Cecco
Bravo.

In the other compartments are the following subjects: Laurento, by the wisdom of his government, has caused the gates of the Temple of Janus to be closed; Bellona consoles herself upon the occasion, Mars is taking his leave, and Peace is descending from heaven to crown Italy with a wreath of olive: this is by the same master. Religion, accompanied by an angel (who holds the Scriptures), shews to Laurento the heavens, from whence proceed rays of light to conduct him in all his enterprises. In the air appear the rewards promised to his posterity by a *tiara* and two crowns borne by angels: by Octavio
Vannini.

Laurento having founded in his garden of St. Mark a school for painting, sculpture, and architecture, his scholars present him with their essays: Michael Angelo is distinguished from the others by the busto of a fawn: his production is executed in marble without the help of a master.

In another pannel, to shew the rewards due to Merit, Liberality appears sitting at the foot of a laurel; at her side is Prudence and two children; one of which leans on a book, the other

strikes the ground with a lance. These two last are by the same master.

A Platonic Academy is represented as established by Laurento in his country-house at Correggio. The statue of Plato is placed on a pedestal, with these inscriptions: *Platonem laudaturus et fide et mirare*; and lower down, *sal in mente, mel in ore*: Eloquence and Music are on each side of him. In a corner is Geometry; near her, Philosophy, who has overthrown Error. This is by Francesco Turino.

Another compartment represents the death of Laurento. The three Fates are introduced in this picture: Atropos has scarcely divided Laurento's thread of life, when Mars appears already descended upon the earth, from whence Astrea, Peace; and Fame are retiring: the Arts are endeavouring to make their escape on all sides, and in their confusion let fall various complimentary medals struck in honour of this great Prince.

The two rooms *en suite* from this apartment contain no paintings worthy of observation. Beyond these you enter a saloon, in which is a fine bath of *verd antique*.

In the apartment named after the Electress Anne Solimene, Palatine, is a picture by Solimene; the subject St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is a noble simplicity in the character of the Virgin; but this piece upon the whole is not correct: it is framed in silver very well wrought, to imitate
a gar-

a garland of flowers. A Virgin and Infant, by Carlo Dolci, of fine colouring. Carlo Dolci.

The stair-case, though the architecture is noble, appears to be on too small a scale for so large an edifice as this palace. The apartments on the first floor are magnificent, but not so large as to appear waste and dreary : they are distinguished by different appellations taken from the subjects represented in their ceilings ; as the Saloon of Venus, of Apollo, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Hercules, &c. Pietro da Cortona and Pietro da Cortona.
Ciro Ferri. Ciro Ferri. have exerted their genius in representing on these ceilings several allegorical subjects taken from ancient history, and from the heathen mythology, applicable to the political history of the Dukes of Florence, and which would take up a volume to explain. I only wish you then to believe that they have great merit as paintings ; that they are *symbolical, mysterious*, that I got a pain in my neck from looking up at them, and was tired to death at hearing them explained. I think you have had enough of ceilings in my description of those below stairs.

The pictures the most to our taste that adorn these saloons, are a St. Anthony at hand-cuffs with the Devil, by Salvator Rosa : a spirited piece. Salvator Rosa. A fine portrait of a Pope, by Tiziano. Tiziano. Adam and Eve weeping at the Death of Abel, by Tiarini. Tiarini. St. Philip de Neri invoking the Virgin and Infant : the composition and characters are fine, particularly the Infant Jesus ; by Carlo Mar- Carlo Maratti. ratti. Maratti.

Guercino. ratti. Apollo fleeing Marfyas, by Guercino. A picture representing a Nymph surprised by Satyrs, of Rubens. Four Battle-pieces, historical, of the house of Medicis and Bourignon: they are well done; but it is a subject I do not think succeeds on canvas: the best of them is that in which is a view and anticipation to us of the frightful mountain *Radicoferi*, of which I shall be better able to judge when we reach it; it lies between this city and Rome. A fine picture by Raffaello; the subject a Virgin, the Infant, and several Saints. A portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke. Vandyke; this is an admirable picture. The Pilgrims of Emmaus, by Paul Veronese. Abel dead, by Carlo Lotti; the drawing fine. The famous *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raffaello; this capital picture can never be sufficiently admired: it is finished to the last perfection: in our opinion this is the only representation we have yet seen of the Virgin which seems to bear a probability of its being like the original; truth, innocence, and all the virtues are assembled in her modest countenance; the child resembles her, but I think it not so greatly finished as the Madonna: it is to be wished Raffaello had draped the Virgin with more simplicity; her clothing is like that of an Eastern Princess, and the great chair in which she is seated, adorned with velvet and gold fringe, resembles the furniture of a Cardinal's palace. A portrait of a boy with thick hair combed down upon his forehead; the colouring fine; but the body

body not of the same master: this portrait is given to Vandyke. The portrait of Paul Veronese, by Vandyke. himself. Two small pictures; being the representations of two parables; one, of the *labourers of the vineyard*; the other, of the woman *searching for a lost piece of silver*: these are by Feti, and Feti. very good. A portrait of Raffaello, by Andrea Andrea del Sarto. A Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio; del Sarto. Palma in this picture is introduced a monarch offering Vecchio. the globe of the world to the Infant Jesus. Another Holy Family finely done, in which St. John brings a lamb to the Infant, by Rubens. A portrait of a Lady in crimson sattin; the drapery beautiful; by the same. The Fates, by Michael Michael Angelo; this picture is much blackened. A fine portrait of a Lady dressed in black, by Paul Paul Veronese. A Magdalen emaciated by fasting and prayer: it is a very singular picture; she is draped in crimson velvet lined with fur; by Leonardo da Vinci. A blasphemous representation of God the Father, supported by angels and winged griffins, by Raffaello. An Infant Jesus asleep, Raffaello. with St. John watching him; it is a beautiful picture, and finished in the high style of Wanderwerf, but attributed to Carlo Dolci. Cain slaying Abel, by Schiavone. A contest for musical excellence between Apollo and Marsyas; the expression is admirable in this picture; by Carlo Carlo Loti. A Battle-piece, by Salvator Rosa; he has Loti. drawn himself in a corner: the various attitudes Salvator Rosa. of the horses and warriors are executed with great freedom

- freedom and spirit. Three heads in one picture, by Rustichini. A good Bacchante, by Riminaly. A picture over a door, representing a calf as large as the life, extremely well done : also another of cocks and hens, by Castiglioni. A Descent from the Cross ; the Magdalen fine, by Andrea del Sarto. The Supper of Lazarus ; the moment the painter has taken, is that of Martha's complaining to our Saviour that her sister does not assist her in domestic concerns : there is a great absurdity in this picture ; one of the company at the table is slicing a Bologna sausage ; by J. Bassano ; its pendant, by the same painter, represents the Supper of the Pharisee. A Madona in ecstasy, by Guercino. A St. John playing with a Lamb, by Cesaro Genaro. A Sibyl shewing the Emperor Justinian a Glory, in which appears the Virgin and Infant over an altar, and seems to represent a vision : his wonder and eagerness of further information is finely expressed ; the Sibyl is quite inspired : by Palma Vecchio. A Musician, who appears to be composing music ; he strikes a chord, while another man and woman standing by him, appear to judge of his performance ; it is interesting, spirited, and well coloured ; by Giorgione del Castel Franco.

There are several other pictures in this palace, that I make no doubt have their merit ; as well as many which I do not think worth noticing ; but those I have mentioned pleased us most. The
statues

statues are very indifferent; the apartments well furnished, and clean.

Dec. 29th. We leave *Florence the Fair* to-morrow; and after seeing our baggage packed up, I dedicate this evening to you.

The few days we have passed here have been employed in viewing the gallery in particular, and the palace of Pitti; and having dined abroad some of those days, by which our time has been consumed, the afternoons were always occupied by the theatre or private assemblies, the *casino*, &c. We have not had it in our power to see many of the churches, and those in so cursory a manner, through hurry, that I shall not attempt to say more of them, than that I believe the chapel of St. Laurent will be the finest of all possible chapels; and that, according to the Florentins, &c. the meridian of *Il Duomo* (the cathedral church), is the best constructed meridian in the world. I know you will not be disappointed in regard to the churches, as you do not expect impossibilities; for the same reason, and others I shall not trouble you with, you will excuse my not attempting a description of a picture we have seen (in private hands); such a picture, of which even your imagination, from any help my pen could give it, would form but a very faint idea. The subject is *il pioggia d'oro*. Suffice it to say, the beauty of *Danae* could not be excelled by the Venus of Medici, were she animated. The anatomy, the muscles, the colouring of the flesh are so natural,

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that

that the picture is very near a deception. A Cupid, with his bow unstrung, points to the shower of gold with great archness, which is descending in yellow pieces resembling guineas, from a darkish cloud. Every point of this picture is perfectly well done. The only ornament worn by Danae is a bracelet, and a ring on her fourth finger. I have often heard it observed by *connoisseurs* in Italy, that nothing disgraces a fine hand more than rings worn on any finger except the third and fourth. It certainly destroys the proportions, and gives a gobby or rickety appearance to the hand in general; the first and middle finger appear clumsy when loaded with rings. This

Tiziano. *chef d'œuvre* is by Tiziano.

I cannot imagine why the Grand Duke, like another Jupiter, does not purchase this beauty with a shower of gold; for, in my opinion, neither the Venus nor the mistress of Tiziano in the *Tribune*, are comparable to it in any respect. This inimitable piece is in the possession of two gentlemen (brothers) of the name of Caignani.

The environs of Florence are beautiful. Tuscany was the ancient Etruria; a people who originally came out of Asia: they were considerable and powerful long before the Romans. At present the country is highly cultivated, divided into farms, and the peasants appear rich and happy. Some of the high mountains contain mines of alum, iron, and silver; also quarries of alabaster, porphyry, and other marbles. The plains are fertile

tile

tile in corn, vines, saffron, and all kinds of kitchen-garden stuff, in great perfection. Silk-worms thrive here, their produce is a considerable branch of commerce to the citizens; it is remarkable that these worms breed twice in a year, and even three times; but there is an order from government which forbids the third increase; the reason is, that it would occasion a dearth of mulberry-leaves, were the trees to be thrice stripped for the nourishment of the worms, and consequently there would few or none remain to feed their cattle, in case the fodder should fall short, which frequently happens, as there is here but little pasture-land. The fruits held in the highest estimation are, the cedars, water-melons, and grapes. Besides that wine which is known in England by the name of Florence, and which is the *vin ordinaire du païs*, they have a white fort which is much better, and extremely light and delicate to the taste. The trees most common here, are the cypress and the pine; the latter produces a kind of almond or kernel, which are very good to eat: these pounded in a mortar, and mixed with the pulp of the white codlin, form a paste exceedingly good to wash the hands with. The wood is very resinous, and if chipped while green, and boiled till one half of the water is consumed, is excellent for sprains, wrenches, or any common rheumatic pains in the limbs, used as a bath or fomentation hot as it can be borne.

The

The peasants are tall and well made, the women remarkably handsome and very fair; they are extremely clean and well-dressed; on days of *fête*, their hair is nicely and becomingly adjusted, and ornamented with a very small hat elegantly trimmed, worn just above the left ear; on the other side, a mat of flowers is often interwoven with strings of pearl; they wear ear-rings of five or seven drops of pearl set in gold, and necklaces composed of several rows of the same; they are not the finest or most correct shaped pearls in the world, but such as many ladies in England would not be ashamed of wearing. They have silk *corsets* without sleeves; their shift-sleeves are puffed and tied with ribbon, the shoulder-straps of their *corsets* are ornamented with long ribbons, which wanton in the wind as they walk; the *corset* is covered with scarlet or blue lutestring, and the petticoat is of the same. On working-days, when they bring their goods to market, their hair is entirely concealed by a kind of netted cap of crimson, scarlet, or blue silk drawn tight over it, by means of two strings ornamented with tassels, which are frequently of gold or silver. A pretty woman looks beautiful in this odd *coiffure*. The tassels, after they are tied, hang carelessly down on the left side, and almost touch the shoulder. Their *corsets* and petticoats on these days are of callimancoe, and their ear-rings and cross, plain gold.

Provisions are reasonable, and the markets well supplied. Lalande is extremely particular in his
account

account of Florence; his catalogue of illustrious and learned men is just. I refer you to him for some very entertaining and curious anecdotes.

There is but one theatre open at present; the performers are wretched, and their plays, if possible, worse; though it is ungrateful to criticise, as the *piece* is always in honour of the English. A crew of English sailors are introduced on the scene, who ridicule, and in the end beat some French characters, which are much *cutréed*. The theatre is convenient, but nothing remarkable; it is called the Little Theatre, to distinguish it from another, where they say operas at another season are finely performed. The orchestra at the Little Theatre is composed of good musicians.

This city is in high favour with young Englishmen; who are perfectly at their ease during their residence here. The ladies in general are of easy virtue, and their expences light, as a genteel present is from two to five sequins; it is true, these ladies are apt to borrow to supply their play-purses, but the sums are but small, and bear a certain proportion to the presents I have mentioned. There are few private assemblies; before Sir Horace Mann came here there was not any; but he has been of great use in teaching them how to live: his table is elegant, and his polite manners please every body; none more than his own countrymen. He has assemblies also. *Monsieur Barbantin*, the French resident here, has shewn

us many civilities; we had letters to him from the ambassador of his nation at Turin. * * * * *

* * * We set out for Rome to-morrow; so adieu. *Ec. Ec.*

L E T T E R XXXI.

Sienna, Dec. 30, 1770.

WE are arrived here in good health and without accident, though obliged to walk up a steep paved mountain, which was so iced over, that the horses falling down frequently, induced us to get out of the carriage by way of lightening the draft, which succeeded. We did not stop any where on the road, not having quitted Florence till late in the morning. The road was over mountains, consequently one continued ascent or descent. We passed two or three shallow rivers, not dangerous. There are many agreeable views of the country from these mountains, occasioned by the irregularity of their situation. They seem to intersect each other, and strike the eye with a pleasing variety of tints, some being covered with vines, others with olives, and others under the plough; now and then a wild uncultivated mountain forms a beautiful contrast.

Four post-horses were not sufficient for most part of the road, so we were frequently obliged to have six. To-morrow we are to reach Radicofani,

cofani, and to pafs the night there. This town Sienna. appears to confift of ruined palaces and very wretched houfes for poor people, if we may be allowed to judge from only paffing through it.

If you fhould meet with any body going to Florence, do not forget to recommend the Vanninis. We had no difpute at parting, and they have behaved fo as not only to merit the character of honeft, but even fomething more than what is ufually meant by that word; theirs is an honourable honefty, a rare quality in hofts. I think we fhall have no reason to complain of the people who keep this inn; they are women, and feem much humanized and *ferviable*. I break off this letter, as a tolerable fupper juft now makes its appearance, and I am a little fatigued with the day's journey. No poft quits Sienna to-night for France, fo I fhall take this letter with me, and continue it as I fee occafion. Sienna is five pofts from Florence.

Radicofani, the 31ft of December.

Here we are, and lodged in a palace, which whilom was the delightful fpot fixed upon for a repofe from the chace, for princes: but what a palace! oh that it was but an Englifh ftable! Here is room enough to lodge the Pruffian hofts, regulars and irregulars, and in its *environs*, fuppose, wild boars enough to glut them. Figure to yourfelf an extenfive *fuite* of rooms, long galleries and paffages, the ceilings, or rather the

beams, in such ærian perspective, as nearly to evade the sight; the walls literally bare and green, from damp; the pavement more rugged than Berkeley-Square, and I believe has not been cleaned for many years. An eternal fog constantly enwraps this *cloud-capt tower*, through which the sun-beams rarely penetrate in his annual course. At the end of the above-mentioned dreary waste, or *suite* of apartments, are we. A table of an enormous size, which seems in a state of progression towards petrification, graces the middle of this spacious chamber; no power on earth is, I believe, equal to the task of moving it from its ancient scite. A chimney of amazing size, japanned within and without with smoke (the fire will not burn, the wood being always damp here), large puffs descending into the room, with gusts of cold wind.—Two broken chairs, excessively high, and of antique sculpture in wood—A mattress, stuffed with the refuse knots and ends of hemp, covered with sheets that are wet, and prickly like hair-cloth—The blanket—I scarce dare look at it; but, when we are about lying down to repose (for to sleep is impossible), I shall, by the means of an enormous pair of tongs, endeavour to drag it into a corner of the room, as far as possible from the bed—by the glimmering light of the candles, it appears at this distance like a map of the world—seas—lakes—terra firma—*islands*, and undiscovered countries, from whose bourns I have no intention of returning, as I do
not

not mean to explore them—In short, I am in so ill a humour, so weary, and so hungry.—They make us wait for supper most cruelly.

The winds howl in the passages on one side, and are re-echoed in another tone from the other side : a Frenchwoman would think, *que le grand Diable tenoit le sabbat ici pour toutes les sorcieres du monde, & qu'ils alloient tous arriver en loups-garous*: “but to what purpose complain?” says M——: “there is no help for it, and you must “be patient: it is only for one night.” I am satisfied I am on my journey to Rome, and to be sure, was it worse, Rome is an object worth suffering something in its pursuit; so, till supper comes, and to prevent me from seeing or hearing spirits, I will write on, and inform you, that the road from Sienna hither is in length six posts, the last of them execrably bad. The grim inhabitants of the palace, who seem as if descended from the Cyclops, have just been with us to announce the long wished-for approach of the supper, which is upon its march from the kitchen.

Supper is over; it consisted of a dish of eggs, which I had ordered to be boiled in the shell; but, alas! they were all rotten: then appeared an animal, which I am sure would have puzzled the most ingenious author that ever wrote upon zoology to say what species of winged creature it had been. It had extended legs and wings, was black, and appeared to have been dislocated alive; they insisted upon its being a *poularde*; had they as-

serted it to have been a griffin, I should have been inclined to believe them; some wretched bread, of what date I know not, and sauce made with stinking oil, concludes the bill of fare—the wine poisonous—the water muddy.—Good night. For me, if sleep should kindly lend her aid, may I dream of a piece of English bread and cheese, and a draught of small beer. My little barbett is so discontented and cross, that she barks incessantly at the howling of the wind, and disdains to eat or sleep.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Viterbo, Jan. 1st.

WE now come close upon Rome, having passed dreadful roads and frightful mountains; but any thing is better than our regale at Radicofani. We reached this place before night; the last post here from Sienna is a good road.

Two bad accidents happened last night; the post-master, who had himself rode as postilion to the Roman courier, was killed on a mountain by falling from his horse; and in another part of the road, the best horse belonging to the post-master of *Aquapendente* was swallowed in a slough, where he expired, they not being able to get him out. However, bad as this road is at present, it is now better than ever it has been; for just before the

the

the Emperor was expected, the Pope and the King of Naples agreed to repair the roads in their respective dominions : we are told, that on the Neapolitan side it is much better. We passed by the ruins of the ancient Volsium this morning, near the Bolsena : these vestiges are so faint, that they appear like a confused heap of ruined vaults. For many miles our road lay on the borders of the beautiful lake of Bolsena ; the water is transparent ; it is surrounded with hills clothed with hanging woods, whose various tints tremble upon its translucent bosom. Two beautiful islands rise from it ; one contains a majestic ruin : this is about five miles from the shore. They told us at Bolsena, that the lake is thirty-five miles in circumference.

The soil on the sides of the road is incorporated with a kind of burnt iron or dross, which bears strongly the appearance of extinguished volcanos.

The accommodation here is bad and very dear ; our supper consisted of a soup, the chief ingredients of which were all sorts of livers and gizzards, collected from various birds, and of various dates, sailing after each other in a muddy pool, very unlike the lake of Bolsena ; broiled pigeons with oil, and a friture of livers, &c. ; our soup the Barbet condescended to taste. You may be sure we are in no danger of a surfeit this night. To-morrow we shall reach immortal Rome ; it is only four posts thither ; so good night for the present.

Rome, Jan. 6th.

Having arrived the second instant too late for the French courier, I now resume my pen, this being the first opportunity. We are lodged at Pio's Hôtel, *Strada della Cruce, Piazza di Spagna*, are well accommodated, and reasonably. Our table is served something in the English style, at least it affords us three or four homely English dishes (thanks to some kind English predecessors who have taught them), such as bacon and cabbage, boiled mutton, bread-puddings, which after they have been boiled, are cut in pieces, fried and served with a wine sauce strongly spiced, &c. so do not imagine we are likely to starve here.

You may, from the commonest print, form a very good idea of the entrance into Rome. The town for the most part is unpaved, and the houses in general make a wretched appearance; I do not mean the palaces: there are many fine buildings, whose splendour is the more surprising, from their being surrounded with miserable habitations. The part of the town we are in is by much the best for strangers, and the accommodation any where else extremely bad; for you know one cannot occupy the palaces nor the churches, of which latter there are a plenty.

We have received the utmost civilities from the families, to whom we have presented our letters of recommendation; those who are most troubled with us are the Duke and Dutchess of Monté *Librettii*; they have undertaken to *serve us*, in the
polite

polite Italian sense. The Duke is son to the Princess Palestrine, who is now in years and infirm; the Dutchess, daughter to the noble Prince *Bar-romeo* of Milan; they were so very obliging as to call upon us the same day we sent our letter, and the next morning. We have been introduced by them to the Dutchess of Bracciano, at whose assembly we were last night. The Dutchess of Bracciano is of the blood royal of France; she is esteemed not only a very sensible woman, but also witty and learned: she is extremely polite, and possesses evidently a great knowledge of the world. The Duke her son is a fine young man of the first class, speaks English well, and is lively and agreeable: there was a numerous *converzazione*: from hence they conducted us to the *Contessa Carpegna's*, where there was also a brilliant assembly: this lady has the manners to appearance of an amiable French-woman. The Cardinal of Bernis came immediately on the reception of our letter of recommendation; he gave us the most obliging invitation to his table and assemblies. We go to-morrow.

The 7th of Jan. at night.

We have dined and passed the evening at Cardinal Bernis's; his niece, *Madame la Marquise de Puymontbrun*, does the honour of the table, &c. Nothing can be more elegant than his manner of living: he has united the French refinements to the Roman magnificence. There were about fifty

persons at table, consisting chiefly of cardinals. The ladies were *Madame de Puymontbrun*, the Princess of *Santa Cruce* and her mother. After dinner more company entered, and we were introduced to the Princess *Altieré*, and a Polish family who are styled *Princes*; their name *Prezbendowsky*: I could think of nothing but *Potto-wisky*, and was going to call her so more than once. The Cardinal of Bernis being subject to the gout, starves at his own table, as he thinks living low the only means of keeping the fit off. He feeds on nothing but herbs boiled and all the juice pressed out; neither gravy, butter, salt, cream, eggs, oil, nor any kind of meat, fish, or fowl, does he ever taste, eats very little bread, and that extremely stale. Though he is himself thus suffering famine, his dishes are of the best kinds, the greatest variety the season can afford in profusion, and the best dressed: he knows whether each dish is as it ought to be by its look and smell; and has the most hospitable manner imaginable; he is extremely cheerful, possesses a great share of spirits, has a brilliant wit, and ready upon the most trifling occasions; *enfin, il est petri de l'art de sçavoir vivre*. It is impossible to converse with him a quarter of an hour, without being sensible that he is a man of deep penetration, learning, a great statesman, and perfectly well read in the *belles lettres*; he has a noble air, though not tall, and rather inclined to corpulency; his countenance is sensible, and changes
with

with his thoughts; his eyes quick and piercing, though not large; and he is marked with the small-pox.

I told you in this letter that we passed part of the evening at the Dutchess of Bracciano's: As we were there early, before much company was arrived, she was so obliging as to enter into a particular conversation with me. We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting entered and announced *il Re*. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, she seized that opportunity to desire me upon no account to speak to, or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's order that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to those of the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like sort; but I concluded with saying, that if he spoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions; she still insisted upon my not answering should he speak to me, with which I refused to comply: I think I was right, my reasons were these: I knew before, that no gentlemen of the British empire make themselves known to him, but on the contrary avoid
it,

it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at least, so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way: but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence; added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him and hear him speak—But to return; he entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the Dutchess of Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtsy; he endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, which he affected by addressing himself equally to the dutchess, another lady, and myself; at last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival at Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French—what distressed me was how to style him—I had but a moment for reflection; it struck me that *Mon Prince* (though the common appellation (in France) to every stranger whose rank as a prince is the most dubious) would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind—Highness was equally improper; so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and
called

called him *Mon Seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said, "Speak English, Madam." Before I could reply, the Dutchess of *Monte Libretti* came up, and pulled me by the sleeve; I went with her to a card-table at which she was going to play: I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Dutchess of Bracciano (agreeable to the custom) and the *Chevalier*, who played at her table, officiously civil, rose up, and wished me a good night. He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the *contour* of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble presence, and a graceful manner: his dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace; he wears the blue ribband outside of his coat, from which depends a *cameo* (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; with the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England; upon the whole, he has a melancholic, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's

lestrine's *conversazione*, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The Princess desired me to sit by her; she played with him: he asked me, if I understood the game of *Tarocchi* (what they were about to play at); I answered in the negative, upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards: I replied, that they were very odd indeed; he then displaying them said, Here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards, the sun, the moon, the stars; and here, says he, (shewing me a card) is the Pope; here is the Devil, (and added) there is but one of the *trio* wanting, and you know who that should be. I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation as much as possible, lest he should give it a political turn. What passed afterwards was relative to some of the English manners and amusements; such as, whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished.

Before I close this letter I shall mention St. Peter's and some other particulars. We go from hence to-morrow or the day following; a quiet moment presents itself, and I seize it to conclude this long letter. You have seen many prints representing the outside of St. Peter's church, but
they

they are all (that I have met with) on so small a scale, as to give but a very faint idea of the magnificent original. The piazza great court, or approach to the church, is divided into two parts, one of which forms an oval, the other a rectangle; the oval opens as you see in the prints, and presents at once a view of the church in front; this opening has a wonderful effect. The colonade which ranges on each side, erected on the oval plan I mentioned, forms a *piazza* (I use this word here in the sense it is confined to in England) covered at top; the entablature, &c. supported by four rows of large pillars; the whole is crowned by a balustrade, on which are placed statues of saints, &c. I think not less than thirty-six holy personages. There appeared to us both, at the first sight of this colonade, a most striking fault in the architecture; the pillars, which are of stone, show heavy and crowded. This is the more surprising, as the design, &c. are Bernini's; all the statues and architecture we have hitherto seen of that master being universally too light. The floor is paved with brick, and at present so much out of repair as to make walking on it dangerous. The pavement of the open place is of stone. In the center stands a fine Egyptian antique obelisk * of oriental granite; it is one entire

* This obelisk (as also some others at Rome) is of the most remote antiquity, probably from the times of the first Kings of Egypt, more than a thousand years before the Assyrians penetrated

ture piece, and, as they told us, measures seventy-four Paris feet in height; the pedestal, and brass cross at top included, give one hundred and twenty-four feet from the surface of the pavement. To the right and left of this obelisk are two magnificent fountains. Our *Ciceroni*, while we were admiring them, gave us an anecdote of Christina Queen of Sweden, upon her first seeing these fountains; after considering them some minutes with silent admiration, she turned to those about her and said, “ *Ma foi, c’est assez, c’est assez, que ces bonnes gens ne se donnent pas la peine de les faire jouer d’avantage.*” I could not learn whether they left her Majesty in the error of supposing them playing merely for her; but I think it quite worthy the Italians to despise her benignity upon the occasion, so much as not to give themselves the trouble to undeceive her.

The water which supplies these fountains has its source in the *Campagna di Trevignano, Lago Sabatino, et Lago Bracciano*.

The rectangle immediately before the front of the church commences at the extremities of the colonade. These two buildings are decorated

trated into that country: it was discovered where the sacristy of St. Peter’s now stands, which was formerly part of the Circus of Nero. Pope Sixtus the Fifth erected it in its present position. The machines used for that purpose, and the manner of raising it up, &c. with a computation of the vast sum expended on the occasion, have been engraved and published. I think the calculation of the expence amounts to 37975 Roman crowns.

with

with pilasters which join on to the church, and in the middle of each is a door. Here are two fine Mosaic pictures; that to the right represents St. Peter and St. Paul, and was executed by Calandra: the subject of the second is the Conversion of St. Peter; by Pietro Spagna. These side-doors open into the grand portico of the church. The great door of entrance, which exactly fronts the middle of the break between the two oval colonades, is elevated upon a kind of terras, which you ascend by three steps of prodigious breadth. This entrance is ornamented with the Corinthian order, crowned by an Attic; above which rises the superb dome, appearing as at a considerable distance. The steps above mentioned are of marble, composed of the antique remains of a magnificent pyramid, called the Tomb of Romulus; at the foot of the first step are two statues, St. Peter and St. Paul, by Mino, placed there by Pius the Second. After the second step is a kind of terras, (for I cannot call it a landing-place) where the Pope receives Emperors and Kings in pontifical ceremony, who come to visit St. Peter's church. The front of the church is adorned with statues, bas reliefs, &c. I think I hazard nothing in speaking my real sentiments to you in respect to the front in general, and I know you will keep counsel, if you think me presumptuous; in truth, there are so many ornaments, such twisting and turning, such cutting and carving, that one fine thing hides another, and,

and, to use a vulgar proverb, there is no seeing the wood for trees; the noble simplicity which should, in my opinion, dignify so vast an edifice, is lost by being thus loaded and confounded in ornaments; and may, perhaps, be not improperly compared to the appearance of a perfect beauty at a masquerade, in the character of a Nabob's wife. On entering the church, the eye is wonderfully struck with the fine proportions of the piers and chapels, whilst at the same instant your attention is drawn off to the vivid and brilliant colouring of the Mosaic pictures which glisten on all sides.

The vast space of ground this church stands upon does not at first strike the eye; but the eager curiosity to penetrate to the end of it convinced me most feelingly, by the remonstrances of weary feet, that it occupies a plane of great extent. As to the measurements, consult Lalande, who will inform you with great accuracy.

When you have gained the dome, nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance on all sides; the eye reposes on the justness of the architectural proportions, wanders over the fine Mosaic pictures, and till this enchantment begins to lose its force by continuation, you seem as if suddenly transplanted into another planet; recovering from this trance, the malignity of our disposition begins to take place, and tempts us to criticise. The canopy over the grand altar, which is of gilt bronze, supported by twisted columns,
intercepts

intercepts the perspective view of the middle isle, and appears (if you can guess at my meaning) too heavy and too light at the same time; the twisted columns have wreaths bound round them, which lends a kind of fantastic airy lightness to the solid and strong props of a vast brass canopy.

To give you some idea of the great size of this church, two angels which support the baptismal fount appear on entering it to be about the size of our children; and upon a nearer approach, you are astonished at the Colossal height and size of these seeming infants, which are *chef d'œuvres*; but I have neither time nor patience to enter into a detail of its beauties, ornaments, and proportions, &c. and shall therefore refer you for a more ample account to abler pens than mine, as I must hasten the conclusion of this letter, that I may have time to sleep before our journey. I wish I could send you the model in a dream, though I should be sorry you did not wake before you had examined a fourth part of its beauties. Adieu, and believe, as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Naples, Jan. 12, 1770.

WE have reached this city in perfect health. But were detained a day and a night longer on the road than might have been expected. Leaving Rome the 8th, we lay that night at Viletri, a wretched place, bad accommodations, and very dear. We were called up at three o'clock next morning, in order not to lose time unnecessarily upon the road; but it snowed fast, and the wind was so violent, that when we came down to the door of the inn, the postilions asserted they could not drive, nor would the horses go forward, the wind and snow being right in their faces. Here we waited till half an hour past six, when the day appeared; and though M——, on my account, wished to put off our proceeding any farther that day, yet my ardent desire to go forward was such, that I determined at all events not to defer our journey, and at last prevailed. I dreaded a delay, and pleaded a probability of its freezing upon the snow, which, had it happened, must have impeded us for some days; so on we went, and got over the snow pretty well, thought it lay so deep as to fill up all the ruts and ditches. After we had gone two posts it thawed; notwithstanding which, we were obliged to lie at Fondi, from the extreme badness of the roads;

Viletri.

Fondi.

roads; and though it ceased snowing, violent gusts of wind with a furious rain contributed to make the journey still more wearying and disagreeable.

I have so often mentioned the inns on the roads in Italy to be the worst in the world, that I am tired of repeating the same thing; yet I must tell you this one is peculiar in that style. The walls are bare, the pavement nearly as rugged and as dirty as the roads we had just passed; no sashes in the windows, no glass, no paper, but some shutters so out of repair as to admit through their breaches the rain and the snow upon our beds; the doors could not be shut. Our beds were made of the knots of hemp, without curtains; and their vicinity to the wall was an aggravation of our wretched plight, it being in a manner plastered over with snuffy spittle, and marbled between *en grisaille*, with what I cannot mention. The only light the inn afforded was that of a stinking lamp, supplied with train-oil: the provisions stale, rotten eggs, and some ragouts of liver and brains stewed in oil, out of the same reservoir with that used in the lamp. Their demand for our supper and beds was a sequin ahead. As if our unlucky stars meant to oblige us to contribute to our own inconvenience and misfortunes, we gave orders to be called at half an hour after two the next morning, intending, if possible, to reach Naples the same night; accordingly we rose at that early hour, but not re-

refreshed, being more fatigued than if we had sat up the whole night. Having advanced about half a post towards Naples, we were met by a great mountain, where the unmelted snow but thinly covering the ground, was frozen over: the postilions stopped, and said they could go no farther, the horses not being able to keep their feet (for in this country they never heard of frost-nails or rough-shoeing to prevent slipping) we then proposed to get out and walk up the mountain, in order to lighten the carriage, and left our courier with the equipage, supposing they might then be able to follow us. M—— carried the fire-arms himself, which consisted of a brace of pistols and a blunderbuss; it being by no means expedient to leave these either in the power of our postilions or that of our servant. We had not proceeded far before I began to slip and stumble as the horses had done. The road up this steep mountain turning and winding very frequently, we soon lost sight of our carriage, but concluded they were coming slowly after, when with the greatest difficulty we had gained the summit, having walked about two miles, judge of our surprise and disappointment to see our servant coming after us as fast as he could, calling out to us to stop; when he informed us the postilions had not advanced one step from the place where we had left them, alleging it to be impossible for the horses to draw the carriage up the mountain. What did not these villains deserve for suffering us

us to make such an attempt? for I am convinced they never intended to make the least effort to follow us. So we returned as we came, they not having given themselves the trouble even to turn the carriage about. We got in, not thinking of this circumstance, and they backed in such a manner, that had it not been for a few stones, the remains of a broken wall, the carriage and ourselves had gone down a precipice, whence we never should have returned. I forgot to tell you, that in ascending the mountain we met two or three little parties of very ill-looking fellows, though at so early an hour; but they eyed the arms, and did not molest us: I wished them good morning in as civil Italian as occurred to me. Was not this a most odious *promenade* at the point of day, almost benumbed with cold, a bitter wind and fleet in our faces, upon a bleak mountain, &c.? As to my complexion, I believe by the time I shall see you again I may pass for the Queen of the Gipsies. But to return; we went back to Fondi, in order to wait for a thaw, and had there the satisfaction to contemplate the approaching Aurora.

—“ Till Morn, wak'd by the circling hours,
With rosy hand unbarr'd the gates of light.”

We continued at Fondi till twelve o'clock, and were obliged by the postmaster (who is also the host) to pay the same post over again, but intend to make the proper inquiries at Naples into this procedure. At length we set out, the sun shining

bright on the snow, and we with some difficulty reached *Mola di Gaeta*.

*Mola di
Gaeta.*

Mola di Gaeta is situated on the margin of the Mediterranean: here it was that Eneas buried his nurse, from whom it had its name of *Cajeta*.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame!

Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name.

' *Cajeta* still the place is call'd from thee,

The nurse of great Eneas' infancy.

Here rest thy bones in rich *Hesperia's* plains,

Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Here we had all our trunks searched, and were obliged to take up our lodging for the night, our host informing us, that if we proceeded on our journey we should find, two posts further, a certain river that could not be crossed but at the risk of our lives, as night would overtake us ere we reached it, and of course occasion us the greatest difficulties. They shewed us into a room in a kind of tower, which, compared to *Fondi*, was tolerably clean, but it had the same sort of shutters, and was very cold: upon lighting some faggots, the chimney smoked to such a degree, that we were glad to extinguish the fire, and rather bear with the malignity of the weather, than with that of our fuel. Our beds and provisions were in the same style with those at *Fondi*. The next morning at four o'clock we quitted *Mola di Gaeta*, being obliged to leave a sequin as gage, and to carry a manifesto with us, declaring that we had no other concealed contraband goods than
four

four pair of new silk stockings; the manifesto was to be shewn when we should arrive within two miles of Naples, in order to avoid the delay of being searched there also; but this did not avail, for our baggage was opened and tumbled about notwithstanding, though to no purpose, as we had nothing seizable, except the before mentioned stockings; I mistake, for I had a parcel of bead work for the Dutcheſs of *Calabretta*; this parcel wonderfully eſcaped their obſervation; indeed theſe ſort of commiſſions are generally troubleſome; I had the precaution to wrapt them up amongſt my linen, which concealed them. As to the road from Rome to Naples, that part (about one half) which reaches from Rome to Terracina is extremely bad; juſt paſt Terracina, and on the Neapolitan ſide, is a dangerous ſtep, the road (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) lying through the ſea; but it is ſoon paſſed: the water there is not very deep, though it riſes ſufficiently high to be above the floor of the carriage, but the bottom is rough: from hence to Naples the road is ſafe and good; the cauſe of this variety is, that when the Emperor was to travel from Rome to Naples, the Pope and his Neapolitan Maſteſty agreed to mend and improve between them the roads from Rome to Naples, from conſideration to him. The King of Naples' territory commences at Terracina, and reaches to Naples, and proper orders were given, which have ſucceeded as to that portion of it; but his Holineſs's orders (if any ſuch there

were) have not been carried into execution, which accounts for that part of St. Peter's patrimony continuing so much out of repair as to be barely passable. I think it lucky that we determined to pass the carnival here rather than at Venice; for we are told the roads from Rome to Loretto, and from thence to Venice, are much worse in winter than those we have already travelled. Before I have done with the road from Rome to Naples (though your patience should be exhausted) I must tell you the Dress of the men and women of Fondi; the women wear no caps, their hair grows at the will of Nature; and I believe is never combed: the population of their heads must be abundant, and the different nations bear the hue of their different complexions; as reddish in the red haired, black and yellowish in the swarthy. The hair behind is formed into a *queue*, with what the gardeners call *bast*, the filaments which compose the coarsest mats; it is then twisted round at the back of the head, and a leaden skewer, dignified by the name of a bodkin, thrust through it; at first sight it appears like a great eel prepared and fastened together to be dressed in the manner called by the English cooks Spitchcocking. On their backs they carry a coarse and dirty blanket, which hangs down behind half way the legs; from before descends its fellow, but of a smaller size, passing under the arms, and kindly uniting itself with the hindermost. They have neither shift, petticoats, stockings, or shoes,

Dress at
Fondi.

and look like so many madfuries. The men wear a great loose cloak, in which they wrap themselves up to the chin; round their legs and feet are wound stripes of very coarse linen, but no shoes. In this elegant attire, both sexes stand in the street conversing, *et faisant l'agrecable*, all day long. They never work if they can avoid it; now and then, as a piece of gallantry, the men search for and dislodge some of the inhabitants of their mistresses heads. The postilions and servants of the inn were rather better clad, and had each a large gold ear-ring in one ear, with a pearl hanging from it, and rings on their fingers, made in the present fashion as to size, though the metal is generally pewter or brass; they are intended to imitate a *cameo*, or an *intaglio*, but are extremely like what our school-boys call Dumps.

But let me hasten from Fondi, that I may assure you Naples appears to be a most charming town; the streets are crowded with people and brilliant equipages; the shops filled with all sorts of merchandise; the markets stocked with the best provisions in the greatest abundance. We are lodged in a magnificent house near the royal palace; our hostess, who seems to be a very good-humoured, civil woman, is the *Marchese di Grazze Riale*, she is widow to a Spanish Marquis, and has with her a daughter, a young girl: there is no other family in the palace. I need not inform you how it happens in these countries, that Marchionesses let lodgings, and palaces are turned into lodging-houses.

houses. Our apartment, which is the first floor, consists of so many rooms, that it is a journey from the stair case to the drawing-room: beside kitchen, &c. we have even a chapel upon the same floor; which last we intend converting into an anti-chamber for our servants, as it lies particularly convenient for that purpose. We have already received many civilities from those to whom we had letters of recommendation; but I am so weary of this long epistle, that I shall say no more at present, than that we have lost no time to get settled, and are already provided with a very handsome glass coach, horses, and coachman (a job you may suppose), two footmen, a maid for me, a cook and scullion-boy, a hair-dresser by the month, for M——'s *valet de chambre* cannot dress hair. How often have we regretted the having brought him so far! but we are not the first who have been deceived in servants, and you must certainly remember the excellent character which induced M—— to take him. Adieu. As ever,
Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X X X I V .

Naples, Jan. 14th, 1771.

I Wrote to you two days since; but do not expect letters every two days, for it will not be in my power to write so frequently. The effects produced by our recommendatory letters have been most convenient and agreeable: the Duke and Duchess of *Termoli*, with their son and daughter, have shewn us the greatest civilities. This family have been to see us, and treat us with all the kindness it is possible to expect from near relations, although they are, as you know, distant * * * * *. Also Monsieur P—— (who is, it seems, to go to England in a public character) called upon us, and introduced us to his family, his sister, &c. They are all polite and civil. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have called upon us, and have done the honours of their place; as offering seats in their box at the opera, invitations to their palace, to their concert, &c. The Duchess of *Termoli* sent one of her gentlemen with a message to offer the use of one of her carriages, horses, servants, &c. during our residence here, with a very polite excuse, accounting for her not going constantly with me herself to public places, assemblies at private houses, &c. from her being in waiting from four o'clock till ten; but that as soon as it is in her power, she will do us every kind office. This message is badly translated,
and

and has lost, like other translations, much of the spirit of the original. The place this lady holds at court answers to our mistress of the robes; the Duke's place to that of high chamberlain. She, in person and sense, puts me in mind of the Dowager Countess of T——e, is about her age and height, and has certainly been a charming woman; we have received from her a most obliging invitation to *Casserta*, whither the court will soon remove. We have been to the opera, which is very fine, (but I shall mention it more particularly in another place) in Monsieur Pigniatelli's box, where we were introduced by his family to several people. The French Ambassador, Monsieur de Choiseul, has also been to see us; we have invitations from him to an assembly at his palace, also to dine, &c. and a key to his box at the opera, which he politely offered me. We have returned our visits, and have been introduced to several other families, amongst which are the following: the Princess *Giracci Grimaldi*, a Genoese; the Princess *Potera* and all her family, called the *Monte Leoni*, they are Sicilians; the *Marchese Trevico* and her daughter, who is married to a grandee of Spain with so hard a name that I cannot recollect it; the Dutchess of Palma, the Tannucci family, he is first minister; and, in short, to so many more, that I must make a list of them, for their very names are most difficult to remember. I fear our acquaintance will increase, so as to become an impediment

ment to our pursuit and examination of those objects which enrich Naples and its neighbourhood. Though these foreigners seem to vie with each other in hospitality and politeness, yet we were extremely pleased to find a great many English here. At Mrs. Hamilton's assembly, before the Italians came in, I could have fancied myself at an assembly in London. I shall give you here a list of them. * * * * *

On being introduced into the drawing-room, I was surprised at the appearance of two English ladies, (Mrs. H—— and Lady H——) who were dressed as they would have been for a court-day at St. James's: it appeared, that though they had not been at St. James's, they had been at *St. Carlos's*; in short, they had been just presented at court; and I found I had come a day too late, as the ceremony of presenting was not to be repeated till after the return of the court from Casserta, that morning being the last court-day. * * * * *

You see, by what I have told you, the presenting must be done at Casserta, however uncustomary, the *etiquettes*, &c. here demand it: and the Dutchess of Termoli, the Tannucci family, and Pigniatelli's must certainly be proper judges. I shall not close this letter till I have made it more interesting to you, as I am sure you wish to know how we live, and with whom, as well as what we see.

Jan. 18. With the utmost joy we have received a packet of letters from you. [Here follows

lows part of this letter, which, as it relates entirely to family affairs, is omitted; also some anecdotes, not thought proper for public perusal.]

We are not likely to pass our time in a stupid and uninteresting manner, as we have a choice of several boxes at the opera, the Dutchess of Termoli's, the Princess Piedimonti's, and the Dutchess of Palma's, besides those I have already mentioned. As to engagements, they are so numerous, and for such a time to come, that I know not how we shall contrive to fulfil them. Mrs. Hamilton's Musical Assembly, which she gives once a week, is rendered perfect by her elegant taste and fine performance; it is called an *Accademia di Musica*; and I suppose no country can produce a more complete band of excellent performers. I am sorry this foolish affair concerning presenting at Casserta, trifling as it is, should have occasioned so much conversation here, and, till it was settled by the Queen herself, was very tiresome.—All being at length adjusted, the Queen will have me presented to her the first *Fête* day at Casserta; when that is over, you shall hear all about it.

We are most agreeably situated, having a charming prospect from our windows, as well as a side-view of the King's palace (a very fine building) and a triumphal arch, through which we catch a beautiful glimpse of the sea. On the opposite side, the left, is a great church, and in front

front the magnificent theatre of St. Carlo, which has a communication with the royal palace. The street we live in is called *Strada di Toledo*, it is extremely broad; we see along it till the perspective almost meets.

The mount Vesuvius bounds our view; and this mountain is a great amusement to me at night: I never go to bed without watching and bidding it adieu from my window. It bellows like distant thunder, and then throws out flames and red-hot stones with *lava*; the appearance altogether is like that of a prodigious fire-work; the fire is seldom visible by day, but a thick smoke always rises from its top.

The weather is so warm, we sit with the windows open. All the flowers of the spring are here now in the greatest abundance, such as jonquils of various sorts, anemones, carnations; roses are just come into season, and sold for a *bajocha*, (or half-penny) each.

I have already begun to pick up some curious things, which I am sure will meet your approbation, and am in a fair way to have several more, although at present difficult to be procured, comparatively with what they were when Mr. Hamilton made his collection. We are endeavouring to attain all the knowledge we can from the most ingenious people here, and from books, in order to render ourselves, in some degree, worthy the inspection of the cabinet of Portici and the town of Pompeia, on which account

we have feldom been out as yet till after dinner, as I hope by my induftry to be able foon to accompany M—— in the researches after antiquity, without being an interruption to him. Judge yourfelf of the merits of the curiofities contained in the cabinet of Portici, when I affure you, upon the beft information, that many of the articles of that depository were held in the higheft efteem by the Romans themfelves in the Auguftan age; thefe I prefume muft be Etrufcan, Egyptian, and Grecian rareties and antiques. Adieu for the prefent, for I will not defer fending this letter to another opportunity, left you fhould be uneafy, the diftance between us being now fo confiderably increafed. My next fhall be more entertaining. I am, as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Jan. the 25th.

I HAVE been fo much engaged lately, that I am quite weary with amufements. We have been at a *Fête*, given by the Princefs Potera to about two hundred people. Their palace is fpacious, confequently its grand apartment fufficiently large for the accommodation of fo many guefts. Every thing was conducted with the greateft order. The company a felection from amongft the principal nobility of Naples. Moft of the *Englifh* ftrangers were of it alfo. One room
was

was for the ball, another for cards, a third for refreshments, a fourth for supper, besides the antichambers leading to these four, which were brilliantly illuminated and lined with attendants. English country-dances lasted almost the whole evening, and but few minuets, none but those who excelled attempting to perform. How happy would it be for the sitters-by, if this rule was a Persian and Medean law at certain balls in England. The supper was very agreeably managed, in my opinion; it was ready at twelve, and any party that chose it went together and partook of it; it was then removed, and the table covered again, and the like repeated till three in the morning. This family propose giving the same sort of *Fête* once every week during the *Carnival*. The most amiable manners adorn each individual of their princely house. The young *Princepeffina*, their daughter, is handsome and well-bred enough to grace a British drawing-room.

We have also been at the Princess *Giracci's* assemblies, which are extremely elegant, and the company as numerous as at any in London. Those we know live so much in the same style and the same society, that by describing one you may form a judgment of all the others; so I shall proceed to give you the history of our day at *Casferta*. This superb palace is not yet completed, but will certainly be finished in a shorter time than is imagined, if they continue to work upon it as they do at present. I shall only describe to

you the apartments we saw, and the theatre. We had an invitation from the Duke and Dutchess of Termoli to dine with them, and they gave us a magnificent entertainment, though their house at Casserta is but small, being one amongst many other buildings, contiguous to the palace, hired for the accommodation of the officers of the court, until the palace, its pavilions, &c. are completed. They received us in the most friendly and hospitable manner, much mortified at not having it in their power to offer us an apartment during the time the court should reside there, but were themselves so crowded, as to be obliged to have double beds in all their bedchambers. At half an hour after five in the afternoon Mrs. Hamilton called upon me to go to the theatre according to agreement * * * * *

* * * * * In consequence of a message from the Queen, I then went with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton into the box of the prime minister, from whence her Majesty sent. The Queen received me most graciously, I may venture to say with a courtly familiarity, as if I had had the honour of being known to her before. Amongst many things she was pleased to say (a great part of which I did not clearly understand, as she speaks but indifferent French and but little Italian) she wished me to tell her sincerely how I liked Italy, how I liked France, and whether I knew her sister the Dauphine, and how I liked her; the same inquiry in regard to the Infanta of Parma, another
of

of her Majesty's sisters; whether I had been at Vienna, or intended to go thither. The conclusion of the conversation was many civil things, and many kind wishes for my being pleased with the *Fêtes* of Casserta, where she was so good as to say she hoped to see me constantly; she then desired me to accompany her into the pit, and to dance, &c. The company present in the box, beside Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, were the Dutchess of Termoli and her daughter, the Tannucci family, the Dutchess of Palma, the Prince St. Omaro, and some lords of the chamber. The Italian ladies I have mentioned are the principal favourites and intimates of the Queen. Her Majesty is a beautiful woman, she has the finest and most transparent complexion I ever saw, her hair is of that glossy light chestnut I so much admire; it is by no means red; her eyes are large, brilliant, and of a dark blue, her eyebrows exact, and darker than her hair, her nose inclining to the aquiline, her mouth small, her lips very red (not of the Austrian thickness) her teeth beautifully white and even, and when she smiles she discovers two dimples, which throw a finishing sweetness over her whole countenance: her shape is perfect; she is just plump enough not to appear lean; her neck is long, her deportment easy, her walk majestic, her attitudes and action graceful: she is a beauty so much to my taste, that I must say no more of her person, &c. lest she should fill up too much of my paper.

As soon as her Majesty, &c. were come into the pit, the Queen immediately danced a minuet, and in the highest perfection; both their Majesties were dressed *en Savoiarde*, in stuff of striped sattin. Neither gold, silver, jewels, lace, or embroidery are permitted to be worn at these *Fêtes*: a wise and benevolent regulation.

At the time I was presenting, the Queen and all the company in the box were unmasked; but when her Majesty descended into the ball-room (the pit) she entered masked, as did the others. A small black mask which covers half the face is what every body must wear.

There is no precedence observed at these balls; the King and Queen go in and out promiscuously, which is the reason why the company is not so numerous as one might expect to find it. None but such as the Queen esteems proper to receive and converse with *sans ceremonie* are ever admitted; and there are many of the Neapolitan nobility, even to the rank of dukes, who can only see the ball from the upper boxes. Do not expect a description of the King's person, suffice it to say, he is not *so handsome* as his Queen. Any of the company may dance at the same time with their Majesties. There are three or four sets of English country-dances, and when the Queen is tired of them, minuets are danced, as many as there is room for at the same time. The Queen calls out those she chooses to dance with; she did M—the honour to order him more than once that
night

night to dance with her. His Majesty is not fond of this amusement; however, he danced a country-dance in a set he commanded, consisting of men only, that he might, I suppose, dance as high and as violently as he pleased; but he met with one young Englishman who was more than his match, Lord L——, who gave him such a twirl in return, as both surprised and pleased his Majesty.

I shall next give you, as well as I am able, a picture of the theatre, before you partake of our supper.

The theatre is in the palace; it is approached through spacious courts, and then through large passages lined with a double row of guards under arms. The plan is circular, the *proscenium* appeared to us to cut off about a third from the circle; the boxes are larger than those in any other I have yet seen; they are lined, gilt, and decorated with a profusion of ornaments. The gilding of the decorations through the whole of the theatre is so uncommonly bright, that I think solid gold of the highest polish could not surpass it. The friezes, cornices, pediments, &c. are of a beautiful transparent marble, resembling a mixture of agate and oriental alabaster; the pillars supporting these ornaments are of the most exact proportions and of the same materials; the stage is finely decorated, and so well painted in perspective, as almost to produce a deception; the back scene being down, and those of the sides repre-

senting columns, &c. the appearance is that of the inside of a vast saloon. The stage was covered with the musicians upon benches, rising pyramidically one bench above the other, the top of the pyramid is crowned by the kettle-drums. The musicians are all in a livery, their coats blue, richly laced, their waistcoats red, and almost covered with silver, small black hats, with long scarlet feathers stuck upright in them : large wax candles are placed between, so that they form a striking *coup-d'oeil* upon your entering the theatre : the whole is so artfully illuminated, that the effect is equal, and seems as if the light proceeded from a brilliant sun at the top, I imagine this may be accounted for from the reflection of the lights by the high polished marble pillars and other ornaments, into which the light seems even to pierce. The pit (which is more like an antique arena) is floored with a composition coloured red, very hard, and rather slippery ; here it is company dance. The boxes are appropriated to the foreign ministers and great officers belonging to the court. At twelve, the Queen unmask, as do all the company in the same moment : they then adjourn to supper, those who happen to be near the door going out first, &c. thus it may happen, that their Majesties may be last, so completely is all *etiquette* annihilated here. When the Queen is near the door, all the courtiers crowd about her on their knees to kiss her hands, which she lends on each side in the most gracious manner.

After

After mounting a staircase, you enter several large rooms, hung in the Italian taste with crimson damask, velvet, &c. and amply illuminated. The chairs are placed all round against the walls, and the company place themselves as they choose. These rooms were so full, that there was a double row of chairs set back to back down the middle. Accident placed me exactly opposite the Queen, who took the first chair she found empty. There are no tables in any of the rooms; but every person being seated, the supper is served thus: The best looking soldiers, chosen from the King's guards, carry about the supper with as much order, regularity, and gravity, as if they were performing a military *manœuvre*. First appears a soldier bearing a large basket with napkins, followed by a page, who unfolds and spreads them on the lap of each of the company as they happen to sit; but when it comes to the Queen's turn to be served, a lord of the court presents her Majesty's napkin. The first soldier is immediately followed by a second, bearing a basket of silver plates; another carries knives and forks; then follows a fourth, with a great *pâtée*, composed of macaroni, cheese, and butter; he is accompanied by an *écuyer trenchant* (or carver), armed with a knife a foot long in the blade, who cuts the pie, and lays a large slice on the plate (which has been placed on the lap of each of the company); then a fifth soldier, with an empty basket, takes away the dirty plates: others succeed in the same order,

carrying wines, iced water, &c.; the drinkables are served between each procession of eatables, the rest of the supper consisted of various dishes of fish, ragouts, game, fried and baked meats, perigord-pies, boars-heads, &c. The desert was formed into pyramids, and carried round in the same manner; it consisted of sweetmeats, biscuits, iced-chocolate, and a great variety of iced-fruits, creams, &c. The Queen eat of two things only, which were prepared particularly for her by her German cooks; she did me the singular honour to send me some of each dish.

As soon as the Queen perceived that all the company had supped, she arose, and proceeded to the coffee-room, as did those of the company who chose coffee. This room is furnished like the coffee-houses of Paris precisely; the walls covered with shelves, on which are placed all kinds of *liqueurs* and Greek wines. Here are tables, behind which stand young men in white waistcoats and caps, who make and serve the coffee and other refreshments, of which there is a profusion. —The Queen was most gracious to me, and distressed me by her goodness: for there being a great crowd, and finding a chair empty, I sat down upon it, when turning my head, I perceived her Majesty close to me: I arose; she took hold of me and obliged me to sit down; and having a dish of coffee in my hand, it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevent the contents of it from falling upon her clothes. —I have often observed that

that Princes are exceedingly sudden in their motions. She was so gracious as to commence a conversation; but quickly perceived how much she embarrassed me by her commands, as I was sitting and her Majesty standing close to me, she most kindly relieved me, by giving me an opportunity of rising, pretending she wanted something.

The ball lasted till seven in the morning; we quitted it at four, being much fatigued with dancing. I was determined to follow the example of the Italian ladies in one instance, that of drinking iced water and iced lemonade when much heated: and what is surprising, so far from feeling any bad effect, I found myself considerably relieved from my fatigue, and not the least chilliness succeeded. We returned back to Naples without any accident, and slept profoundly for ten hours. We are invited to a *grand Bal Pareè* at the French ambassador's, Monsi. de Choiseul's, and to a second, at the Princess Potero's.

I shall conclude this letter when I have informed you that this city is famous for a manufacture in tortoise-shell, which they inlay curiously with gold, and are very ingenious at representing any object you choose. I have had a comb made for my *chignon* incrusted with gold, to imitate an Etruscan border, copied from an antique vase, which is so well done, that we have bespoke several other articles: you are not forgot;

got ; I shall send you * * * * by the first opportunity, with some other trifles.

I believe I forgot to mention, that no gold or silver stuffs, jewels, or lace, are permitted to be worn at the *Fêtes* of Casserta. If I have already said it, I am sorry to repeat ; but I am so tired of my own letter, that I cannot read it over again ; therefore excuse my double information, if such it is, and adieu, &c.

Jan. 28, 1771.

Though I had concluded my letter, I have yet something to add concerning the *Fêtes* at Casserta : there are such precautions taken by the court to prevent improper people gaining admittance, that the tickets have the royal arms engraved on them, and some private marks, also the person's name they are to admit wrote on them ; and these tickets are received at the pit door by the lord of the court who happens to be in waiting during these *Fêtes*.

L E T-

LETTER XXXVI.

Feb. 9th, 1771.

I SIT down to write you a long epistle, having received your last, which I ought to have had sooner; but the arrival of the posts are here extremely uncertain; that from France comes sometimes by sea, sometimes by land, so that you cannot know when to expect it with any degree of certainty. * * * * *

In return for the horrible murder of which you give an account, I send you another, which happened just at the door of this house two nights since. About seven in the evening (when unluckily we were at home) we heard a sort of confused noise, which though not loud, alarmed me. I rung and called, at length some of the servants came to me. They said, the noise I had heard, proceed from a little bustle in the street—A man who sold lemonade and iced water to the Lazzeroni, and who kept a stall just by the door, having had some dispute with his younger brother, had stabbed him with a knife, of which he instantly expired. The murdered lad was only fifteen years old: the murderer immediately absconded, none interposed to prevent either the murder or the escape. The body remained in the stall till the next day, when it was removed. Our hostess sent the mother of these sons a regale of macaroni

maccaroni soup and a pot of chocolate, by way of consolation for her loss; and I suppose she was comforted, as the affair made no noise, nor have we been able to learn that any thing has been done in it since. These poor people's lives and preservation would be a very dull and vulgar topic of conversation for the polite *noblesse* of this country. What a country is England, where neither macaroni soup or chocolate would suffice to comfort a widowed mother for the loss of a son! There would be no time for the *Siesta*, nor for gallantry, were the murders of Lazzeronis and such sort of people to intrude upon the attention of the Neapolitan public.

There is here a public entertainment for the people, which the Great condescend to behold with no small degree of pleasure; it is called the *Cocagna*. *Cocagna*: I presume the *Venatio direptionis*, mentioned by Kennet in his Antiquities, is the origin of this amusement. This sport is continued once a-week during the *Carnival*. Opposite the palace, a building of wood is erected, the greater part of which is covered over with different articles of provision; the scenery is varied every week; the description of one will give you a sufficient idea of the others.—A hill appears exactly opposite the palace, from the center of which bursts forth a fountain, and falls into a basin at its foot; the base represents incrustations of rocks and shells like grotto-work; such is the appearance from the windows of the palace; but this grotto-work

work is composed of nothing else than dried fish varnished and gilt, and intermixed with loaves of bread so well placed as to deceive the eye. On the sides of the hill (which is covered with green boughs), appear living lambs ornamented with ribands and artificial flowers; in another part are calves and some oxen: amongst the boughs geese and pigeons nailed fast by the wings. On the top stands a figure of Apollo playing on the lyre.—Formerly all the creatures were hung up alive, and tied fast to the wood-work; but now, by this amiable Queen's particular command, the oxen are killed before the *sport* begins. The guards are drawn out round this artificial hill to prevent mischief; and at a signal given, the mob fall on, destroy the building, carry off whatever they can lay hold of, and fight with each other, in great violence and animosity. The court are frequently in the balconies of the palace, with most of the nobility of Naples, to see the *Cocagna*. When the Queen first saw this barbarous amusement, she was shocked at the cruelty of tearing the wretched animals to pieces, whose cries pierced the palace, and commanded, as I have already said, that the cattle should not be exposed alive to the brutality of the populace; but the lambs, geese, pigeons, and some other poor birds, fall a living sacrifice to their ferocity: they tear them away unfeelingly from their fastenings so as often to leave their wings behind. We have been to see this fight, as you know strangers should not neglect

glest any opportunity of attending upon whatever is new to them ; and we saw it in the most complete manner, being permitted to occupy one of the royal balconies. In the midst of the riot and confusion, a Lazzeroni dropped, and was carried off by his comrades ; he had received a stab in the breast by a knife from one of his brethren, who disputed with him somewhat taken off from the *Cocagna*. As such events are common upon this occasion, no notice was taken of it ; but the man died on the spot.

This *amusement* was so far from proving such to us, that I believe our curiosity will never again induce us to partake of it : for my part, I was so sick in the stomach, that all eatables went exceedingly against me ; and it was with difficulty that I could sit down to table at my return.

Were it possible to be insensible to the cruelty connected with this *Fête*, the ingenuity of the contrivance and workmanship with which the *Cocagna*, &c. is constructed, would excite admiration. A great deal of taste is displayed in varying the scene every week. The architects are no other than the *Lazzeroni* themselves : sometimes they represent Mount Parnassus, at other times Orpheus charming the brutes by his harmony, varying these by representations of other fables taken from the heathen mythology. It is surprising how these poor people can have acquired any knowledge of this nature.

Since I wrote last we have seen the cabinet of Portici, or Museum, Pompeia, and what remains open of Herculaneum. Pompeia is situated east ^{Pompeia, road} of Naples; the road lies along the sea-coast, and ^{thither.} is extremely good; the country the whole way is rich and well cultivated. We passed through two villages, one is called *San Giovanni Teduccio*, the other *Pietra Bianca*. The distance from Naples to Portici is six miles, it is a large village, Portici, and well built, its palace was erected by Don Carlos.

Was there nothing beside the Cabinet of Portici and Pompeia worth seeing in Italy, I think they would greatly overpay the traveller for all the inconveniencies he must have suffered from bad roads, inns, &c. if still more miserable than what we have experienced, and that that supposition was within the limits of possibility.

Besides the theatre, little remains open of Herculaneum at present. To save the expence of moving the earth or lava to a distance, when they had made an excavation, and collected whatever they could find that was curious, they opened another quarter, filling up the first with its rubbish, and so on: all these curiosities were deposited as soon as found in the Cabinet of Portici.

The Cabinet of Portici, as it is here called, ^{Cabinet of Portici.} joins on to the palace, and is properly speaking, part of that building. It contains several rooms filled with antiquities. There is a work published by order of government, which is already increas-
ed

ed to seven or eight large folio volumes, embellished with engravings representing the various articles in this collection; but it is not yet near completed, on which account no person who visits this cabinet is permitted to take any sketch, note, or memorandum upon the spot; some few things, however, from memory I shall mention in this letter. As to the above voluminous work, I have not time to examine it minutely; but hope when we shall be returned home, and that it is completed, for an opportunity of looking into it at leisure.

To give you some idea of this valuable collection, I shall mention what appeared to me most interesting, as they occur to my memory.

Palace.

The palace of Portici cannot boast of beautiful architecture. On entering the vestibule, the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the son is placed on the right, within a great glazed case. Balbus appears by this statue to have been about ten years old; his head is uncovered, and his hair quite short; he is habited in a cuirass, under which appears a thin garment reaching half way down the thighs; his arms are almost naked, though a short kind of mantle fastened to his left shoulder flows downwards, but in such a manner as not to cover them. On his legs are a sort of sandals reaching to the ancles; his right arm is raised to his head, and in the left he holds the bridle, which is remarkably short. The horse is without saddle or stirrup;
he

he stands upon three legs, the fourth being raised very high; and though he does not seem sufficiently in movement, yet altogether it is a very fine equestrian statue. The inscription is M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. P. R. Pro. Cos. Herculanenses.

Opposite to this is placed another equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the father; esteemed as fine an antique as the other, but is not in such high preservation; the head and one of the hands are supplied, the originals not having been recovered from amongst the rubbish. The inscription is as follows: M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. Patri D. D. These statues were found in the forum at Herculaneum.

The cupola of the staircase of this palace is so well painted by one Vincenzo Re, that it deceives the eye; but I shall defer the description of the habitable part of it for the present, and mention only that wing which is the reservoir of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeia.

Amongst the antique marbles, the figures of Cabinet. animals, as well the fabulous as those after nature, are many of them finely done; they were used to convey water into the baths; and there is a great deal of humour expressed in their countenances, particularly in those of the chimeras, basilisks, &c. An elegant statue of Diana, in white marble, draped after the purple gowns worn by the Roman ladies of antiquity; the garment is edged with a lace exactly representing

point; it is about an inch and an half broad, and has been painted purple and gilt, great part of which still remains. The statues, bustos, bas reliefs in in bronze (which are very numerous) are of such exquisite workmanship, that I do not think it is in the power of the most able artist of this day to execute representations in metal of any kind that can rival or even bear a competition with many of them. I shall begin with the statues in bronze, of which I wish you to observe, that I mention but a very few of the many that demand the most accurate attention of the curious traveller.

Drusus and Livia, large as life, found in the theatre at Herculaneum; he is draped in his consular dress, a large ring in *intaglio*, the consular signet on his third finger. Livia has a ring on the first joint of her fore-finger (as now worn at Naples); these statues are finely executed.

A Mercury, large as life. Another Mercury and two wrestlers running against each other.

The Drunken Fawn (in bronze) large as life, reclined upon a skin of wine. Eleven such were found in the theatre at Herculaneum, but have been melted down and coined into small money by order of government. Many other antiques of more valuable metals, raked out of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, have been appropriated to the like purpose.

In the Gallery, or chamber of bustos of philosophers and illustrious persons, whose identity has for the most part been ascertained by compar-

ing them with medals, coins, bas reliefs, &c. amongst many of great merit, the immortal Plato is one of the most striking: the ingenuity of the sculptor, in the various curls and natural wreathings of his hair and beard, is wonderful.

Scipio Africanus expresses in his countenance the utmost dignity, sense, and affability.

A Socrates speaking: so very natural, as to surprise rather too much.

An Alexander; the features and cast of his countenance strongly resemble that at Florence: the expression is that of doubt, or anxiety of mind; as if big with some arduous enterprise; but he does not appear to suffer bodily pain.

A young Nero, in marble, of great beauty.

A fine Ptolemy Philadelphus in bronze.

A beautiful wrestler, in the same metal, crowned with laurel: this statue breathes true bravery; not a line of cruelty or revenge in the features, but a modest, amiable countenance, without pride, or consciousness of superior merit.

All the rooms (about ten in number) are paved with antique mosaic, exactly as they found their present floors at Herculaneum; these rooms being constructed of similar dimensions for their reception, and no two of them are of the same pattern. The *à la grec* borders encompass every different floor, and are curious for their regularity and linear intricacy. One pavement particularly deserves notice: it represents a Roman camp, forming an exact square: in the middle of each

side is a gate fronting the center. Towers of three stories high, at equal distances, encompass the whole; they are all alike in size, &c. except those at the angles, which appear larger and more considerable than the others. The seats for the musicians found in the orchestra at Herculaneum are curious, the frames and legs being still perfect; they are of bronze and have been gilt; some of the gilding still remains; the legs represent two serpents on each side of the stool, which forming a kind of a cross, somewhat like two S's, describe the serpentine line of beauty, and have a most graceful effect. Here are also inscriptions, setting forth the names of those who used the baths at Stabia; as Licinum, Faustinum, Variam, &c. Amongst the utensils in bronze, the scales and weights deserve notice, for the delicacy of their workmanship. It appears that the weights commonly used were bustos of gods or heroes suspended by a ring. The scales are of various sizes, besides a great many instruments for weighing, like those called in England steel-yards; to which the weights resembling human figures seem to have belonged. The moulds for ices, and various instruments for ornamenting pastry, &c. clearly prove the luxury of those times to have far exceeded in fertility of invention that of our day: a great variety of strainers pierced in the most curious manner, and which are frequently found in pairs, one fitting into the other: but for what use designed, is not easy

easy to determine; many of them are in silver, others in bronze. Here are culinary utensils of more various shapes and sizes than you can find in the best furnished modern kitchen.

One of these rooms is built and furnished in exact conformity with a kitchen which was discovered entire; it contains a number of articles, many so complicated, that their use does not clearly appear; each vessel is of bronze, and of fine workmanship: upon the whole, it seems indisputable that the ancients employed more refinements in their entertainments than the moderns, and must have served up a much greater variety of dishes than we do. The dressers, stew-holes, stoves, boilers, fish-kettles, &c. resemble ours, though they seem to have been better contrived. The lamps to light the apartments, and the *candelabres* to sustain them, shew a surprising fertility of invention and execution; scarcely any two lamps are alike, amongst some hundreds of them. Here are also tunable bells of different sizes for their cattle, resembling those in England called *tintanabula*; also keys, letters to stamp with, perhaps to mark linen, &c. instruments of agriculture, chirurgery, and mathematics, &c. Another article for culinary use, which would be very convenient and agreeable in England is, a kind of portable kitchen, which does not exceed the size of a commodious plate-warmer; in the center is a vase for water, under it a furnace for fire, with an invention for broiling meat at the

same time that it heats the water; this vase has a double bottom and three little fleus, or chimneys, for carrying off the smoke; the double bottom admits of stewing any thing in the manner called by the French *à la braise*. This would be a most convenient machine for those who like to eat in parks or gardens: cups and saucers in silver, of superior sculpture to any I have ever seen, and resembling in make those now used for tea and coffee; they have handles, so curiously contrived as to balance them, and prevent their overturning, however carelessly held when full*: baskets for deserts in metal; many vessels gilt and silvered. I intended to have been short upon these matters, in order to proceed to more extensive objects than domestic utensils, &c.; but I must and will tell you, that here are two loaves of bread entire, marked with these words, *Segillo e Granii*, E. Cicire; also several kinds of corn, nuts, eggs, almonds, figs, dates, oil quite dry and hard; jars of wine, which, though black, hard and looking like pitch, still retain a vinous fragrance: they are dated, and marked *Herculaneum*. A piece of purple stuff folded, which when touched, falls to powder, and a great quantity of sewing silk of the same rich dye. I was cautioned against touching it by the person who shews the collection, but placing my finger on it suddenly, it took a sufficient im-

* It is thought the ancients used these for warm water, which they drank as we do tea and coffee.

pression to prove the effect to be as above mentioned. I wished to have been permitted to rub my finger (as a little remained on it) upon a piece of paper, just to bring with me an idea of the colour: but besides a sharp, though civil reprimand, for my curiosity, he insisted peremptorily on my not carrying off an atom; "for," said he, "it is a curiosity no monarch upon earth can boast the possession of, besides my master, the King of Naples."

The instruments of musick I particularly observed are the following; the *seringa*, or flute of several tubes, formed of bone, and which you frequently see as the insignia in painting, if not always, accompanying the god Pan and the Satyrs: the *Crotali*; these are like basons, or deep saucers with broad brims; they were struck against each other, and are of brass. The *Sistrum*, in shape like a horse-shoe, crossed by several wires passing through holes, and so made as to admit their slipping from side to side; when this instrument is waved by the hand, the wires produce a loud noise: the *Tibia*, or double flute; this is made of metal. I suppose you are struck with an idea of the necessity the ancients had for more capacious mouths than the moderns; but I conjecture there must have been some kind of reed, which communicated with the ends of these pipes or mouth-piece, through which the breath might with ease be conveyed. The *tripods*, and all the instruments for sacrifice, are of surprising

execution and elegance ; their borders exceed the *goudronée* of any plate I ever saw. In the armoury are many shields, iron boots, spears, &c. on the first are historical representations in bas relief ; the subjects of those I remember are, Sinon taken prisoner appearing before Priam ; Cassandra about to be assassinated ; Pyrrhus going to kill Priam ; Helen restored to Menelaus ; Eneas bearing Anchises, Creusa holds by one of his arms, Acchates by the other ; a Pallas upon a pedestal ; various tools, and instruments of iron have suffered considerably by the fire ; but the bronze is in perfect preservation ; fishing-nets and hooks (of various construction) still entire, though blackened ; dice loaded, for the purposes of cheating, we suppose ; several compasses of proportion ; a small ivory skull, admirably well done and hollow within ; glass jars, like those now used for pickles ; goblets, phials, bowls, a box in the form of a book, containing what appears to have been an ointment ; ink-horns of a cylindrical shape ; wooden pens, one in particular inclosed in a very small neat box with a sliding cover ; both box and pen are made of a brown wood highly polished and exquisitely finished. The ink in the cylinders is still black, quite dry, and some of it in powder : tablets with hollows for the wax, but these are empty ; the stylus ; one sort is pointed at one end and flat at the other, evidently to erase, or rather smooth over, fill up, or correct what had been erroneously wrote

wrote with the sharp end; M—— immediately recollected a passage in Horace which explains this use of them, *Sapè stylum veritas, &c.*——, whom you frequently see, will explain this to you. Another sort, like a blunt chissel, seems plainly intended to lay on the wax smooth and even: and *etui* (entire) filled with these styluses; looking-glasses about the size of a small plate, of a white polished metal, much dulled and sullied probably by the heat of the fire; they are mounted in silver, which is doubled down round the rim in angles or points, like old-fashioned lace: a vast variety of urns, and other vessels; many of which are of the most delicate earthen ware, not glazed, but of a texture and colour superior to the old red china tea-pots, and much thinner than English cards, or than even those of France. Amongst the vessels urn-fashioned are some with separations within, called by the ancients, as M—— informs me, *Gliraria*, and seem intended for the feeding and fattening of dormice, esteemed by them a great delicacy: a small busto of this earthen ware; the nose and other features resemble the masks for punch-inellos of this day; but this busto is the real representation of those unfortunate creatures who, for the *amusement* of the *great*, were tortured into idiots from their earliest infancy; the heads were pressed or squeezed, until their foreheads became narrow, and the skull high and rather pointed than round; the ears continually pulled till they stuck

struck out from the head, and squared with their faces; the noses underwent some other torture, to make them monstrous; the other features are proportionably hideous. Thus you see it was once the fashion to form fools for the amusement of their fellow-creatures. I hope this kind of cruelty may never be revived again in the world. What punishment can be devised adequate to the crime of imprisoning a human soul, dislodging the reason, destroying the ends for which the inlets to the soul, the organs, were given, and being the cause of bringing into contempt our fellow-creatures? But let me quit this odious subject. I observed a very curious quadrant engraved on silver, in the shape of a ham; the tail of the hog forms the style.

Here are medals in great abundance, and some extremely rare. For many reasons I shall not mention more than two of them, which I am informed are indubitable originals; one of Vespasian, struck upon the occasion of the taking of Jerusalem, and a medallion of Augustus in gold.

Also several beautiful Cameos; that which represents Phaeton conducting the chariot of the sun, has great merit; the starting and ungovernable movements of the horses are finely expressed; this is a Sardonyx, and as large as a crown-piece, but of an irregular shape. A Jacinth set in a ring of gold, quite plain, and several Intaglios, are extremely curious, both for their workmanship

manship and devices. The famous Cameo the King of Spain left here on his quitting Naples, is of a smaller size than most of the other antiques; it represents the face of an old man of a grotesque countenance, with a long beard, (I take it for a Silenus) and is highly finished; every curl and wave of the beard appear distinctly. His Spanish Majesty left it in the collection, on account of his esteeming it a *chef d'œuvre* of antique workmanship, and would not deprive the cabinet of Portici of so great a treasure; which are said to be his own words, when he took it off his finger, upon taking leave of this cabinet.

Several small statues and bas reliefs well executed in ivory.

The glass merits, for its curiosity, to be particularly mentioned; it was not only used in vessels of various kinds, but also in windows for panes; is of different thickneses, and as transparent as that we have at present, allowing for a dullness and incrustation on its superficies, which all glass acquires by lying under ground any considerable time, but is clear where it has been recently broke. In the windows of some of the principal houses discovered at Pompeia, panes were found formed of a fossil, called by the French *piere de la lune*, or *gyps*; this the ancients seem to have held in higher estimation than glass, and it was used for the same purposes.

Here

Here are in presses a great number of Deities, such as Lares, &c. with a confusion of allegorical and symbolical *insignia*; a *Sella Curulis*; a state bed, consecrated to the gods; a bronze altar, &c. several tripods of curious workmanship; *lacrimatores* of different shapes and materials; a great number of articles necessary to the toilette, as combs made of horn like those we use; bodkins of bronze and ivory; small vases to hold perfumes, and women's ornaments in abundance; bracelets of gold forming two half circles, and fastenings to them of the same metal, curiously contrived; ear-rings, chains for the neck, set with gems; these are but coarsely executed; scissors, needles, and thimbles; and a casket which was evidently designed to contain materials for needle-work. Here are also several fine *Bullas* of gold; *Strigili* in bronze, to scrape the sweat off the skin after bathing; and many articles in rock crystal, such as essence-bottles, *lacrimatores*, and cups.

Eight small paintings on stone, representing eight muses; they are not well done; one of them has by her side a *scrinium*, or box, supposed to be used by the ancients to hold books, for which purpose, by this picture, it seems to have been unquestionably intended; the scrolls, or books, have labels, or small slips of paper fastened to their edges. This representation is esteemed a great curiosity.

No room in this cabinet is more interesting in its appearance than the library; it contains a vast assemblage of manuscripts; they are pretty thick rolls; most of them quite brown, some black, and had suffered so much by the fire, that it was esteemed impossible to unroll them, had not an ingenious man *Padre Antonio Piaggi*, invented a most curious method of opening them by degrees, so as to be able to arrive at a possibility of reading them. A scholar of his, *Vincenzio Merli*, is now at work upon them; but the manner is so laborious and tedious, and the encouragement so small, that it is probable the world may wait long for instruction or entertainment from his labours; he is allowed only six ducats a month. The first roll that was opened proved to be a tract of philosophy by Epicurus; the second treated of morality; the third against musick, for which reason I would have it returned a second time to the flames; the subject of the fourth is rhetoric. It is computed that there may be about eight hundred of these volumes or rolls in this library, all which are arranged with great order in glazed repositories; they were found in book-cases, part of the mouldings remain, and are shewn, not unlike many now in use amongst us. The collection of antique paintings found at Herculaneum, painted on the walls, are preserved with the greatest care in glass-cases fitted to their particular size and shape. The pieces were sawed out with the utmost attention,

having

having been previously secured from breaking, by frames of wood exactly of their size, contrived to hold them tight, and prevent the plaister from cracking in detaching them from the walls. These paintings are done in what artists style *distemper*. The glow of the colouring, which had been preserved for more than 1600 years, suffered much upon being exposed to the air, and a kind of whitish powder formed itself upon them: as a remedy for this accident, a Sicilian, named Moriconi, undertook to varnish them; this succeeded in some respects, but a new misfortune followed; for the varnish fretting the colours, which had been laid on with some kind of gum, great pieces shell'd off; so that many of the pictures have been much damaged, others quite spoiled. The large ones among them are but few in number: one of these represents a Theseus; he is of gigantic size, when compared with the other figures in the group. His clothing is a piece of drapery wrapped round his left shoulder and arm; he holds a club or mace in his right hand; and on one of his fingers is a ring. Three young Athenians are acknowledging the heroic victory he has gained over the Minotaur; one kisses his hand, another takes him by the arm which bears the club, and the third is prostrate at his feet; a young girl who seems that moment to have joined them, lays her hand on the mace in an expressive manner, and appears to congratulate him on the same occasion. Another personage

sonage belongs to the group, but is too much effaced to admit of forming any judgment of what it was meant to represent. The Minotaur lies extended on the fore-ground: he bears the figure of a man with a bull's head; one of his hands grasps his horns; the stomach and shoulders appear much torn and wounded by the blows received from Theseus's mace. At the top of the picture, appears a goddess in a cloud, leaning forward; no more is discoverable of her than her head and arms: one of her hands holds a bow, the other an arrow. The side of the picture where the entrance of the labyrinth was painted, is so mutilated as to be scarce discernable. The colours are lively in this piece; the figure of Theseus noble, but not sufficiently spirited: the young man who is prostrate, is animated and correct: the drawing is good, but the whole fails in point of *clair obscure*. This piece and the next are curved; they were found in two niches of the forum at Herculaneum. The second is believed by the *virtuosi* to represent Telephus son of Hercules; he is sucking a goat, who, mean while, kindly licks his thigh; a winged divinity, crowned with laurels, holds in one hand ears of corn, and with the other points to the infant. Hercules is present also, and leaning on his club, fixes his eyes on the child: on one side of Hercules is a lion, on the other an eagle: the goddess Flora is seated opposite to him, and behind her appears the god Pan. The composition of this picture is good,
the

the attitudes full of expression; Flora is well draped, the child, however, is particularly incorrect in the drawing, and the lion and eagle but ill done.

Another picture, full as large as life, represents Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre; this painting pleases me much; the figure of Achilles is that of the most noble and graceful nature; the colouring is warm, of a yellowish cast, the degradation of the shades to the lights finely observed; and the whole of the drawing, though not perfectly correct, yet in an easy, natural style. Also two other pictures of the large size; one represents the discovery of Orestes, by Iphigenia in Tauris; the other, Orestes and Pylades taken prisoners and in chains; but I have not time to enter into any particulars in regard to these, as I must mention some of the smaller pieces. Amongst these a Faun and a Bacchante, both very drunk; there is great life and spirit in this picture. Near the Bacchante lies a Cymbal and a Thirrus, adorned with a tuft of ivy fastened on by a red ribbon.

A painting where two young girls seem dancing an *Allmande*: the movement of their arms is good, but the drapery forms too great a confusion of plaits. Here are several other pictures representing dancing girls in very graceful attitudes, and all have beautiful faces. A representation of five Greek women, with their names; they are playing with knuckle-bones, as school-boys

boys do at this day : four Dwarfs : a Concert ; the man who blows the *tibia* has a machine tied round his head, which receives the two extremities of the musical instrument. A woman at her toilette, her maid dressing her hair. Pictures of Etruscan priests ; they have two horns springing from their foreheads ; one of them is seen sacrificing to a peacock perched on a column, adorned with garlands of flowers. A Venus, a veil in one hand, and in the other something like a kind of fan. Ariadne forsaken, a Cupid weeping : this is well done. Ariadne and Bacchus. A Cupid holding a Chinese umbrella. The Judgment of Paris. An Olive Branch, so well done as to deceive. Three women finely draped. A conversation-piece, very interesting. A Bacchante riding upon a Centaur, her hair dishevelled and blown about by the wind ; what little drapery she wears (in the swiftness of her progress) she seems almost to leave behind her ; her back is uncovered, and the anatomy well executed : her attitude is extraordinary, she rides with one knee on his back, and with the heel of the other leg kicks him on the flank ; one hand grasps him by the hair, the other bears a Thirrus, with which she encourages his speed : it is one of the most animated pictures that can be imagined. The back-ground of almost all the small pictures is of a kind of redish brown. Several small paintings representing children, many of them winged like Cupids, and variously employed,

some playing on instruments of music, others busied in the cares of the vintage, &c. animals, chiefly tigers, peacocks, ducks, cocks and hens, quails, fish, &c.

Fruits, as grapes, figs, dates ; the grapes very tolerably done. Many ornaments, called *arabesques*, which are curiously drawn and intricate. Also several landskapes and buildings ; these fail in keeping. It does not appear that perspective was well understood at Herculaneum.

In the architecture there is a strange mixture of the Gothic and Chinese taste ; and some views in particular of country-houses or villas, situated on the margin of the sea (probably at Baja) where there appears Chinese ornaments, such as pales, bridges, temples, &c. represented as belonging to the gardens. That these people should have any knowledge of the Chinese and their gardens, ornaments, &c. is surprising. We observed one representation of a Chinese temple built on piles over a piece of water, and open on all sides. Amongst many comic representations inclosed in *arabesque* borders, I remarked that of rope-dancing, where the tight rope is placed and sustained exactly in the same manner as practised in England at this day, and the dancers dressed as in London, except a small difference in the decoration of the head, those of antiquity wearing a pointed cap ; in other respects the variation from the present mode is inconsiderable.

Caricature was not unknown to them, but this kind of *attalantis* wants a key. There are many personages represented with the heads of various animals, which bear strong marks of having been intended for portraits; even historical events did not escape the silent ridicule of the satirical painter: the pious Eneas is represented in a ludicrous manner, and many other heroes in masquerade, with horns, hoofs, tails, long ears, &c. &c. Lord T—— might improve his talent considerably, by taking a trip to *Portici*. * *

* * * * * Observe I have not dwelt half as long as I might have done upon this cabinet of curiosities, for such indeed it is; but my time and memory both fail me, it being with the utmost difficulty I contrived to take a few notes in my pocket-book, without being observed; for instance, I had like to have forgot one of the finest vases in the world; it is of Parian marble, and was found at Pompeia: a feast of Bacchus is represented on its sides in *bas relief*; it is extremely large and most beautifully proportioned. I wish his Neapolitan Majesty would lend us an apartment in this same palace for one summer, and permit us to rummage his collection; though I don't know how I should be able to resist the temptation of purloining some small articles; such an opportunity would put my honesty to the proof.

The part of the palace occupied by the court is nobly furnished, and consists of magnificent

apartments for a summer or country residence. The floors are all of them paved with antique mosaic, Grecian and Roman. *La Camera di Porcellano* is lined with pannels of China ware, I should say porcelain, I suppose, as it does not come from China, but is the manufacture of *Capo di Monte*; these pannels are moveable. Here are several fine tables of marble, two in particular of *verd antique*; also some good pictures. The fruit-pieces, by John Brughel, a Flemish painter, come so near nature, that the eye is almost deceived. Four small paintings on marble, representing female figures, more curious than beautiful, are antique, and on one is the name of the painter, Alexander of Athens.

Some bas reliefs and bustos, which appear to have merit; but we had not time to examine them closely. The garden belonging to the palace is not worth notice; it is planted for the greater part with evergreens. Having detained you sufficiently at Portici, I now come to Herculaneum. I shall not augment the bulk of this letter with informing you of the various disputes of the learned, in regard to the precise date of the destruction of Herculaneum, by an eruption of mount Vesuvius; but upon the whole, this dreadful event is supposed to have happened about the year of our Lord 79. The melted lava in its course filled up the streets and houses, in some places to the height of sixty-eight feet above the tops of the latter, and in others one hundred

hundred and ten feet; that is to say, particularly on the side nearest the sea. This lava is of a consistency which renders it extremely difficult to be removed or cleared away; it is composed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, metallics, vitrified sandy substances, which altogether form a close and heavy mass. It is evident the town was not filled up so unexpectedly as to prevent the greater part of the inhabitants from escaping with many of their richest effects; for when the excavations were made, there were not more than a dozen skeletons found, and but little of gold, silver, or precious stones.

The first discovery of this city was made in the year 1713, in the following manner: The Prince d'Elbeuf, Emanuel of Lorain, having married (that same year) the daughter of the Prince of Salsa, desirous of having a villa in this neighbourhood: he accordingly built one at Portici, and ordered an apartment to be stuccoed: a Frenchman undertook to make the best and hardest stucco, provided he was supplied with antique rubbish, consisting of broken marble, &c. A poor man at Portici offered to provide the French artist with the kind of rubbish he required, of which he had found a considerable quantity in digging out a well in his little garden. The Prince d'Elbeuf bought the garden from the owner, with design to make excavations there, which was done with such success, that the first

discovery proved to be the top of the theatre of Herculaneum. After some days labour they found a statue of Hercules and a Cleopatra; this success encouraged the Prince to continue the work, and they soon after discovered the architrave of a door in marble, with an inscription and seven Greek statues, supposed to represent vestals; these the Prince sent into France. Some time after they light upon a temple of a circular form, supported by twenty-four columns of *alabaastro fiorito*; the interior part was decorated with as many more, and the same number of fine Greek statues. These pillars and statues were conveyed to Vienna to Prince Eugene.

Such rapid discoveries were at last put a stop to by an order from court, forbidding any more excavations to be made; and from that time nothing farther was attempted till the year 1736, when Don Carlos, then King of Naples, built the royal palace at Portici. The Prince d'Elbeuf presented his Majesty with his house and the garden where the excavations had been made. The King employed men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep, when not only the town made its appearance, but also the bed of the river which ran through the city, and even some of the water still remained, which could not make its way through the lava. The temple of Jupiter was then brought to light, and the whole of the theatre. In the temple was found a statue of gold, and the inscription that decorated the great
doors

doors of entrance. In the theatre the fragments of a gilt chariot of bronze, with horses of the same metal, likewise gilt : this had been placed over the principal door of entrance. They likewise found multitudes of statues, bustos, pillars, and paintings, of which I have already mentioned a few ; but since the departure of Don Carlos, now King of Spain, the workmen have declined both in number and in industry ; a few indeed continued to make excavations here and there ; but government esteemed the expence too weighty. As the villages of Portici and Resina are built upon Herculaneum, they feared damaging many of the houses, and did not choose to purchase them ; for this reason, as soon as they had made any useful discovery, they sent away whatever was found most valuable to the palace, and immediately threw back the rubbish into the excavations they had made. This accounts for nothing appearing at present, besides the orchestra of the theatre, which they have had the goodness to leave open. The most considerable public building there discovered proved the forum, or court of justice, of a rectangular form, encompassed with a piazza, or open portico, decorated with forty-two columns, and ornamented with paintings (two of which I have mentioned to you as extremely good). The portico of entrance was composed of five arcades, adorned with equestrian statues of marble ; two of which only remain, these are the two Balbuses, placed

in the vestibule of the palace of Portici. Several statues of the families of Nonia and Annia were also found there, as was, in a kind of recess, one of the Emperor Vespasian, and on each side of him a statue in a curule chair; also two niches painted within side, and in them statues, of bronze, of Nero and Germanicus. There were two temples joined on to the forum by porticos; these were rectangular, vaulted, and decorated on their insides with columns, paintings, inscriptions in bronze, &c. In the same year (1750) they discovered the forum. Near these temples the theatre was found in all its extent. The seats for the spectators were disposed so as to form a half-ellipsis of one hundred and sixty feet diameter (taken the long way), highly ornamented with beautiful pillars of marble; the spectators were seated upon twenty-one rows of steps, and above these was also a gallery for them decorated with statues of bronze, pillars of marble, and paintings; its walls partly lined with Parian marble. It is conjectured, and even asserted, by many historians, that most of the inhabitants of the city were assembled in this theatre at the time the irruption of Mount Vesuvius (in the year 79) destroyed both Herculaneum and Pompeia.

The streets of the town appear to have been quite straight and regular; the houses well built and much alike; some of the rooms paved in mosaic, others with fine marbles, others again with bricks,

bricks, three feet long and six inches thick; the rooms were encompassed by a feat or high step; the walls painted in *fresco* in compartments, with various representations, as pillars, garlands, birds. All that remains at present to be seen, to our great disappointment, is the orchestra of the theatre. We were conducted down a great many stairs by the light of flambeaux. This orchestra appears now like a vast drain; so powerful are the damps, that our lights burnt blue, and we were near wet to the skin by the distillations from the earth over our heads. The darkness of this place brought to my mind the description of one of the plagues of Egypt in the Bible, "*A darkness that may be felt.*" The orchestra, seemed of great extent, but we did not think it prudent to stay to measure it in so unwholesome an air.

I now leave Herculaneum and come to Pompeia, which is but a few miles distant from Portici, and sixteen from Naples. Pompeia was destroyed, or rather covered entirely over by a rain of cinders and hot ashes, occasioned by the same irruption of Mount Vesuvius that destroyed Herculaneum. This city (Pompeia) was accidentally discovered about sixteen years since by some labourers, who were dressing ground in order to plant an orchard. The soil does not rise above the houses more than from two to five feet, and the ashes which fill up the streets and cover the houses are extremely light; I do not

know any thing they resemble so much in appearance as broken pumice stone. A very few weeks labour would suffice to lay the whole town open; but as the ground is planted with vines and other fruit-trees, government does not choose to make a rapid progress towards discoveries, the expence of purchasing these vineyards and orchards being a consideration with them; so the work at present goes on but slowly.

The first place you enter at Pompeia is a *casern* or barrack; it is a rectangular building encompassing a court, and surrounded by a colonnade: the middle part or court, and one of the sides, are not yet cleared out; the rooms for the soldiers are within side the colonnade, and are all exactly of the same dimensions, *viz.* fifteen feet square, extremely well built of brick and stone, with great regularity and neatness, two ranges of brick and one of stone, alternately. The pillars which form the piazza are covered with a hard stucco, very even and smooth; they are fluted in an elegant manner, seventeen on one side, and twenty-three on another, and are coloured red and yellow alternately, excepting two in the middle of the longest range, which are of the colour of a Turkey-stone and one of the same colour in the middle of the shortest row. I observed on these pillars several names (we suppose) of soldiers, with rude drawings scratched with a nail or the point of a knife, representing Roman warriors, horses, &c.; the figures

figures are in such armour as we saw in the Cabinet at Portici; and though these drawings are but rudely executed, they shew sufficiently how the armour was wore; for instance, one iron boot on the right leg, which must have been the most exposed, for the left was in a great measure protected by the shield: also men fighting, and such representations as you are sure to meet with in modern guard-rooms and barracks. In one of the rooms, intended probably for a prison, or place of confinement, was discovered an iron stocks (now moved into the Cabinet at Portici), five skeletons were found with their legs in this machine. As there is a contrivance for locking it, these poor creatures had no means of escape. We saw their skulls and bones.

In the window of a room, very lately cleared out, appeared the skeleton of a woman, who seems to have been endeavouring to make her escape: she had a gold chain round her neck, and bracelets of the same about her arms. In a gateway near this room a man was found who was probably surpris'd whilst leading a horse out of the town; by the ornaments which still remained, he must have been of a noble family. I saw two examples of the same nature, which shocked me much: one was of a poor slave, who probably had been employed in heating a bath, near which his skeleton remains, having been stifled in that occupation at the same time that the town was destroyed: his bones are burnt quite white; I brought

brought away with me one of those which form the neck, or *vertebræ*. The other miserable creature was confined, and forgot during the general consternation: he had attempted to escape, having made a small breach in the wall of a room; but stuck fast in the hole, and there his skeleton was found.

The entrance of a theatre for the soldiers is on one side of this square; (but the interior is not yet cleared out:) here is an inscription finely cut on a piece of white marble fixed in the wall. By a stratagem, M——, unseen by our guides, copied it exactly as follows:

C. ovinellius Δ *C. F* Δ *Val, c, (or) g, M* Δ *Portius* Δ *M* Δ
F Δ *Duo* Δ *Vir* Δ *Doc* Δ *Decr* Δ *Theatrum* Δ *Tectum* *Fac* Δ
Locar Δ *Eedemque* Δ *Prob.*——

This inscription has been discovered about eighteen months.

The front of the theatre is built of lava, cut cubical, and regularly ranged lozenge fashion: they are about four inches square, and seem very deep the other way, so that probably the wall is extremely thick; and what appears outside are the ends only of these pieces of lava. This building is a convincing proof of there having been irruptions (as asserted) of Mount Vesuvius before that of 79.

Several of the houses of this town, at the time of clearing out, were stripped of their paintings
and

and other ornaments, yet many of the pavements remain. It is remarkable, that although we entered the greater part of the most perfect of them, we could not find two floors alike: they are all paved in mosaic of various patterns, many in the manner called by the French *à l'y grec*, and others representing flowers, foliage, &c.

One house with its garden is entirely cleared out; it has a door in the middle, and two windows on each side, a small portico in front supported by elegant and well-proportioned pillars: their ornaments are most curiously sculpted in white Carara marble. One of the mouldings or beads seems to represent small birds eggs strung; the string is not thicker than a common corking-pin, and is quite clear from the marble behind, coming forward at least a quarter of an inch. Nothing can exceed the exactness of these strings of eggs, by which you may form some idea of the rest, the foliage, friezes, bases, &c. In the front of this house is a small garden, or rather parterre, which leads to the house; and immediately before the entrance a neat paved terrace. Marble borders confine the mould of the flower-beds, which remains as it was found when they had removed the lava or cinders. Here is a little channel cut in marble, like that in stone at * * * * *, to convey a stream through the garden; but that this is rather deeper. I wished to have taken a sketch of this house and its little garden; but the officers, soldiers, and spies appointed

pointed to attend and watch strangers made that impossible; as it is their business to see that no observations they can prevent should be made. They followed us closely, so that we could rarely evade their vigilance and impertinent curiosity. In most of the windows are iron gratings, very neatly made, some forming squares, others lozenges, with knobs and roses where they meet or cross each other; in these the panes of glass had been fixed, somewhat like the casements in England, but larger, and more exact. In many places the iron has suffered by the heat, appearing as if half melted, but in others it is as perfect as if newly put up.

There is another theatre here, besides that I mentioned in the town, of a very considerable size: I should guess it to be as large as that of St. Carlo at Naples; but this I give you as my conjecture only. It is not entirely cleared out, but they are at work upon it: to this are four great doors of entrance; probably two were designed for the nobility, the others for the plebeians. The stair-cases are well built, and convenient; the passages behind the seats seem sufficiently wide for four people to walk a-breast: these steps from a large segment of a circle; it is a considerable walk quite round; to this theatre belong conveniencies similar to those called water-closets in England, with leaden pipes for the conveyance of water, of precisely the like construction.

tion. The stage, arena, &c. are not yet cleared out.

One of the gates and a street of the town are now entirely laid open; the former is built much in the same manner with the common gates of country towns in England; a wide arch in the middle, with a small one on each side for foot passengers. I must here make a digression to acquaint you, that by the time we had reached this part of the town our spies were so tired of us, and our curiosity, their hour for dining being come, that they left us in the care of one man only, who, when their backs were turned, rather softened a little towards us, and permitted our making what observations we would; however, he was very apprehensive of being himself watched, and turned frequently round and round, looking upon all sides of him, to see if any body was in view; meantime M—— took down the following inscription in his pocket-book, which is inserted in a wall just without the gate, whilst our guide avoided seeing him:

EX. AUCTORITATE. IMP. CÆSARIS. VESPASIANI.
AUG. LOCA. PUBLICA A PRIVATIS POSSESSA. T.
SUEDIUS. CLEMENS. TRIBUNUS. CAUSIS. CONGNI-
TIS. ET. MENSURIS. FACTIS. REIPUBLICÆ. POM-
PEIANORUM. RESTITUIT.

Our guide told us the street was supposed to be that of the goldsmiths: shops plainly appear
on

on each side; they are built of brick; and the windows have regularly on one side of each of them little recesses probably for exposing to sale the various articles of their commerce to the best advantage, upon little stages or steps rising one above the other. He said many small statues, vases, &c. were found on these risers, which were immediately taken away, and supposed to be deposited in the Cabinet of Portici. Fixed in the wall of one of these shops, I observed two beautiful bustos in white marble; that which seemed to me the best was a Bacchante crowned with grapes and ivy. This street is paved with large cubical bluish stones, like the Appian Way; on each side is a causeway, raised about a foot and an half above the level of the street, and about three feet in breadth.

In another part of the town appears a temple to Isis: this is entire, excepting the roof, which has been destroyed by the workmen. The columns are of brick and stuccoed. The walls were completely covered with paintings in fresco; many of them have been detached from thence and conveyed to Portici. Here are two altars which stand alone in the court of the temple, and are great curiosities, being quite perfect.

Behind the temple is a room eighteen yards long by ten wide; the entrance into it from behind consists of five arches, of which the central is higher than the others. In the middle of the temple is a small building like a chapel, with a staircase,

staircase, and from beneath rises a dangerous vapour. These exhalations should be carefully avoided by curious travellers. I amused our guide, by walking towards some paintings that appeared at a little distance, while M—— with great quickness and industry took down this inscription in the temple :

N. POPIDIUS, N. F. CELSINUS ÆDEM ISIDIS TERRÆ MOTU CONLAPSAM A FUNDAMENTO S. P. RESTITUIT. HUNC DECURIONES OB LIBERALITATEM, CUM ESSET ANNORUM SEXS, ORDINI SUO GRATIS ADLEGERUNT.

Whilst he was copying this inscription, I came to the paintings in view. One is of Mercury and a Nymph, and has great merit. Another, a small perspective view, of about eighteen inches square, representing a villa with a portico and a piece of water before the house : the sky is of as fine a blue as ultramarine, and appears fresh as if just done.—A white stag fastened to a column, or rather a high altar. The back-ground is red; this is a common circumstance in all these paintings. The stag is admirably well done; his mouth is open; he seems to complain; deep distress is expressed in his whole figure; he seems to avert his eyes from the fatal altar, adorned with the trophies of his death. I took a pencil from my pocket, and began to make a rude sketch from this stag, intending, if possible, to do the like from the perspective view; but my guide, in the most pressing manner imaginable, begged me

to desist: he assured me he saw some soldiers on an eminence not very distant; that should I be perceived, he must suffer for his inattention, and even I should be sharply reprimanded by government. I endeavoured to persuade him to give all his attention to the *cavalier* who had lagged behind (for by that time I was sure M—— had copied the inscription) but he would not quit me, and was about to prostrate himself at my feet, urging his apprehension of being sent to the galleys for life, as a comrade of his had been for a similar offence three weeks since. I desisted; his oratory was too feeling to be withstood; notwithstanding, as I continued my work during his harangue, I had sketched out the flag, and have finished it in water colours, as near as I can from memory: it has met with the approbation of those of our countrymen who have seen it, and of many of our Italian acquaintance, who insist on its strong resemblance to the original. I shall inclose it to you, though but a wretched attempt in my own opinion.

But to return to our poor Ciceroni; he really was in the right as to the soldiers; for not twenty paces from us was a guard, who, had they not been busily employed in roasting and eating chestnuts, might easily have perceived us. I am not certain whether they did or not; if they did, they perhaps thought it prudent to be silent. There is a well belonging to the temple, that has two fine bas reliefs over it.

The

The workmen are now employed in clearing out a very large house just within the town, that has several pretty paintings on the walls of the rooms. Here a droll accident befel me; I saw a ladder placed against a breach in the wall without side; and as it was not very high, would go up to look in; M—— held the ladder; when I had gained the aperture, I put my head in, and leaned upon the broken wall, which giving way, in I tumbled: the room was not above half full of ashes: I fell upon this bed, and did not receive the least hurt. You may be sure M—— was soon up the ladder after me, and there was a general exclamation among the workmen. I inwardly congratulated myself on being the first to *enter* this room, which had been closed up for many centuries. I assure you, I am not a little proud of my effort. The walls are painted in fresco, divided into small compartments by borders *a l'ý grec*; these compartments contain various representations of Chinese temples or mosques; others of the human figure, amongst which, an old man's head, and a Mercury, seem to be particularly well done.

I am heartily tired of this long letter; I wish you may not be so too. Adieu, and believe me to be as happy as I can be at so great a distance from you, and ever most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

March the 15th.

YOU see we have not yet left this delightful city, though the time for our departure approaches. Do not wonder at it, but rejoice that we have resisted a temptation still stronger than that of making a longer residence here than we promised. Know then, that we have denied ourselves the gratification of a voyage to Sicily and Malta, purely upon your account: a Dutch fleet of observation, now ready to sail for those islands, offered to convey and accommodate us; nor should we have been absent from Naples more than a few weeks—but we could not think of giving you anxiety; and had we accepted of the obliging invitation of the Dutch officers, we must have embarked before we could have received your answer to any letter that should have conveyed you this information. These gentlemen have been uncommonly civil, I may say friendly, to us; they are extremely well bred and polite * * * * * We breakfasted with a large party of English and Italians on board one of the men of war. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and elegance of our repast. These officers speak French fluently, and some of them have learnt a little English.

They are strongly prejudiced to the British nation; I say prejudiced, for they think better of us than we merit. One of the younger officers, whose small cabin is perfectly neat, has furnished it with several prints of the most celebrated English beauties, and some shelves of books, the productions of our best poets. We should have failed to Sicily and Malta in the most agreeable manner possible, especially as the family of *Monteleone*, and the Princess *Potera* in particular, repeatedly offered us letters of recommendation to their family at Palermo, whose consequence is sufficiently known to prove the sacrifice we make you. It was not an easy matter to decline such invitations and offers; therefore thank us; for I assure you, we strongly combated our own inclinations to keep our word with you.

Since I wrote last we have not been idle, though much engaged in that round of dissipation which never ceases here. We passed two whole days at *Pozzoli*, &c. visited the *solfaterra*, as well as the *Grotta del Cane*. I am at present confined with a slight cold, and dedicate this day to your service, being convinced, by your repeated assurances, that my letters are really an amusement to you. I therefore make no apology for the bulk of this packet. In truth, it seems as if the more one sees in this country, the more remains to be seen; and fresh subjects of surprise and curiosity spring forth like Hydra's heads—but not to lose time in reflection:

Puzzoli.

Puzzoli is situated about two leagues and a half west of Naples: It is asserted by some authors, to have been founded five hundred and twenty-two years before the Christian æra, by one Decius, son of Neptune, and according to others by somebody else; to me, it is a very indifferent matter by whom it was founded; suffice it, that there is such a place, most agreeably situated on the margin of a small bay: it is at present inconsiderable, but was, in the time of the Romans, a city of great extent, as appears by many vestiges of ruins, which may still be traced. The cathedral church, now under the protection of St. Januarius and St. Proculus, was formerly a temple dedicated to Augustus; the inscription runs thus:

L. Calpurnius L. F. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D. D.

It is built of large stones without cement. There are remains of some Corinthian pillars. The ruins of the Temple of Serapis is the finest and most perfect antiquity at Puzzoli; yet it is a loss, greatly to be regretted by all lovers of antiquity, that the inner temple, discovered in the year 1750, and quite entire, highly decorated with several beautiful statues in marble and bronze*, is not now to be seen, being filled up

* These precious relics in metal have been melted down from economy.

with

with the same earth which they took out of it. The reason given for not persisting in laying open the temple is, lest a wretched cabbage-garden, which lies over it, might be injured by the excavation. This fine temple was encompassed by forty-two square rooms, which are now almost reduced to ruins, yet still some beautiful columns are to be seen, of white marble, fluted and highly finished. The whole was paved with large slabs of marble, and the edifice completely incrustcd with the same. It is curious to see the massy rings fixed in the pavement, to which the victims erst were fastened, and the copper pipes or drains to convey away their blood: here is a pierced square of marble, of exquisite workmanship, which served as a drain-stone, for it is placed in the center of the quadrangular part of the temple, precisely under the open part of the roof, in order to receive and carry off the rain-water which entered at the opening. Though this temple is in so mutilated a state, it cannot fail to excite the admiration of the curious traveller.

In that part of the town called *la Piazza*, is placed a square pedestal of white marble, found in the year 1693; each side has a bas relief. Although they are much injured, yet you may distinguish fourteen figures, by which are represented the fourteen cities of Asia; the names are under each. The pedestal is inscribed to Tiberius; probably a statue of him had been placed

upon it. The amphitheatre, called here the *Colosseo*, was a building of considerable extent. M—— says Augustus assisted in person at the games celebrated here*. The *arena*, which is now a garden, is two hundred and fifty feet long; the porticos of entrance, which were below the steps, or seats for the spectators, and the dens for wild beasts, with a stone trough in each, to hold water for them, are still to be seen.

West of Puzzoli, and just by the town, are presumed to be the ruins of the famous Academia of Cicero; they are a mile and a quarter round. Here it was he wrote those books intitled *Quæstionum Academicarum*: but this vast building is now so demolished, that there is no possibility of ascertaining its regular plan; though we took the trouble of walking, or rather stumbling, over the rubbish, through a number of rooms, we could not find one that might be termed a large room in a modern English house. Some of the pavement still remains composed of small dies of white marble, forming a mosaic pattern; most of the rooms were vaulted, and many of the arches still remain entire.

It is evident the sea has covered the greater part of this building, as considerable vestiges, which plainly appear to have been part of the structure, are discernible at low water; this is

* Suetonius.

highly probable, for an additional reason, the Academia was so close to the sea, as to admit of Cicero's guests (as is said) to have amused themselves by fishing from his windows.

There is a curious antiquity here, called the Labyrinth of Dedalus; it is near the amphitheatre, and appears to have been a reservoir for water: also a second, close to the labyrinth, of about sixty feet in length, vaulted, and probably destined to the same purpose. Half a league from Puzzoli are the *Colombarias* or tombs, which you must descend into by ladders. There is nothing very curious in these repositories for the dead; they are of a simple structure, with small niches, in which the urns filled with the ashes of the family were deposited. This town is chiefly inhabited by fishermen, their children run after strangers with plates full of mosaic of various colours, amongst which you may frequently find medals, intaglios, and engravings on gems, such as agates, cornelians, &c.; these the sea throws up on the beach, and may be purchased for a trifle. Some of them are genuine, but many are false; and these mock antiquities are frequently imposed upon ignorant strangers, which are no more than the refuse or sweepings of lapidaries shops, procured from Naples; but whoever has a little attention and intelligence in these matters, cannot easily be deceived.

The Gulph or Bay of Puzzoli is about a league over; each way, the view from the town
is

is charming. This must have been once a delightful spot. The purple dye of this place was in such esteem amongst the ancient Romans, as to be said to have rivalled that of Tyre : it is the blood taken from a vein in a shell-fish*, and of which there is so small a quantity, as not to exceed one drop in each fish.

We crossed over in a boat from Puzzoli to Baia ; the sea was nearly as smooth as the Thames. Here are no remains of a town ; a few wretched cottages are indeed scattered about. There is one bleak building of mean appearance on an eminence, occupied by a small military guard, stationed here to prevent bands of robbers from infesting the coasts, and concealing themselves amongst the ruins.

Close to where you land on this coast are the baths and prisons of Nero. These baths in general are surprisingly warm ; but there is a particular passage of about one hundred and thirty yards in length, at the end of which you find a source of water so extremely hot, that the boatmen at Puzzoli who rowed us, and who are accustomed to visit it immediately upon landing, returned from thence as soon as possible, not being able to bear the heat of the steam from the springs. One of them carried a couple of eggs with him in a pail which having dipped into a hollow in which the water falls, the eggs were

* Probably perriwinkle.

quite done when they came out from the passage. M—— would accompany them to this boiling source, and returned from thence in a violent heat and perspiration. Contiguous are caverns, or rather small cells in the rock, where are beds or broad seats cut out of the stone, on which sick people extend themselves, and take the vapour bath, as they call it here; these recesses being filled with as thick, and a much hotter steam, than that in the flups of the baths at Bath in Somersetshire. When the patients have been so sweated on these stone sophas, as that their strength is almost exhausted, they take ices, which enable them to continue their operation much longer than their strength would otherwise admit of; nor has this practice ever been known to produce any other than the most salutary effects. These baths are esteemed most efficacious in virulent scrophulous distempers, the evil not excepted.

Nero's prisons are hewn out of a vast rock, which rises so perpendicularly from the sea, that it seems as if the present front towards the bay (if I may so term it) was really a section of these horrible chambers of confinement; and what is now seen from the sea must have been consequently the interior of these dismal abodes. They are all arched over in a rude manner; the passages leading from cell to cell are so narrow, as to admit of but one person's passing at a time, and withal, turn and wind so suddenly, that I
 think

think it would not be an easy task to find the way out again without an experienced guide; beside, the entrances or door-ways into the different cells are extremely low, dangerously narrow, and cut so crooked, that you are frequently obliged to accommodate your body to their irregular shapes, in order to facilitate the passing with safety.

There are a great number of cells wrought out of the solid rock, and ranged in the same manner with the stories of a house, but not regularly, the passages sloping from above to those in the lower part. The greater number are in a manner arched, but so low, that you are obliged to stoop considerably during the whole progress. Here total darkness reigns, and a dreadful silence. We had several flambeaux lighted, and a provision of others, in case any should extinguish, and resign us to these regions of horror.

Below these upper stories are sixty-eight chambers *en suite*, whither our guide offered to conduct us, but, like a hospitable man, when we had penetrated part of the descent, he was kind enough to inform us, that though he himself had been down, yet it was in these lower apartments that Nero (as they believe) used to send people for twenty-four hours only, who at their return into the fresh air, immediately expired; upon which information, we thought proper to check our curiosity in regard to the sixty-eight chambers *en suite*, and to return back. Whether this tradition
be

be fabulous or not, certain it is, we had already perceived a warmish damp vapour, which probably might have augmented had we followed the descent, and which our guide asserted to be of a considerable length, and rather difficult to accomplish: he, as a recompence for our disappointment (as he esteemed it), said he would shew us something very pretty, and immediately crept through a hole in the rock; M—— followed, and I would go too; with some difficulty I was dragged through, and then we came to another. Our guide desired us to stretch ourselves on the ground, as the rock over head hangs down extremely low. From this second hole we had a glorious prospect of the gulph, *Capo Miseno*, the islands of *Procida*, *Ischia*, &c.; leading out of the hole, we discovered distinctly ruins of arches, broken pillars, walls, &c. which the sea had covered over. Above this hole is a very small and neat round building, not unlike a narrow well; through a small perforation we saw part of it. Here our *Ciceroni* insisted, that Nero used to take post himself, and give orders to his fleet, lying at *Capo Miseno*, by means of a speaking trumpet. M—— asked him, How the devil Nero could contrive to get there? He insisted, that there was a subterraneous passage from the top of the rock, to which he would conduct us; but we had prudence enough not to explore it. Being gratified with the fine view from the hole in the rock, we retired; and were conducted to an arched vault

vault called Agrippina's Tomb. The roof is so low, that we were obliged to stoop almost double whilst we staid in it, and the air so warm and close, that the flambeaux burnt very dimly : this may seem a trifling circumstance, but it is extremely teasing : however, with some difficulty, we contrived to see the admirable workmanship, formed of stucco, with which the vault is lined. The composition is so hard, that it is scarce possible to injure it even by the blows of hammers. It is stuccoed in small compartments ; the mouldings exquisitely neat, fluted, and ornamented in the most elegant manner. In the center of each compartment are various representations, probably allegorical ; of gryphons, dolphins, &c. &c. all highly finished, and as smooth as ivory. It is not entirely cleared out, which it might be with little trouble or expence, as the earth is very light. From hence we proceeded to the Elysian Fields, now for the most part covered with vines. No ground can lie more agreeable in point of aspect, situation, variety, and prospect. Here we saw several burying-places ; they are all built much in the same manner with those I have already mentioned. Urns filled with coins and medals are frequently found amongst those that contain the ashes of the dead. It is probably in search of these hidden treasures that such frequent excavations have been made as you meet with at every moment. Part of the ground between the plantations of vines is under tillage ; where the

plough in its progress incessantly turns up morsels of vases, broken architectural ornaments of fine marble, and admirable workmanship; and not unfrequently large pieces of alabaster and porphyry, to which we were ourselves witnesses. There are several low walls, or rather heaps of stone, thrown roughly together by way of boundaries, composed for the most part of these venerable fragments. Mutilated statues and busts are to be met with in abundance degraded to such rustic purposes. We saw some women grinding corn in a singular manner, and quite new to us: they were seated on the ground, and one held between her feet a piece of hollowed marble, which, on a nearer examination, proved a beautiful fragment of a column of the Ionic order, that ornamental spiral part called the volute. I was quite fretted at seeing the use these beldams make of what probably had belonged to some superb temple respected by the masters of the world, on these once glorious coasts. It was of *alabaſtro agatizo* (alabaster with large veins of agate). She threw the corn into the hollow, and laying fast hold of the volute with one arm, by the assistance of arms and legs prevented it from slipping, whilst with her other hand, furnished with an antique moulding suiting her purpose, she worked the corn round and round, till the husks came away from it.

There are three fine ruined temples on this coast; but the sea-marshes have so broken in
upon

upon them, that we were obliged to be carried on our boatmen's backs for about a hundred paces in order to enter, the depth of water being insufficient for the boat to approach them, yet too much for us to walk through (almost knee deep), and the bottom rough and unequal. Two of these temples stand upon dry and firm ground: these are covered over with a low brush-wood, furnished by nature of the finest and most odorous myrtle, quite void of that acrid, pungent scent, which it often yields in English green-houses. Interspersed are various sorts of aloes, basilicon, with uncommon large leaves and stalks, lavender cotton, and a spike-lavender of an uncommon size and fragrance, all in blossom; also large deep blue violets, cyclamens of various sorts, hippaticas, polypody, the orchis, and several other plants whose grass I am unacquainted with, many of them curiously spotted and striped.

This wilderness of sweets attracted my attention; and I should have gladly passed an entire day in this delightful garden of Nature, sufficiently struck with the enthusiasm of the place, to suppose the myrtles, &c. sprung from the same stems that had been coeval with Baia in the days of her glory.

Temples. But to return to the temples: one was dedicated to Venus Genetrix, another to Diana, and Venus Genetrix. a third to Mercury. That to Venus is the most perfect; and I assure you, has most myrtle growing

ing in and about it. It is supposed to have been erected by Julius Cæsar; and is built in the form of a rotunda: part of the dome still remains, supported on one side only, so that it appears in air. There are three rooms under this temple, which were probably baths; two of them are square, and the other, oval at one end. In the center of the vaulted roof of this last is a square opening, the object of which has not yet been accounted for. Through the vault (I do not mean the square opening, but on one side of it) has grown the root of a tree, very curious indeed, as it is evidently in a state of petrification.

The Temple of Diana is octagonal on the outside, but circular within: the roof is destroyed. Here we found several stags heads in marble, and other insignia of the goddesses to whom it was dedicated. Temple of Diana.

The Temple of Mercury is nearly an hundred paces from that of Venus; and that of Diana about twice as far from the latter. It is difficult to enter this building, on account of the water and marsh in and all around it. The appearance, on the outside, is of three deep ruined arches, or vaulted roofs, crowned with shrubs. Having got through the water by the before-mentioned conveyance, we found a breach in one of the walls which communicates with the interior of the temple. This building is a large rotunda, open at top. Speaking low, in the same manner as in Temple of Mercury.

Ponte di
Caligula.

the whispering-gallery at St. Paul's, London, produces the like effect here; which I should suppose to arise from the roof's forming an ellipsis. These three temples are built of brick, cemented with pozzuolane*, and were no doubt incrusted with marble, as broken slabs and ornaments have been found in and about them. I must not omit to take notice here of the ruins of a bridge, *Ponte di Caligula*, which this emperor intended to extend from Baia to Pozzuoli. There still remain thirteen large pillars and several arches composed of brick and stone, cemented with pozzuolane. Suetonius asserts, says M——, that Caligula had a fancy to make a triumphant parade across the sea, in imitation of Xerxes; and for that purpose attempted to build this bridge; but when they had got about half-way, the sea proved so very deep, that he was obliged to substitute ships fastened together with chains, on which a platform was raised and paved. The first day of his triumph he rode on horseback, and the second in a triumphal car, followed by Darius, whom the Parthians had left with him as an hostage.

No vestiges are now found of the magnificent villas built by the Romans, which were spread out along this coast, nor of the ancient town of Baia, supposed to have taken its name

* The pozzuolane is a kind of sand, found in great abundance in this country, which, when mixed with lime, forms a cement of so close a quality, as to resist water. The people of Pozzuoli export great quantities of it to many parts of Italy, and elsewhere.

from

from one of the companions of Ulysses, who was interred here.

It was in this country, according to ancient fable, that Hercules defeated the giants 1238 years before the birth of Christ. But not to go quite so far back in ancient lore, I shall mention only some few remarkable events recited in classic authors, as given me by my fellow-traveller: It was in a country-house belonging to Julius Cæsar, near Baia, that Marcellus was poisoned by Livia. He is celebrated by Virgil, towards the end of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, at the recital of which, Octavia is reported to have fallen into a swoon.

The famous conspiracy against Nero was formed in the country-house belonging to Piso, of which they pretended to shew us some remains.

It was at Bauli, which is very near Baia, that that monster Nero contrived the means of assassinating his mother. Acinetus, who commanded his fleet at *Capo Miseno*, was the man who suggested to him the contrivance of a false bottom to the ship, on board of which Agrippina embarked after a great feast, given by her son to ratify their reconciliation. You know the rest. Here it was, also, that the famous triumvirate, Cæsar, Pompey, and Mark Antony, assembled and consulted. In short, I must check my pen, or I shall never finish my letter; and before I conclude it, must just add, that after having passed a most delightful day at Pozzuoli and Baia, we went to

Bauli. Bauli, now a wretched village, not above a mile and half from Baia, where we dined, not in a wine-house, but at the door of one. The vulgar here are certainly right in this respect; they never eat in the house when the weather does not oblige them, wisely preferring the fresh air to the foul exhalations of the kitchen. Here then we sat down (amongst a number of peasants) extremely hungry and fatigued, and fed most heartily on very coarse bread, anchovies, and eggs; but our beverage was *Falernian* wine, very justly celebrated by Horace: it is the growth of the *Monte Falerno*, one of the mountains that bounded our view: our eyes were feasted by the prospect. This *Albergo* is built on the margin of the sea; before us we had in full view the bay. As the sun was setting, the various tints of purple and gold with which an assemblage of clouds were embellished, acquired new beauties when reflected in the waves, whose movement was just sufficient to vary their glowing colours. Stretched along the coast appeared the three ruined temples, gilt by the rays of the sun: the promontory of Capo Miseno, jutting out into the sea, was in deep shadow. The islands of Procida, Ischia, &c. were seen rising finely out of the water, and shaped in the most picturesque manner. Pozzuoli appeared to great advantage across the bay, with the ruins of Cicero's Academia, and the remains of a temple dedicated to Neptune. Near Bauli we beheld the vestiges of a broken arch, part of a
temple

temple to Hercules. On the side of Baia our prospect was bounded by mountains covered with vines, producing our Falernian potation.

After dinner we returned to Pozzuoli, and reached Naples before it was dark ; the next day our visit was repeated to Baia, and from thence we went to Cuma, the weather still continuing very fine : but this second day's amusement, with other matters, I must reserve for another letter, which I shall send by the next post ; it goes out again in three days, at which time we shall prepare to quit Naples on our return to Rome. * * * * *

Adieu, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Naples, March 16.

From
Naples to
Pozzuoli
road.
Pauslippe
Grotta.

I RECOLLECT that in my letter of yesterday I did not mention the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The commencement lies through the *Grotta di Pauslippe*, which opens into one of the suburbs west of that city. The subterraneous passage is carried through a mountain; the height at the entrance from Naples is at least sixty feet; its width from eighteen to twenty, and paved quite through: at the end towards Pozzuoli it *decreases* in height, not exceeding forty feet; and is a mile in length.

This grotto is of very ancient date; the best antiquarians attribute it to one Marcus Cocceius, a Roman*; whoever it may be originally imputed to, its enlargement and paving were accomplished by two viceroys of Naples, one of Charles the Fifth, the other of Ferdinand, and it remains as they left it. In the midway is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin. There are two perforations in the vault, which penetrate the whole thickness of the mountain, and admit sufficient light (as is asserted) of a calm day, to pass through without flambeaux; but in case of a high wind, and

* The common people are persuaded it was effected by the power of magic, and attribute it to Virgil, whom they universally believe to have been a forcerer.

that

that it happens to blow towards the opening, the dust is then extremely troublesome; nor is it safe, on account of meeting other carriages. We have often drove through this *grotta*, but never without flambeaux. It is plain this subterraneous passage has never suffered by the earthquakes and eruptions that have occasioned such devastation in the environs of Naples; its safety is probably due to the solidity of the rock, in which there does not appear any veins, or mixture of sulphur, or any kind of inflammable particles. Under this mountain is a large quarry, from which they dig stone that is frequently used in the buildings at Naples. On the side of the mountain next the sea, and amongst the rocks, grows the plant *Opuntia*, or Indian fig, on which is found the cochineal. Upon the top of this grotto are still some remains of an antique aqueduct, which conveyed water from *Serino* to supply a reservoir called *Piscina mirabile*, of which I shall speak by and by. The Tomb of Virgil is on this same mountain, over the entrance of the *grotta*, in a vineyard belonging to the Marquis Salcitro. This ruin resembles a broken square tower of a very inconsiderable height; but its walls are thick, and built of brick. It is to be lamented, that no antique inscription has been found in its vicinity to ascertain it, beyond a doubt, the real monument wherein the ashes of Virgil were deposited. Over and about this ruin grow various plants, and amongst them an old bay-tree, celebrated

Tomb of
Virgil.

in a Latin inscription near the ruin, and placed there by order of Peter of Arragon. You may be sure I am possessed of some of the leaves of this sacred tree; how happy should I be, if drinking a decoction of them would inspire me with Virgilian poesy. The mountain (Pausilippe) is covered with villas and gardens planted with evergreens, belonging to several noble families of Naples. Having passed through the subterraneous road, we entered a plain which seems closed in on every side by mountains. The ground under close cultivation; what is not ploughed being covered by vineyards and standard fruit-trees. The plain is intersected by a poor village called *Foro di Pozzuoli*, we passed through it, and then entered a very narrow road, which brought us to another valley, almost entirely under water. This lake is called *Lago d' Anagno*, at the distance of a mile and a half from that end of the *Grotta di Pausilippe*, at the extremity from where we entered it, and forms a large basin of a circular figure of about half a mile diameter, well furnished with water-fowl, which are preserved for the king's amusement. On the margin of the lake is the famous *Grotta del Canè*. As we were approaching it, a man appeared leading a wretched dog by a cord; the poor creature shewed great apprehension and dread, knowing the mischief about to befall him. As M—— had seen this experiment already, having been here some days since, I desired the dog might not
be

Lago
d'Anagno.
na.

Grotta
del Canè.

be put into the grotto for me, as I was not in the least degree curious to see the effect of the experiment; he therefore prevented the man from proceeding, who was prodigiously surpris'd at receiving a larger gratuity for not tormenting the animal, than he had usually done for the whole of his experiments: the poor wretch when untied was at first almost stupid; upon finding himself really at liberty, he frisked about, and expressed his joy by running and rolling himself upon the grass; but I observed he shew'd not the least inclination to gambol towards the grotto; of which when he perceived the door to open, he stood aloof, and then flunk away as fast as his weak legs could carry him; for his strength seem'd to have been much impaired. The experiment is thus made, as M—— informed me: they hold the dog by the legs down close to the ground; in about two minutes he is seiz'd with a species of convulsions, which cause him to howl, and foam at the mouth; but presently his limbs and body stiffen, and he appears nearly expired, upon which, they throw him out of the grotto on the grass that borders the lake, and sometimes into it, when he recovers in a few minutes by degrees, as if just come out of a strong fit; but the dogs never get the better of these experiments; for when they have been thus treated for perhaps a dozen times, they are shortly after seiz'd with a giddiness, and turning themselves round repeatedly, drop down dead: this happens
more

more frequently to them in summer than in winter ; and it is remarkable, that no dog has ever been known to survive this experiment above three months, who has suffered it once only.

The grotto is very small, and resembles a deep and wide ditch, rather than a cave. At the entrance, a certain humidity is very perceptible ; and stooping near the earth, you are still more sensible of a light, warm exhalation rising from the surface, somewhat like the effluvia from burning charcoal. A lighted flambeau is instantly extinguished when held near the ground. We did not continue to stand here any time, as numbnesses are frequently the consequences to those who imprudently linger near this dangerous spot. There is now a door to the entrance kept locked, and never opened but for strangers, or those who come to visit the grotto. The reason given for this precaution is, that a poor man, a stranger in the country, being benighted near this place, took shelter in the grotto, where he was found dead in a short time after. It appeared by the attitude in which he was found, that he had lain down to sleep.

It is surprising to find, that grass and various weeds grow luxuriantly about the entrance of this cave, and yet there hangs a kind of dew upon them, which, although not absolutely warm to the touch, is by no means cold.

Vapour
Baths.

Near this place are vapour-baths, called *Stuffa di S. Germano*. A very hot vapour from the ground

ground fills four chambers, round which are placed stone seats: on these the patients are laid, rolled up in blankets: when they come out of the baths, they go into bed: and in order to promote a second perspiration, eat ices, which never fail to procure the desired effect. The disorders commonly cured by these baths are rheumatisms, scurvies, and other scrophulous humours.

Quitting the lake *d' Agnano*, we proceeded on our road to *Pozzuoli*, and came to the *Solfaterra*, about a mile from thence. It is an oval plain of no great extent, situated on a height, and surrounded by hills, except upon the side of the road by which you reach it. Solfaterra.

The ancient name of the plain is *Pblegra*, and is supposed to be the place where Hercules defeated the giants. The soil is of a yellow cast, from the quantity of sulphur (no doubt) with which it is impregnated, and so hot in many places, that my shoes were scorched and shrivelled, which made the walking in them difficult for the rest of the day. In some places the heat is stronger, quite burning where the *moffets* or little volcanos flame up; this happens uncertainly, as to place and time, as also their extinguishment. In other places the ground feels quite cool, yet four inches below the surface is extremely warm. It is wonderful to see briars and brush-wood growing in this sulphureous soil.

Here

Here are several small vents, from whence smoke constantly issues; one in particular emits it abundantly, accompanied by a rumbling noise. This has the quality of producing sal ammoniac in large quantities, which adheres to stones placed for the purpose of its reception at and about the opening.

Burning
spring.

In one part of the plain a spring boils up, forming a small rivulet; a stick or piece of paper being moved in it, catches fire immediately: it seems like a juggler's proposal, to light a piece of paper at a rivulet, and still as extraordinary, to find this spring at its source boil on one side only, the other being cool, which tempts one to conjecture that the ground being hollow, may possess near the source some Volcanian fire, which heats it thus partially.

Aqua di
Pisciarelli.

The *Aqua di Pisciarelli* is a famous medicinal water in this country; it is hot, and of a saltish taste; its source near the lake *d'Agnano*, and behind the *Solfaterra*. Pozzuoli is about two miles and an half from hence, there we embarked in a little boat, and landed at Capo Mesino*, about three miles and an half from Pozzuoli and Cuma. Very little remains of the ruins of the ancient town. The principal antiquity is a cavern, called *Grotta Dragonara*: whether this was intended as a reservoir for water, or for a magazine for wine and provisions, to supply the fleet of Me-

Grotta
Drago-
nara.

* So named from Eneas's friend, whom he buried here. See Virgil, book vi.

sino, antiquarians have hitherto disputed. It at present consists only of a long winding subterraneous passage, with rooms on each side, but nothing curious or worthy of observation.

Having quitted this promontory, we proceeded towards Baia, in our way to Cuma; and here I must mention *Monte Nuovo*, a great natural curiosity on this coast, if the effect of a dreadful eruption may be so styled. The Lake Lucrine (now dry) after a violent agitation and noise, brought forth a mountain on the 30th day of September 1538, which sprung up from the midst of its waters. A violent earthquake at the same time entirely destroyed a village very near the lake, called *Tripergola*. Much damage was done in the environs to the vineyards, &c. The lake Lucrine was dried up, and great part of it filled by the New Mountain, formed of lava, pumice-stone, and such substances as appear to have been half-calcined. This fact of the mountain having been produced in the space of one day is attested by several authors of credit, amongst many others by *Pietro di Toledo*, in his Dialogue on the Earthquake of 1538, printed at Naples the very following year, by *Leandro d'Alberti*, in his *Descrizione d'Italia*, &c. &c.

No bush or plant, nor even a blade of grass, grows upon *Monte Nuove*; which is judged to exceed in height two hundred feet.

About a mile north of Baia, and half as far from what was the lake Lucrine, is the lake ^{Lake} ~~Avernus.~~
Avernus,

Avernus, to which a narrow, winding road, with hedges on each side, conducted us. This lake is circular, of about half a mile diameter, surrounded with hills, which still throw such a shadow, as to give it a dark look; but when they were clothed with trees, must have caused the water to appear almost black. The noxious quality attributed to this lake, and the sulphureous exhalations so fatal to birds who should attempt to fly over it, are particularly mentioned in the sixth Book of Virgil. At present it has no smell, nor does it produce any extraordinary vapour. The forests are destroyed, nor is there, I believe, a fibre remaining of the tree that bore the *golden bough*; however, our guide pointed to the gloomy entrance of a cave, close upon the borders of the lake, which he assured us was the antique descent into Hell, and that we must go through a narrow and steep passage with lighted flambeaux to see the famous cave of the Sybil, this being one end or opening of it; the other, he told us, we should see at Cuma. We apprehended the time would not suffice to reach that place if we remained longer here; and we knew there were some curious tombs worthy of observation in the road thither, so resolved to content ourselves with his description of the cave, which was as follows: that after descending a bad staircase above an hundred feet deep cut in the rock, which is also very winding, we should arrive at two square rooms, ornamented with stucco, much
in

in the same manner as the interior of Agrippina's Tomb. I interrupted him, to say I had no inclination to proceed so far on the road to the infernal regions. We determined to continue our course, after having first taken a view of the famous Temple of Apollo, probably that so beautifully described by Virgil, and which is situated on the borders of the lake, opposite the Sybil's cave. Our guide assured us there is a subterraneous passage leading from the cave to the temple, but that it is very difficult to pass through, the ground having given way in many places: we took it for granted, not being disposed to make the experiment.

The Temple of Apollo appeared a very large ruin; what remains is built entirely of brick: a great fragment of its dome is a majestic object: but our guide assured us, that were we closer, we should not have so good a view of it as from where we were then posted, the masses of ruined walls being at a distance from each other, whereas at present the point of view grouped them well together; his reasons were plausible, and we continued our road.

It is really surprising to observe the natural taste of these poor people, and how much of history true and false they know, considering their education, &c.: though they are often bewildered and confused in regard to ancient dates and events, confounding legendary tales (handed down to them by their forefathers) with historical facts.

Mare
Morto.

Acheron.

Piscina
Mirabile.

But not to lose time in digressions, having quitted the borders of the lake Avernus, we came again to that beautiful part of the country, the Elysiac Fields, which I mentioned in my last letter. Here is a small lake, called *Mare Morto*, but styled by the peasants *Mercato di Sabato*; it is full of fish, and joins on to the sea, by a narrow communication that admits of being dammed, so as to prevent the fish from returning thither. The famous *Acheron* is about a mile from hence; this is now called by the peasants *Lago Fusaro*: near it was situated the country-house of Servilius Vatia, mentioned by Seneca as *the only man who knew how to live*; he describes also the beauties of the situation and house.

Between the lake of *Mare Morto* and the sea-shore is a great antique building called *Piscina Mirabile*, which was probably a reservoir; it measures two hundred feet by one hundred and thirty; the roof is supported by forty-eight large pillars; you descend into it by two staircases, each of forty steps.

I believe you think we shall never arrive at Cuma; but the reason is, that these antiquities I have mentioned lie wide of each other, and are so situated, that they cannot be taken regularly, the roads to them frequently out of repair, oblige you to double back the same ground over again; these reasons and others put it out of my power to give you a clear idea of their position with respect to each other, unless I could send you
a map

a map of the country, a convenience much wanted by strangers, but not to be had. In our way to Cuma we passed by Bauli, where we had dined the day before; these are about a mile's distance from each other.

Cuma is said to have been founded by a Greek Cuma. people of an island now called Negropontis, the ancient Eubeans of the city of Calchis, a thousand years before the Christian æra. The ruins are spread over a large tract of ground, and many of them covered by the sea; yet easily perceived from a rock which juts out into the water near Bauli. Amongst those ruins upon *terra firma*, is a house, which we entered; the walls are surprisingly thick and strong; the roof, on the outside, now even with the ground, is flat and stuccoed with a strong composition of pounded lava and pozzuolane; the rooms vaulted, but of small dimensions.

Here are some remains of the house of Luc- Lucius's cullus, whose luxury cost him his life: the walls house. are of large bricks, built in a kind of mosaic; some of its lofty arches still visible witness its former splendour.

Arco Felice is the name of a great gateway, pro- Arco bably one of the entrances of the town; to this Felice. is joined on each side part of a strong and very thick brick-wall, sixty feet high.

The Giants Temple is a building of twenty- Temple nine feet long by twenty-five; the ceiling arched, of the and divided into compartments, in which are Giants.

three square niches: What this building was designed for is not known, or why it is now called the Temple of the Giants. There is another vault of eighty feet long under ground, and near this temple, with niches in the walls, from which it may be conjectured, with great appearance of probability, that it has been a catacomb or burial-place.

Sibyl's
Cave.

The entrance of the Sibyl's * Cave is by a broad and flat arch; it is so filled up with earth, as to prevent its being penetrated farther than about twenty paces with ease. It really seems possible, that this should be the other end of the cavern on the side of Avernus. Our guide asserts strenuously, that he has himself gone the whole way, a great part of it upon his hands and knees, and constantly stooping more or less during the remainder of the passage; but we are not ready to believe that a man of his sort would undertake a pilgrimage of this nature from no other motive than that of curiosity. We entered the cave a few paces, but the arch and the ground were so near, that it soon became necessary to

* The Cumean Sibyl was the seventh in the order of Sibyls; she was said to be the daughter of Glaucus, and priestess of Apollo, to have lived seven centuries, and was the same who offered Tarquin the Sibyl's books, of which there were nine; she demanded a hundred pieces of gold, which was refused her; upon which she burned six of them, and the king regretting he had not purchased them all, and believing the remaining three might contain most important secrets, acquired them at the price she had asked for the whole.

get

get upon our hands and knees; and as it seemed to become still more contracted, and the flambeaux grew dim, we retired with what speed we could; so judge you if it was possible for this man to have penetrated three miles in utter darkness. I filled my pockets with some handfuls of the earth, amongst which there are abundance of antique bits of mosaic, broken agate, &c.; and upon examination, found one intaglio of jasper; it represents the sign Scorpion, holding a crescent between the fore-claws, and has a star placed near the tail; it is perfect, but I was sorry it was not upon a fine gem. I have packed up a couple of deal-boxes, which contain some antiques and articles in natural history: they are to go to England by sea the first opportunity.

Having visited all that seemed worthy of observation at Cuma, we went to the burying-places Burying-places in its neighbourhood, called by the peasants *Coll-Imperia*. These depositories of the ashes of the dead resemble each other so nearly, that I shall describe but one of them, by which you may judge of all the others: it is that of Julius Monument of J. Cæsar Cæsar; the plan is circular, the walls of brick, in these are little niches, each of them containing an urn, in which the ashes were deposited; these have been removed, our guide told us, to the Cabinet of Portici, but we cannot recollect having seen them there.

The plan is on a small scale; I should judge it not to exceed ten feet in diameter; the roof

forms a dome; the architecture is of the most simple kind, without painting or stucco. We descended into it, for all these mausoleums are under ground.

We returned and dined at Pozzuoli, at our guide's house, who is a fisherman, and has a tolerable habitation. He is one of those people who at Naples are called *Lazzaronis*. We had fresh butter, new-laid-eggs, bread, biscuits, anchovies, and wine; he shewed us great hospitality, and we rewarded him accordingly. When about to return to Naples, he asked me in the most humble manner, If I had any of the black silk English plaster, so sovereign for wounds? At first I did not comprehend what he applied for, but upon recollection, found it must be the black sticking court plaster. Luckily I had a bit in my pocket-book, which I gave him; he returned me a thousand thanks; and I learned from him, that Lady Sudley when at Naples had been so kind as to give him and others of the *lazzaroni* a good deal of it, which they had found an infallible remedy for the *colp di coltelli* they so frequently receive in brawls and quarrels with each other. The prejudice which prevails here to whatever comes from England is astonishing; and indeed the merest trifle cures these poor people, who are almost in a state of nature. He mentioned to us several anecdotes of Lady Sudley, much to her honour. This lady's humanity, generosity, and every virtue, joined to
a refined

a refined understanding, a most liberal education, and an elegant person, has made such an impression upon the hearts of the Neapolitans, from the court down to the *lazzaroni*, that whenever she is mentioned, they with difficulty restrain their tears; a grateful tribute to her memory in a foreign country!

Having now bid adieu to these delightful coasts, which I cannot expect to see again, I shall return to Naples, and to a further description of that city and of *Capo di Monti*, which is situated in its suburbs. This old palace uninhabited by the court has never been completed within, though begun in 1738. It contains a fine collection of books, pictures, antiques, and natural history. On the first floor is an apartment, consisting of twenty-four rooms, filled with pictures; the best are those which adorn the gallery called the Duke of Parma's. Of these, I shall mention but a few that please most. I have not time at present to be minute, but shall abridge from the notes taken by both of us upon the spot as much as possible. A famous picture, though a copy; the original is at Florence, by Raphael. It is that wherein Leo X. is represented between two cardinals. This copy is so admirably done, that it deceived Giulio Romano, who shewed it to Andrea del Sarto (himself the author of the copy), and enlarged upon the beautiful touches of his master Raphael which he pointed out to him, not forgetting many encomiums on the

Caro di
Monti.

Copy by
Andrea
del Sarto.

great strokes in the drapery, which he thought inestimable. Judge how Andrea must have prided himself on having deceived so great a master.

Raffael'o. A Madonna, little Jesus, and St. John; St. Joseph in the back ground, with a wallet at his back; a duplicate of that famous small picture at the *Palais Royal* at Paris, by Raffaello.

Annibal Carracci. Eight pictures by *Annibal Carracci*. A Pieta; the Virgin's character noble, her attitude and expression truly affecting; the dead Christ finely done.

A small picture, representing St. Anne shewing a crown of thorns to the Virgin: the colouring quite fresh.

Hercules between Vice and Virtue; the three figures are not well grouped, being placed at too great a distance from each other; but the drawing is in a great manner.

Rinaldo and Armida; she is employed in adjusting her hair, he holds her a looking-glass; yet the painter might have improved his representation, from the passage in Tasso's *Jerusalem*, &c.

Corregio. Two Concerts, by *Corregio*; they are well done. The famous *Danae*, by *Titian*; I do not think it equal to that already mentioned in the possession of a private family at Florence.

Bassans. Several good pictures by the Bassans; one in particular so well done, that it turned my stomach: I began to fancy I smelt that odious faint smell

smell which makes me sick if I go near raw meat. These brothers had an unaccountable taste in all their pictures; they never omit the disgusting circumstances attendant on kitchens, fish-markets, and dirty shops.

A beautiful *Madonna*, by *Carlo Dolce*, in his highest manner of finishing. Carlo Dolce.

Several fine sketches, by *Raffaello*. Raffaello.

A small Crucifixion, by *Michael Angelo*. M. Angelo.

Two Holy Families, by *Pietro Perugino*, in the usual style of this master. Pietro Perugino.

A *Lucretia*, by *Novalone*: this is a charming picture, I think; but some *Grandi Virtuosi* assert the *Lucretia* to be too young (I do not know from what history they have been able to ascertain her age): if this be a fault, it is certainly on the right side; probably *Tarquin* was not of their opinion. The father and mother of *Lucretia* are both seen in this picture: *Brutus* appears in the back ground, as if entering the house, accompanied by other Romans. M—— has found means to get this picture copied; it is well done and the only copy in our possession.

Venus dissuading *Adonis* from the fatal chace; the dogs are coupled, and as impatient as their master to be gone. *Venus's* figure is graceful, and full of the most tender anxiety. This picture is by *Tizziano*. T. Tizziano.

A picture of a Party at Cards: three men in Spanish dresses at play: one understands and

manages the game as artfully as Don A—t—o; the others are as deeply engaged, and express more anxiety for the event. It is an admirable piece, by Caravagio.

Caravagio.

The portrait of a savage man, kept as a buffoon or *fool* in the court of a Duke of Parma; he is covered over with hair, like a beast: a baboon and a lap-dog are at play on his lap; on his shoulder is a monkey feeding a parrot, by Corregio, and finely done, though not a pleasing picture.

Corregio,

By a scholar of Raffaello.

Another admirable picture, of a man reading, painted on stone, by a scholar of Raffaello.

Annibal Carracci.

A famous picture, and very deservedly esteemed such; by Annibal Carracci: the subject, an *Ecce homo*.

Drawings.

Several fine drawings of Raffaello and other great masters.

Corregio.

The small Magdalen, by Corregio, is an inimitable piece; it is but eight inches long; she is prostrate and reading: this has been often copied.

Guido.

A Marriage of St. Catherine, by Guido, bears every graceful proof of this elegant painter.

A picture representing Hypocrisy in the shape of a Capuchin friar, who would cheat the World; but the World, described by the figure of a vagabond inclosed in a sphere, steals softly behind him and cuts away his purse. There is much humour in this picture; and here are a great many

many other paintings worthy the attention of all lovers of the art, that my time will not permit me to mention.

In this fine collection are a profusion of curious antique inscriptions, sufficient in themselves to furnish a volume. Many admirable bas reliefs in marble, and carvings in wood. Several fresco-paintings of great merit, taken off the walls of Nero's palace at Rome; one in particular, representing a military charity, highly executed. A complete series of medals. A great number of cameos, intaglios, &c. on valuable gems, employed our attention so much, that we forgot the hour, but were so frequently reminded by the repeated importunity of our servants, who were impatient to go to dinner, that we at last quitted a place replete with curiosities, much against our will. I cannot believe we shall find any town in Italy so agreeable as Naples. There is nothing the most low-spirited *Atrabilaire* can desire to content him, (were that possible) but may be found here. But this letter would not conclude for a week, was I to expatiate on the manners of the Neapolitans, the magnificence and brilliancy of their assemblies, the charms of their music, &c. therefore I hasten to mention the royal palace, the theatre of St. Carlo, and some other objects, which, were I to omit, you would with justice reproach me.

The situation of the Palace is such, that one Palace. of the wide fronts looks on the sea. Its architecture

texture is in a good style; there are twenty-two windows in front, and three great doors of entrance: it is decorated with three ranges of pilasters, one above the other, of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders: and the whole of the building is finished by a balustrade, on which are placed vases and pyramidal ornaments alternately. A magnificent staircase of a beautiful proportion conducts you to the apartments; these are well furnished, and abound in gilding and looking-glasses. Here are also some pictures; but not one, in our opinion, worth mentioning after those of Capo di Monte.

Theatres. In this city are three theatres, *Il Teatro di S. Carlo*, that of the *Fiorentini* (so called) and *Il Teatro Nuova*, for the buffoon operas. *S. Carlo's* joins on to the palace, so that the court can pass from thence to the theatre under cover. The great entrance for the public is very convenient; a commodious double staircase leads to the boxes. The theatre is amazingly vast (considering it as modern). It is shaped nearly as that at Turin, but I think much larger. There are six ranges of boxes; the first consists of twenty-two, the others of twenty-four each: They contain from ten to twelve people very conveniently, and might hold many more, were they fitted up with benches or covered seats, as they are in England; but here *cabriolets* (French arm-chairs) are the only seats. These boxes are hung with silk, agreeable to the taste of their owners, and well illuminated.

The front of each range is faced with looking-glasses, which on common occasions are covered with drapery curtains richly ornamented; but upon *gala* days this drapery is removed, and the glasses being uncovered, produce an effect, which at first view persuades you all is enchantment. The lights, the company, the stage, are reflected from side to side, and consequently so often multiplied, that it confounds a spectator. The pillars that separate the boxes are decorated with large statues of genii, &c. finely gilt; they sustain wax-candles of prodigious size, and make a dazzling appearance reflected from the looking-glasses behind them. The orchestra is composed of about ninety excellent performers; those that lead are capital; and here, for the first time in my life, I was sensible, that it is possible for a number of musicians to fill each his part with such precision and accuracy, that the whole harmony shall produce one perfect sound, as if one soul or mind guided them all. Music is here in the highest perfection. I had fancied I could have distinguished good music from bad, or even from indifferent; but since I have been here, I am quite convinced I really never heard perfect instrumental music before. They tell us, that there is as good an orchestra at Rome; and that at the Pope's chapel, during the *Santa Settemana*, the finest voices in Italy are to be heard: I shall soon be able to give you my opinion of these matters; but as this country produced a Corelli,

a Jo-

a Jomelli, a Leo, a Pergoleze, a Galuppi, a Terradellas, &c. I think it might stand unrivalled in the science of music. Our singers here at present are not greatly esteemed; to me they seem charming. The decorations and dresses are extremely brilliant. The dances are chiefly of the grotesque kind. The Italians almost universally hate the serious dance. The famous Gabrieli is not here at this time; but the Neapolitans boast so much of her talents, that I am inclined to believe her voice must exceed even what they assert it to be; they are all so extremely modest, in respect of every thing they particularly excel in, and never highly commend any artist in music or painting without the amplest foundation. The royal box makes a superb appearance, particularly when the Queen is present, at which time the ladies belonging to the court, and others, are full dressed, and covered with a profusion of jewels; but the Queen outshines them all, not only in magnificence of dress (for that would be nothing extraordinary), but in a style of beauty, and gracefulness of air, peculiar to herself.

The *Teatro di Fiorentini* is a small theatre (for Italy), and built much in the French taste. The *opera buffa* (comic opera) is chiefly represented here; sometimes they perform comedies. The troop of comedians are for the greater number Florentines.

The *Teatro Nuovo* is by no means well constructed nor elegantly decorated. The comic opera, pantomimes, and *ballets grotesques* (a kind of interlude) are what this theatre represents: it is open during the whole of the summer.

I believe Naples is the only city in Italy, except Bologna, where all ecclesiastics, even monks, frequent the theatre. Speaking of priests reminds me of churches; but do not be alarmed,

I shall mention but a few of the most curious, not having had time nor much inclination to explore the subaltern ones, which abound here.

Il Duomo, dedicated to St. Gennaro, is built in an old Gothic taste, on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo. In this church are one hundred and ten pillars of African marble, and a great number of ornaments of stucco gilt. There are paintings in the roof by Santo Fede and Luc. Giordano: the colouring is too grey, and the figures want relief. The fount is antique; it is really a vase of *Basalte* or black marble, which, by the bas relievos on its sides, plainly appears to have been sacred to the rites of Bacchus.

Here are some tolerable pictures by Luc. Giordano, Solimene, and the Chevalier Conca. That over the great altar is one of the best, the subject an Assumption; by Perugino.

In a small chapel called the *Soccorpo*, reposes the body of St. Gennaro. Joining on to this church is another, Santa Restituta: there are fine antique columns here, brought from the Temple of

Il Duomo
church.

Pictures
L. Giordano,
Solimene,
Conca,
Perugino.

Santa
Restituta
Church.

Gulio
Finelli.

of Neptune near Puozoli. This church is remarkable for a circular chapel, finely proportioned, and well ornamented with forty-two pillars of Brocatelli marble, which contains the treasure of St. Gennaro. Here are niches, in which are placed bronze statues of nineteen saints; they are by Gulio Finelli; but I think them very indifferently executed. Under these the relics of each saint are preserved in hollow bustos and small silver statues. In the church is a large picture of St. Genaro by Spagnolett: there are many valuable gifts preserved here; amongst a great number of others, the gold chalice ornamented with diamonds, is estimated at about four thousand pounds sterling; also many statues and silver bustos, &c. of very great value, and several of them enriched with precious stones. A nich behind the altar, to which there is a silver door, is the repository of two crystal phials, filled with the pretended blood of St. *Gennaro*, which they formerly asserted to have been collected by a Neapolitan lady, who was present at his martyrdom: but now the Neapolitans are above such imposition; and the ridiculous pretended miracle of the liquefaction of his blood upon certain days, &c. is grown almost universally contemptible at Naples, even in the eyes of the vulgar: for the poor man who sweeps the church said, that the Prince *Sansevero* had made a chymical preparation which exactly resembles St. Gennaro's blood, and caused it to liquefy in the same

same manner, by the warmth proceeding from his handling the phial, and turning it up and down. I am persuaded, that were the two holidays * in each year, and the pompous processions in honour of this saint, to be put down, the miracle would soon cease.

Another church in much estimation is St. Filippo di Neri: it is highly decorated with marble and painting. The whole history of the Saint is represented by Solimene, and tolerably well done. There is a cupola belonging to one of the chapels, which is painted in fresco by Simonetti. It is well done, the colouring good, and the composition ingenious: the subject is Judith shewing the head of Holofernes to the whole army, who all appear terrified at the sight. At the top of the cupola is a glory, with a blasphemous representation, but too common in Italian churches.

In another chapel is an admirable picture of St. Francis by Guido; the head and hands finely done: and a very affecting painting, representing St. Alexis expiring, with a glory, in which appears angels consoling him; the figures are all graceful, and of the most amiable character: it is by Pietro da Cortona. Over the great door of entrance, within the church, is a very large painting in distemper, by Luc. Giordano; the subject the buyers and sellers driven out of the temple. The size of this picture is enormous:

* The 6th of May and the 19th of September.

there is great merit in the various expressions of the personages, and skill in the grouping.

L. c.
Giordano.

Espagno-
letto.

One of the chapels contains three paintings relative to the history of St. Filippo. They are all by Luc. Giordano. That appears to me to have much merit, which represents an interview between the Saint and St. Baromeo. In another part of the church is a justly esteemed picture of St. Andrew, by Spagnoletto.

I could say more of the churches; but I will not, though I told you before, I have not seen them all; and I own there is nothing more fatiguing than church-hunting, except perhaps (in your opinion) church reading.

The palace and chapel with all its curiosities belonging to *il Principe de Sansevero D. Roimando di Sangro*, being all set forth in a pamphlet which bears the above title, I shall omit mentioning any otherwise than by saying we have accurately examined it with the book in our hands, and of which you may have the perusal when we meet.

Mount
Vesuvius.

Do not expect any circumstantial account of Mount Vesuvius: Mr. Hamilton (now Sir William) has wrote most ingeniously upon that mountain and volcanos in general; his treatise will appear shortly in English. All I have to tell you is, that although there has been no eruption (properly so called), since we have been here, yet the mountain is always burning, and in a dark night makes a most flaming appearance, seen

from our windows. It bellows like distant thunder, frequently throws out flames to a prodigious height, and great stones red hot, which are plainly discernible at this distance.

I have several times observed the ashes thinly covering our balconies: they are as fine as sifted wood-ashes. If there should happen an irruption within this day or two, I do not think we should be able to resist the temptation of postponing our journey to see it: but I assure you, I have strictly complied with your injunctions, and have not attempted to go up the mountain; M—— indeed had, with great fatigue and difficulty, gained the mouth of the *crater*; but the wind setting in his face, he was obliged to descend without being able to look down into it, the sulphureous smoke, stench, and ashes scarcely permitting him to breathe: however I prevailed with him not to attempt it a second time, though he alleged he had not seen it to his liking. In my opinion, it is a most hazardous and dangerous undertaking: the ascent is very painful; and the ground, or rather ashes and lava, under your feet, subject to open suddenly, whilst passing over them, and discover dreadful chasms, through which appear gulphs of liquid fire. Were I to expatiate on the danger of this exploit, I might mention many other matters: but shall only take notice, that stones red hot, many of them as large as a clothes-press or *commode*, are vomited out of the *crater*, which falling down again with great violence, may

Corso.

easily crush the curious traveller, who perhaps is employed in the investigation of the lava, over which he is labouring with much pain and difficulty. Amongst the amusements of Naples, I believe I did not mention the *Corso*. Here the Neapolitans display a magnificence that amazes strangers, particularly on the *gala*-days. The coaches are painted, gilt, and varnished so admirably, as to exceed by many degrees in beauty the finest in Paris: they are lined with velvet or satin, fringed with gold or silver. The Neapolitan horses are the most beautiful I ever saw; large, strong, high-spirited, with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, and in waves. Their harness is as brilliant as it is possible to make it; I shall only mention one set, by which you may judge of others: the whole was made of blue silk and silver; and the ornament that covered the top of the horses manes represented rows of convolvuluses formed of the same materials, and finely executed: on their heads they bore white ostrich feathers and artificial flowers. On these *gala*-days, the Neapolitan ladies drive with six, and often with eight horses; besides, a kind of sumpter horse, which does not draw, but is fastened on the outside, between the leaders and the next pair. This creature, over and above a profusion of ornaments, is covered with an incredible number of little bells, of which he seems very proud, kicking, prancing, and plunging from time to time, as with design to hear his

bells jingle. This horse is called *Balerina*, I suppose from appearing to dance as he goes. Were I writing Italian, I must have wrote she, instead of he, in speaking of the *Balerina*; a manner of expressing respect in more instances than the Sumpter horse. I could not but reflect on the infinite pains and labour the dressing such a number of horses requires. I suppose *que la toilette des chevaux commence au point du jour comme celle de* * * * *

The *Volantes* (running footmen) of whom, to each equipage, there are generally two, are as finely adorned as the horses, and I do suppose them to be the most alert in the world. The Neapolitans value themselves much on these ministers of luxury; they are all very elegant figures. I don't remember to have seen one homely young man amongst the hundreds that appear on the *Corso*. Footmen, you may suppose, are not wanting; they are in great numbers in every noble family here: three or four go behind the coaches, and often more walk by the side of the equipages. We have frequently seen on the *Corso* from four to six hundred carriages. Lord Til—y, who gives fine assemblies, dinners, suppers, &c. and who lives in a magnificent style, rivals the Neapolitans on the *Corso* in the brilliancy of his equipage, and the expence of his liveries, *volantis*, &c. Need I add, that the ladies who are conveyed in these superb coaches are covered with jewels, and the finest cloaths

that can be procured from Lyons. The silks manufactured in Italy are in no esteem. All the people of fashion wear those of Lyons. The embroidery of Naples is famous, but generally worked on French silks. In my opinion, the execution is firmer, and neater, and the drawing in a better taste, than the embroidery of Vienna.

After having passed the whole day and part of the night in writing this long letter, I am at last come to a conclusion.—You shall hear from me when we shall have reached Rome * * *

I am as ever, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Rome, March 20th, 1771.

HERE we are safely arrived, in good health; and extremely well lodged, at 16 sequins a month for our apartment, and two sequins our kitchen, in the *Strada della Croce*, a street that goes out of the *Piazza di Spagna*. The house is precisely opposite Pio's, where we lodged before. Our apartment consists of a good anti-chamber, a drawing-room about 33 feet long by 30 wide, and 15 high, two very handsome bed-chambers, and a narrow slip of a room which I intend to use as a *sale à manger*. The rooms (except the antichamber) are hung with crimson damask, the chairs, beds, and sofas of the same. They are furnished with fine marble tables, and looking-glasses; we have also a good kitchen, and rooms for our servants. Our return hither has been attended with much fewer inconveniencies than our journey to Naples; for *il Signore Pignatelli* was so obliging as to furnish us with a written order signed by the proper people in power, which operated to curb the insolence, delays, &c. of the post-master's custom-house officers, and such kind of miscreants, who are the torment of travellers; yet he did not flatter us with the hope that this instrument for good order, good manners, &c. would be of much use; as-

furing us, that he himself, though armed with every authority that might be supposed conducive to his ease and convenience upon the road, and moreover vested with a public character from his government, which demands attention and respect, was so ill treated and ill served by inn-keepers, &c. as to be obliged to prefer such complaints against them upon his return to Naples, as procured a suspension of some of the post-masters, &c. and a total disqualification of others from a continuance of their business.

I have often been agreeably surpris'd at finding, by your letters, that my great packets reach you safe. The posts in Italy (at least as far as we have been) are ill regulated, and the letters conveyed in so careless a manner, that I wonder they are not frequently lost. If they charged for double letters in these countries as in England, my letters would cost you an immense sum; but as they are paid for by weight, I scribble as close as I can, and you say, you never paid so much as nine livres but once, and then there was more than one packet. I think it a great deal of money for my epistles, though you make so light of it. I am now nearer to you than when at Naples, so flatter myself I shall hear from you oftener. We are in daily expectation of some of your letters from Naples, and I do not question your having wrote to Rome immediately, on my first hinting our intention of changing our quarters. I have no reason to complain of neglect of writing on
your

your part—your tender friendship * * * *

* * * *

We have already had the pleasure of seeing some of our English friends; many more are expected from Florence. Our Roman acquaintance will be very extensive. I wish we may have time to see this once mistress of the world, and all her curiosities; but is that practicable in the course of a few months? However, we shall be diligent, and apply ourselves to the pursuit of the great objects which brought us hither; and endeavour to use our time with the best œconomy.

Upon looking over my notes taken at Naples, I find I did not mention some particulars I had purposely marked for your information. In describing the *Corso*, I neglected to speak of the various amusements for the people, which continue the whole length of the suburb called the *Corso*.—Mountebanks, ballad-singers, dancers, and even friars, who are mounted in pulpits, display their various talents to the vulgar. This is change of scene to the company also, who sometimes condescend to stop their coaches, in order to listen to the eloquence of a *Charlatan*, or the lamentable preachings and menaces proceeding from the pulpit in a dismal tone. The more the friar, with great vociferation, denounces damnation, flames, and devils to the public, the louder are the acclamations of the people. But the circles round the ballad-singers and mountebanks, exceed those of the preachers.

Lazzaroni.

The *Lazzaroni*, as they are here called, are of the lowest rank amongst the people. They are, in general, bred to no other business than that of fishing and carrying burdens, and are of a different character from the other Neapolitans. Being a very extraordinary people, I assure you, they govern themselves by a point of honour, which is strictly observed—may be safely confided in to carry money and the most valuable goods;—never betray a trust;—rigidly perform their promise;—protect, to the loss of their lives, whoever flies to them for shelter, whether against their creditors, or for any offence whatsoever. They are of a robust make and constitution, patient of fatigue.—Their women are handsome.—The men and boys remarkable for diving; being accustomed to swimming from their earliest infancy. When past childhood, they wear a particular dress; a kind of short coat very thick, and impenetrable to rain; which also protects them from the intense heats of the sun. This stuff is wove with certain long filaments of a dark brown colour, and looks like hair.—It grows to a shell-fish about the size of a small oyster. The fish contained in the shell is of a deep red colour, and has a sourish taste. The children, during the spring, summer, and autumn months, wear no clothes;—the women only a jacket and petticoat of a kind of callimanco, with a large piece of coarse linen over their heads, necks, and shoulders, to protect them from the sun; in which
trim

trim they sit at the doors of their habitations all day long, mending fishing nets. They have, literally, no houses, but chambers wrought in the rock, at a place called *Chiaia*, a suburb of Naples near the *Pausillippe*; in which they have either found, or formed themselves, many obscure retreats, that penetrate far into the cliff, where they can conceal themselves, or those who apply to them for protection, upon any emergency.

In this suburb (*Chiaia*) are some pretty new houses, where the English generally chuse to reside, to the amazement of the Neapolitan gentry, who fancy they run great risk in so bad a neighbourhood; their prejudices not favouring the *lazzaroni*.

Of a gala-day, these peop , of both sexes, are adorned with a quantity of broad gold and silver lace, with which the men's coats are trimmed, as also the women's jackets and petticoats, which, for these occasions, are of silk. These latter, upon such days, wear upon their heads a kind of *Callotte*, laced in the same manner, with gold ear-rings of a large size, pearl necklaces and bracelets.

When these people can save money enough to be able to appear at the sports on the Corso in *Gala*, their ambition is completely gratified. The poorest family amongst them have a kind of one-horse-chair, and a little horse.—In these tottering equipages do they drive through the streets, with surprising swiftness and dexterity.

We

We were very fond of conversing with this people, and have often gone into their houses, which are not dirty, but closely ornamented with bad pictures of saints, looking-glasses, some good shells, and fine coral, which they dive for, and find in great abundance near the coast, particularly on the side towards Sicily. We have bought several articles of various sorts from them, and never found one amongst them inclined to knavery or imposition. They declare themselves the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood: and that the princely, and noble families, who are at present in possession of power and property, are not gentlemen compared to them, but of less ancient families. They are extremely sensible and entertaining in conversation, and when they have brought me shells, &c. to purchase, I used to make them sit down on the floor, (which is a great favour here) in order to hear their legendary accounts of themselves and country. One thing is remarkable, that whether the descendants of the families they pretend to or not, they are the *only Neapolitans* whose features resemble the bustos and statues found at Herculaneum and Pompeia.

As to the government of Naples, it is despotic. The favourite minister's name is *Tannucci*,—his wife has admirable sense, and great political genius; however I believe, with some reason, that the Prince who really governs there, is the King of Spain; at least, such is the present generally

generally received opinion. But I cannot enter into political matters at present, as I am threatened with the departure of the post; so must hasten to tell you, that Rome seems a desert after Naples; that it is so cold, we have great fires in all the rooms; that the spring is far from being so forward near this city as at Naples; and that we quitted some of our friends there with much regret; being thoroughly sensible to, and grateful for, their civilities and friendship. There is something very shocking in leaving an agreeable place, and an amiable people, that one has not the least expectation of ever seeing more.—But these reflections are such as travellers must accustom themselves to dispose of in the best manner they are able. Adieu. I am tired after my journey. I shall write again as soon as I possibly can, for to-morrow we commence our *cours des curiosités*.

I am as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XL.

Rome, March 26, 1771.

JUST as I supposed;—I have received letter from you that had gone to Naples; and one addressed here, which our good friend *Barrazzi* hastened with himself. I like this old banker prodigiously;—there is a cordiality in him, and a desire to be really *serviable*. He hurries himself to death to oblige us, and he knows he could not do it more effectually than by his kind attention in the delivery of our letters †. * * *

* * * * *

We have made an addition to our travelling library, which is of the greatest use to us; viz. a book entitled, *Antichità di Roma dell' Abate Ridolfino Venuti Cortonese*, &c. The author has, kindly for his readers, delineated the different quarters of Rome and its environs, with the ruins and other curiosities they contain, in such manner as to save a stranger much time and trouble; as by following his directions, it is easy to calculate how much may be seen in a morning. It is illustrated with accurate measurements, descriptions, and cuts; the latter, unfortunately, are but poorly executed. This work will shew

† A great part of this letter is omitted by the Editor, as it relates to matters and persons uninteresting to the Public.

ou Rome at our return, much better than any
 escription I can give you ; however, as you
 onstantly wish me to continue a description of
 hat I have seen, I will not quite disappoint your
 xpectation, but shall so far comply, as to men-
 on those particular palaces, churches, statues,
 ictures, ruins, that struck us most, though not
 n so circumstantial a manner as I have done in
 egard to other parts of Italy, less noticed in the
 ooks of travels. If you should wish to see more
 articulars than I give you, have patience, and
 t our return you shall have the perusal of a cer-
 ain pocket-book, containing many notes and ob-
 servations made upon the spot.—You see I respect
 our partiality.

I do not think Sadler's prints of the ruins of
 rome sufficiently accurate after the originals.
 iranese's are too confused to give a clear idea
 f them ; he is so ridiculously exact in trifles, as
 o have injured the fine proportions of the columns
 f the portico to the pantheon, by inserting, in
 is gravings, the papers stuck on them, such as
 dvertisements, &c. Many other silly particulars
 f this nature have confused his designs ; yet they
 e esteemed the best here ; and we have made
 n ample collection of the most valuable of them.

The ruins we have seen, greatly exceed our
 eas formed of them from books and prints.

The Capitol, or as it is here called, *il Cam- Capitol.*
doglio, has employed us two long mornings.
 he approach is striking. The three flights of
 eps which rise to it have a magnificent ap-

pearance ; they are so built that a coach may be drove up them. The French call these flights of steps *un Escalier cordonné*, which expression sufficiently explains the practicability of a coach going up stairs.

Sphinxes. The two Sphinxes of Basalte, placed at the bottom of the stair-case, have great merit. They are of remote antiquity, and supposed to be Egyptian. The Capitol consists of three considerable buildings. The senator's palace in the middle the two others at right angles with it. One is the *Palazzo di Conservatori*, the other the *Museum*. The architecture was designed and executed under the inspection of Michael Angelo. In the centre of the Piazza stands the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. It is impossible to

Architect
Michael.
Angelo.
Statue.

do this statue justice by any description I can give of it. What Carlo Maratti said to the horse may give you an idea of its truth ; *Why dost thou not walk ? hast thou forgot that thou'rt alive*

Senator's Palace. The Senator's Palace does not contain any curiosities or antiques worthy of attention, it is properly furnished, and has fine apartments suitable to the distinguished rank of the prince who occupies it.

Conservatori Palace. The *Pallazzo di Conservatori* is so called from the three magistrates denominated Conservators who hold their councils there. In the court be-

Statues. longing to this palace are several statues in bronze and in marble ; some are antique, others modern : the most remarkable are the hands and

Colossal statue. feet of a mutilated colossal statue of Apollo*

* See Pliny for this statue and dimensions.

It is said to have been 41 feet high. We measured a great toe, which was exactly 35 inches round the thickest part. The lion tearing a horse is originally of Greek sculpture; it is not wholly antique; the parts wanting have been supplied by Michael Angelo; the body of the horse is antique, and very fine.

At the foot of the stair-case is a famous Column erected in honour of Duilius, the first Roman who acquired a naval victory in the year of Rome 49. This column, no more than 12 feet high, looks rudely, being intersected by the representations of the prows of ships, which give it a strange appearance, and hurt the proportions. The sea-horses, in *bas-relief*, on the prows, are of good workmanship. Several curious morsels in sculpture ornament the walls of the stair-case. I must mention one of them, on account of the singular use to which it is put: it is in *bas-relief*, and antique. All the sturgeons that are brought to market are measured against this marble one. Such as are in length equal to the distance between the head and the first fins, and those that exceed, are the property of the Roman magistrates. This has been a custom from time immemorial. The inscription over the *bas-relief* is:

CAPITA PISCIIUM, MARMOREO SCHEMATE, LONGITUDINE MAJORUM, USQUE AD PRIMAS PENNAS INCLUSIVE, CONSERVATORIBUS DANTO, FRAUDEM NE COMMITTITO, IGNORANTIA EXCUSARI NE CREDITO.

The great Salloon is painted by the Cavalieri d'Arpino; it represents the first great events of the

Famous Column.

Great Salloon.
D'Arpino.

the Roman story ; in six pieces. The best is the battle of the Romans with the Veii. It is the only battle-piece I have seen sufficiently distinct to give me an idea of a dreadful engagement between two hostile armies.

Busto M.
Angelo
Buona-
rotti.
Columns.

In the second Salloon is an admirable busto in bronze, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

Two beautiful columns of Verd Antique, eleven feet high.

Famous
She wolf.
Bronze.

A She-wolf in bronze suckling Remus and Romulus. According to historians, this is the same which stood in the ancient Capitol, and was struck with lightning at the instant Brutus stabbed Cæsar. The wolf's side is opened with a long gash, and the edges of the metal appear really to have been burnt. It is a very fine thing, notwithstanding this injury. The countenance of the wolf is extremely interesting.—Maternal tenderness, and the importance of her office, are curiously blended in her physiognomy and gesture.

Statues.

A statue in bronze, also, of a young man, occupied in extracting a thorn from his foot. This is as fine a piece of sculpture as any in Rome. It is supposed by some to represent Cneïus Peccoravius, by others Martius.—The eyes are formed of a composition.

A busto of Brutus, the founder of the republic, and the first consul of Rome, 511 years before the Christian æra. The greatness of his mind displays itself in his countenance.

A beau-

A beautiful statue of one of the Camilli. The eyes are of silver.

There are several other busts, statues, measures, &c. &c.; but I wish to be as concise as possible in my letters from Rome, for the reasons I have already alleged.

The gallery of pictures, collected by pope Benedict XIV. by the advice of cardinal Valenti, the secretary of state, joins on to the *Conservatorio*. I shall mention but a few of them, though there are many that merit the most accurate attention.

A rape of the Sabines by Pietro da Cortona. P. da Cortona.
In one of the groups is a distress so striking—but judge of it yourself: an old man is endeavouring to rescue his daughter from a warrior. She clings about her father, whose age and weakness renders him incapable of protecting her.

A picture representing the suckling of Remus and Romulus—finely done by Rubens. Must Rubens.
not the partiality of the painter, however, raise a smile in every spectator; who introduces a Flemish peasant, trudging through the rushes, in order to discover the infants?

A large miniature, by Madame Subleyraz, Subleyraz.
copied from one painted by her husband. The subject is the Magdalene washing the feet of Christ: the colouring is strong, the tints fresh, and a firmness in the design very rarely found in miniature paintings.

Guercino. The Persian Sybil, by Guercino; the head is remarkably graceful, and the countenance pensive, yet animated. But the colouring of this master inclines too much to the violet, as does his flesh, drapery, &c.

A picture which represents Vanity under the form of a woman, highly draped, lying on a bed, with a crown and sceptre at her feet. This piece is by Titian; the colouring very fine.

Titian.

Guido.

A Judith, by Guido; the painter has represented her in the moment of returning thanks to God for her having decapitated Holofernes. The attitude is good.

Guido.

The goddess Fortune, by Guido; a beautiful figure—elegantly designed—not draped. She appears to be running round a globe, and, at the same time, turning (as for her amusement) a crown upon her fingers' ends. I considered this picture for a considerable time, and discovered, as I thought, new graces, both of invention and execution.

Annibal
Carracci.

A beautiful Madonna and Infant Jesus, with St. Francis in adoration, by Annibal Carracci.

The Samaritan, by the same; the colouring fine.

Salvator
Rosa.

Two pictures, by Salvator Rosa: one represents a foldier, resting himself at the foot of a tree; the other, a magician, forming a pact with infernal spirits; this last is admirable.

Guido.

There is a large painting, in fresco, by Guido, which entirely covers the wall at the end of the gallery.

gallery. It represents Ariadne, to whom Venus presents Bacchus. This is greatly finished. Ariadne's attitude is worthy of Guido. The expression of Venus forms a fine contrast to the afflicted Ariadne; and the surprise and admiration in Bacchus is striking; the face and attitude of Venus animated, lively, and majestic. The Bacchanals are extremely well executed. One of the Bacchantes is a most graceful figure—and there are several children, whose variety of attitude and amusements are well expressed.

I shall mention but two more pictures in this collection, one on account of the singularity of the subject: It represents a happy soul under the figure of a winged genius, who, quitting the earth, is flying away into paradise. The composition of this piece is extremely curious, and equally meritorious, in my opinion, on the side of invention; for the upper part of the figure is seen through the brightness of the glory towards the top of the picture. Guido has shewn a skill ^{Guido.} in his colouring which surpasses any thing given us by Nature, following here an original image formed in his imagination only.

A picture, by Jacopo Bassano; esteemed the ^{Jacopo} best he ever did, representing a brasier's shop.—^{Bassano.} It is impossible to see brass porridge-pots and other culinary vessels better done, and in greater variety of situation. What a strange genius had this painter, whose performances always smell of the kitchen!

Museum. The Museum, (justly so styled) opposite to the Pallazzo of the Conservatorio, contains a vast collection of antique statues, bas relievos, bustos, &c. I must not pass them all over in silence, though I might refer you to far abler descriptions than you must expect from me.

Statues. Opposite to the iron gate of entrance, and at the end of the court, appears the celebrated statue called Marforio; it was found in the place formerly the *Forum Martis*, near this spot. It is a colossal figure lying down, and without much merit; seeming to represent a sea or river god;—nor should I have noticed or disturbed his godship, had it not been that against this were pasted the answers to those satirical verses stuck upon another antique statue called *Pasquino*, from whence the term pasquinade, so frequently given to scurrilous and abusive poems. Under the portico are a great number of statues, inscriptions, and *sarcophaguses*. Two very large Egyptian idols make a striking appearance; they are of *Basalte*: on their heads are mural crowns in the shape of towers; and in their left hands they hold branches of date trees. Various hieroglyphics are sculptured upon them. Another idol representing an Isis of oriental red granite, has on her head the flower of the lotus-tree. This plant, held in such high estimation by the Egyptians, is called by the botanists *Nenuphar*; but I must not digress here, or I could mention the wonderful effects ascribed, and many curious and rare stories in relation

lation to it. Suffice it to say, that it grows commonly on standing pools of water; and happy were it for antiquarians, if a salad of lotus eat at each meal or immediately at going to rest, &c. could inspire them with science sufficient to comprehend the meaning of these hieroglyphics.

There are some antique Altars here, with curious bas relievos: that on which Rhea and the Coribantes are represented, is one of the best for the workmanship.

In a room, at the foot of the stair-case, is a very fine collection of Egyptian deities: they are each of them quite perfect.—Here is a beautiful busto of Isis with Apis at the back of her head;—he has white marble horns. The rest of his figure is of Basalte.

The walls of the stair case, on each side, are Stair-case. incrusted with an antique plan of Rome, engraved on white marble. This curiosity was found where the church of St. Come and St. Damien now stands, and in the quarter at this day called *Campo-Vaccino*, where the temple of Romulus and Remus was supposed to have been built. The graving is filled up with vermillion, which makes the distribution of ancient Rome distinctly perceptible.

Having ascended the stair-case, you are first shewn into an apartment (which contains the Collection of Curiosi- ties, collection) consisting of six large saloons, and a gallery ornamented with statues, bustos, &c. The busto of Trajan is very good. An altar, deco-

rated in a fine taste with festoons, formed of fruits, and fastened with ribbons to ox-heads, is admirably sculpted. The saloon of the Miscelanea has a statue of red marble, representing Faunus; in his right hand he holds a bunch of grapes,—in the left a knotted crooked stick, and on that shoulder a goat-skin filled with fruits. On the other side of him is part of the trunk of a tree, to which hangs the Syringa. To the left is a goat, which rests one of its fore-feet on a basket. This group is truly admirable; the composition is of the most perfect proportions; the figure of Faunus greatly spirited; the limbs are not antique, but have been well restored by one Bracci.

A small Statue, in white marble, of an old Satyr walking.—Several Bustos, amongst which the following are remarkable: Domitius Enobarbus, Silvanus, Jupiter Ammon. An unknown busto, with fine hair, executed in a great style. A head of Bacchus, and one of a woman, which I should think was meant for Ariadne; she wears across her forehead a linen fillet.

*Salla
Grande.*

In the *Salla Grande*; a colossal figure, of bronze, sitting; it is the statue of Innocent the Tenth, and well done, by Alguardi.

The falling gladiator.—An Antinous, holding a small cane in his right hand: he appears to be about 20 years old;—his face is beautiful, and the air of the head perfectly graceful.

An Egyptian priest.—The dying gladiator: this famous statue exceeds the idea I had formed of it from the copies and descriptions. The countenance made such an impression upon me, that I believe I shall not easily forget it. That arm restored by Michael Angelo exceeds the antique arm in beauty.

Two Centaurs of black marble, found at the Villa of Adrian. The faces of these centaurs are replete with expression of drollery and frolic. There is a hardness in the sculpture of their bodies, but their character and movement is good.

Two curious Mosaics, found at the villa Adrian. One represents a garland of fruits and flowers, with two goldfinches and two butterflies. The colours are lively, and the stones small. The other still more beautiful, is unquestionably the very same which Pliny mentions. The subject is four doves, sitting on the edge of a gold bowl, of elegant form and workmanship. Their attitudes are all different, and their feathers so finely expressed, that were they alive, they could not appear more natural. One, in particular, who is pluming herself; and the hollow she makes, by dividing her feathers with her bill, so imposed on me, that I could not resist the impulse of touching it, to convince myself that the surface was really smooth. This piece is copying for Lord B——e, by the famous workman surnamed *Quattri Occhi*, from his wearing two pair of spec-

tacles. They have had much trouble in the attempt, and have been obliged to recommence several times; the stones in the original which produce so fine an effect being of very irregular shapes, for the most part exceedingly small, and placed in an infinity of directions. But if one can form a judgment of what it will be when finished, by what is already done, I should think it may come very near the original.

*Stanza di
Filosofi.*

In the *Stanza di Filosofi*, are a series of illustrious men. The figure of Zeno is particularly striking; he is very ugly, and is so characteristic of the idea I had formed of him, that I am persuaded it must be extremely like what he was. Here are four friezes, ornamented with prows of ships, and instruments of sacrifice, well sculpted; taken from a temple of Neptune. Also, a more curious than beautiful representation, in *bas relief*, of the death of Meleager.

A very pretty *Basso Relievo*, of Etruscan antiquity, on which four women appear, preceded by a fawn: it is highly finished.

*Sala Im-
perato. i.*

In the *Sala de Imperatori* is a basso relievo, representing the chase of the wild boar; there is great spirit and action in all the parties. Perseus rescuing Andromeda; Lalande observes, *qu'elle est belle, mais trop triste*. I wonder how she should be otherwise, when a dreadful monster is gaping to swallow her up.

The famous Flora, found also at the Villa Adriana. The sculpture is surprising, and the

labour of the workman very great; yet the drapery is stiff.

A Venus, just out of the bath; her attitude is the same with that of the Venus of Medicis. By her side a piece of drapery and a perfuming vase. Her muscles are supple. She has a great share of grace, and is esteemed a perfect figure here. Yet I think, was she dressed, she would appear too plump for the present taste. Nor has she that incomparable sweetness of face which the Venus of Medicis possesses.

The most remarkable busts in this saloon are, Messalina, whose character is well expressed.—Julia, daughter to Titus—Sabina, wife to Adrian, represented as a Ceres.—Faustina; this is a charming bust; she seems alive; her hair is beautifully dressed; she has a noble air of the head, without pride; and her countenance expresses what the French mean by *enjouement*, and which, by the way, I think is often mistaken by the ladies of *another country*, when they mean to assume it.

Good busts of Caligula, Nero, Lucius Verus, and Commodus.

In the *Salla of Hercules* is a fine Apollo, with a lyre in one hand, he leans upon a griffin; the other arm is turned over his head; this statue is most pleasing in its proportions. Salla of Hercules.

Agrippina, seated in a curule chair; nothing can be more easy and graceful than her attitude. And she is finely draped.

A Cu-

A Cupid and Psyche. The most innocent and tender affection is expressed in this amiable group, and universally pleases every spectator; although *il grande Virtuoso* are eager to find a fault in the scull of the Cupid, which I am glad I had not sufficient *science* to discover. To me they appeared perfect in every particular, and that the artist had modelled them after the most beautiful natures, in body and mind, that could be found under the age of sixteen.

Salla del
Vaso.

The *Salla del Vaso* is so called from its containing a most superb vase of white marble; the sides sculpted in the finest taste. The flowers, curiously executed, do not, in the least, by their quantity or protuberance, injure the proportions of the vase, in the form of which may be observed the full effect produced by the serpentine line of beauty, and the waving line of grace, so much insisted on in Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty. It is placed upon a round altar, on the side of which are represented, in *basso relievo*, Jupiter, Vulcan, Neptune, Mercury, two women unknown, Mars, Diana, Apollo, Hercules, Minerva, Juno. These figures all seem walking one after the other, and are well executed.

A marble Masque, in a great style.—A small sarcophagus; this is quite a study: the *basso relievo* appears to represent, symbolically, the life of man. It has been supposed to bear some allusion to the story of Diadumenianus, son of the Emperor Macrinus, who, by the cruel command of Heliogabalus, was put to death at the same time

time with his father, though but twelve years of age.

There is another vase in this collection of great beauty, though not equal to that above-mentioned; it is of fine bronze, fluted, and in shape somewhat like flower-pots intended to ornament gardens. This was a favourite vase of Mithridates King of Pontus, who always had it carried, with his baggage, to his encampments, and constantly drank out of it. Pompey took a like fancy to it, and brought it to Rome, where it was born in triumph. It holds more than six gallons, English measure: but to me seems of the most inconvenient shape imaginable for a drinking-cup; no modern mouth could easily take the brim; the capacious jaws of Polypheme might fit it well; indeed, our *Cicerone's* eyes glistened at the thought of such a bumper of wine.—To-morrow begin the functions of the holy week.

We have received visits and the most kind civilities from the Princess Palestrina, the Duke of Montelibretti, her son, and his dutchess; the Duke D'Arce; the senator of Rome and his wife the Princess Rizzonico, sister to the Dutches of Termoli at Naples; and many other persons of the first distinction. The cardinal de Bernis has been so obliging as to give us a general invitation to his table; but we declined accepting it, alleging the shortness of our stay at Rome, which would not admit of our dining out often, as by that means our mornings would be so broke in
upon

upon as to make it impossible to visit the palaces, churches, ruins, &c. within the period of our continuance here. And we have determined not to give dinners, nor accept any invitation to dine out, but such as are absolutely necessary, even from our own country-people; but in place thereof, to give a supper twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and to ask the English principally. Our table and our eating-room (the narrow slip I mentioned) can hold conveniently from twenty to twenty-three or twenty-four people, without crowding; now as there are fifty English at Rome of our acquaintance, we mean to ask them one half at a time alternately.

The Dutchess of Montelibretti, in the politest manner imaginable, offered to conduct me to St. Peter's church every day of the holy week, and hoped her health would not deprive her of that pleasure, &c. I wonder at my own stupidity at not recollecting instantly that she is big with child; I replied, that I would not for the world she should have that trouble: but knowing the custom here, desired she would be so kind as to name another lady in her place, which she did, in the most obliging manner; and carrying me with her, presented me to a friend of hers, the *Marchesa Massimi*.—We have engagements, without end, to various assemblies, at Easter; the most brilliant are those of the Dutchess of Montelibretti, the Dutchess D'Arce, the Cardinal de Bernis, and his niece the Countess de *Fui mont-brun*.

brun. The families of Verospi, Carpegna, Palombara, and many others, have been extremely civil. M— is to be presented to his Holiness. The Pope waves the ceremony of kissing his slipper with those strangers who do not desire that honour. He declines the having women presented, as, he says, he does not know the proper compliments that ought to be paid to their sex; his education and way of life never having admitted of any commerce with them. However, a Polish Princess insisted lately upon it, and was presented, although she was conscious she gave the Pontiff a vast deal of trouble, as the *etiquette* required the ceremony should be performed at St. Peter's church, whither he went on purpose, to comply with this silly woman's vanity. Every body laughs at her accordingly.

Adieu. I shall not be able to write for some days, or rather I shall not send you a packet till I have ample matter for your entertainment. Continue your address, as before, to the care of Barazzi, who is the most punctual man alive.

P. S. I believe I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that the antiques contained in the Museum have been (for the greater part) found at Adrian's villa, and in the Campo Vaccino.

L E T T E R XLI.

Rome, April 4th, 1771.

A T length the Functions are finished; and now I may avail myself of the indulgence of sinning for three hundred years to come, having been in St. Peter's church every day during the *Santa Settimana*; but it is to be apprehended the saint may cavil at a continuance in the error of heresy. However, there is a British lady here, a native of Caledonia, who has renounced her Protestant errors, embraced the tenets of the *old lady* at Rome, and married a Roman marquis. She was so obliging as to lend the private theatre in her palace to the English, who gave therein a fine concert and collation; many of the nobility of Rome were present, and the Pope would have allowed the English to have danced, but they, from delicacy, as the permission extended no farther than to them as strangers, would not take advantage of his politeness. I have strayed from the Functions, which ought, in order, to have taken place of this amusement.

Functions. I shall begin with those of Palm-sunday, and proceed to mention the most remarkable during the *Santa Settimana*. The ceremonies of Palm-sunday commence in the chapel at Monte Cavallo, where the Pope blesses the palms, and hears mass. Two sorts of cardinals are drawn up on each side
of

of the altar; who are distinguished by the appellations of cardinal priests and cardinal deacons; their vestment violet colour, ornamented with ermine and lace. The ecclesiastics, their train-bearers, are seated at their feet. Just as the Function is about to begin, the cardinals take off their furs and outward drapery, and put on other vestments embroidered with gold, and adorn their heads with mitres made of silver tabby; then they rise and approach his Holiness, from whose hands they receive the palms; which, however, are not palm branches, but sprigs of box, as there are no palm-trees to be had. After several more ceremonies of rising up, sitting down, bowing, kneeling, stooping, standing, &c. &c. the procession begins; penitents, prelates, cardinals, &c. proceed, in due order of march, round the first great saloon of the palace (Monte Cavallo); then they reassume their violet and furr drapery, and assist at the mass which is sung. The passion is recited by two ecclesiastics; one narrates the words and accusation of Jesus Christ from the Evangelists, and the other answers for our blessed Saviour; the clamours and uproar of the Jews is imitated by the clergy.—After the cardinal, dean, and others have been complimented with incense, they embrace and salute each other, in imitation of the Kiss of Charity. A most curious procession makes part of this Function: the streets of Rome, through which it is to pass, are strewed with sand; and the pontiff,

pontiff, accompanied by the cardinals, makes a kind of public entry, in imitation of our Saviour's, into Jerusalem, mounted on mules, as is his Holiness; they bear branches of box-tree in their hands, and proceed, in the most ridiculous manner that can be imagined, to the Pantheon. Vain were the attempt to describe the horsemanship displayed upon this occasion:—the obstinacy of the mules: their kicking and curvetting;—the embarrassments arising from the cardinal's garments, which are like petticoats, &c. A litter, covered with crimson velvet, is provided for the Pope's use, in case his Holiness should come to the ground.

Chapel
St. Pauli-
na.

The next principal ceremony is the *Tenebræ* of the Holy Wednesday, performed at five o'clock afternoon in the chapel of St. Paulina in the Vatican. The Pope is seated under a canopy; cardinals and bishops draw up on each side of him; and some cardinals take post in his front. Behind these, English and other foreign gentlemen are allowed to stand. About one third of the chapel is railed off with iron grates, which divide it into two parts, and here those ladies, foreigners, and Italians, who have permission to be present, are stationed, to see the ceremonies through the iron rails. It is, however, a great favour; for our names, I mean particularly us strangers, were wrote down, and the door-keepers held the list in their hands that there might be no mistakes, as to our identity or numbers, &c.

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The *Tenebræ* are chanted as in other Roman-catholic churches, but executed with more judgment and by better voices. The *Miserere D'Alle-gri* concludes this Function, and is performed by vocal musicians only. I own I never heard music before. I supposed I had formed some idea of the powers and effects of the human voice; but had I been conveyed blindfold into this chapel, and no intimation given me whence the sounds proceeded, I should have believed myself in Paradise. How then shall I attempt conveying to your mind the slightest idea of this celestial melody by any description? I must say no more, than that I have heard enough to make me dissatisfied with the finest opera and the most perfect performers that are to be found out of the chapel of St. Paulina.

This chapel appears smaller than it really is, probably from the justness of its proportions. The ceiling is vaulted and painted in fresco, as are the walls. The altar-piece and ceiling by Michael Angelo: but the smoke of the lamps has so blackened his paintings, that the fine strokes of this great master are no longer discernible. Other painters have done the rest; who are equal sharers in the general obscurity. The tabernacle is of rock crystal; the columns of the altar of fine porphyry; they were taken from the temple of Romulus. I was quite vexed when the charming vocal concert ended, and quitted this Function with regret.

The next day which is Maunday Thursday, the morning service is performed with pomp, in St. Peter's church: the Pope officiated in person, and all the cardinals assisted. After the mass, which is chaunted in a small tribune, the sacrament is borne under a canopy, in procession, to the chapel of St. Paulina. The cardinals, in magnificent habits, and each carrying a large wax-taper lighted, march, two and two; and last of all, the Pope bareheaded; his mitre being born before him on a cushion of crimson velvet. The mitre is made of gold tissue, and embroidered in a very close pattern; with small pearl and a few coloured precious stones, but none of great value; they appear thin and very ill set. The Pope's guards are under arms in casques, and with cuirasses beneath their habits.

Just before the Pope passed by, I was desirous to know (as he must come very near us) whether or not we ought to curtsy, as is usual when other Princes proceed in grand ceremony. I asked one of the gentlemen of the chamber, or chamberlains, an abbe, who was our conductor; he replied, if you make a little curtsy, the Pope will esteem you well-bred and polite; but if you have any objection, he himself would be sorry you should put the least constraint upon your inclination. I thought it better to inquire the ceremonial from this gentleman, than to apply to the *Marchesa Massimi*, and four or five Italian ladies, who, with two English and myself, composed the group.

group. I curtsied to the Pontiff, as we all did, and he seemed well pleased. He has a piercing sensible countenance, which, when brightened by a smile, is full of benignity and complacence. As soon as the procession had passed us, we went to the chapel of St. Paulina, which was finely illuminated. The evening concludes with a *Miserere*.

From a room in the Vatican we were to see the Pope give the benediction. These windows look into one of the great courts of the palace. The Pontiff appears in a balcony in the centre of a portico of one of the principal fronts of St. Peter's, which commands this court. He is seated in a chair, and borne on the shoulders of twelve men; his mitre on his head, and the cardinals all attending upon him. Immediately upon his Holiness's appearance at the door which leads into the balcony, the full choir unite in a grand chorus—the foot and horse guards are all drawn up in the court—the space is filled by the Roman people—the air by their acclamations. The bells ring out from every church—the cannon fire incessantly from the castle of St. Angelo. The redoubled ecchos from the banks of the Tiber, through the Vatican and St. Peter's, resemble a succession of the loudest thunder. On a signal given, all is instantly hushed to silence, and the Pontiff pronounces the benediction in a clear and audible voice. This present Pope (who is unquestionably the best that Rome could ever

boast of) has made an extraordinary reform; for he never denounces the *anathema*, which all his predecessors have done before him; but in lieu thereof, throws down from the balcony, instead of curses, some indulgences, wrote on slips of paper, which are scrambled for by the mob. Then the music choir, cannon, acclamations of the people, all recommence, and cease not till the Pope and cardinals quit the balcony, in which they remain but a short time. During this Function we were entertained with an elegant collation, consisting of chocolate, sweetmeats, and *masspinerie*, in great variety, and the best at Rome, which is peculiarly famous for these sort of things. We then quitted the room, and I really believe we walked a mile through the apartments of the Vatican, in order to see the Pope wash the pilgrims' feet (as it is expressed), and serve them at table, &c.

At length we reached a tribune faced with gilt lattice, through which we looked into a large salloon; in this, upon a bench placed along one of the side-walls, raised a step from the ground, and covered with carpets, are seated thirteen poor priests of different nations. The priest who sits in the middle represents our Saviour, and the six on each side of him his apostles. An Italian lady of our company spied one amongst them who had red hair, which occasioned much laughter; all, with one voice, pronouncing him to be Judas. These priests are dressed in a kind of wrapper, or
Robe

Robe de Chambre of new white flannel, with a hood lined with white fatten, and caps of flannel like jelly-bags on their heads. They have wide trowsers of the same materials, tied down midway the leg, and socks of the same over their naked feet. The Pope enters, and seats himself in a purple great chair, elevated two or three feet from the ground. The cardinals bear his train; he himself is dressed more simply than usual with a stole, and a plain white fatten mitre. The saloon is filled with ecclesiastics of different orders; on one side is placed a desk and the choir: A priest leads, and the choiristers chant after him, the chapter in St. Mark which relates to the washing of the disciples' feet. The book of this Evangelist is then brought to the Pope, who kisses it where open. One of the cardinals brings an apron (of old point, with a broad border of Mecklin lace) and ties it with a white ribbon round his Holiness's waist. He then descends from the chair, and approaches the poor priests, beginning with the nearest to him. A cardinal bears a large gold basin, another carries a ewer of the same metal, and a third napkins. The Pope stoops down, and the pretended pilgrim presents one foot (from which he has already removed the sock): his Holiness takes the foot in one hand, he who bears the ewer pours water over it, which is received in the gold basin held underneath; the Pope, with his other hand, rubs and washes the foot; he then, with a napkin, wipes it very cautiously and

tenderly, till it is quite dry; that done, he kisses the instep; then presents the pilgrim with a *bouquet* and some money folded up in a paper: he proceeds, in order and silence, till he has washed a foot, &c. of each of the thirteen, who only bow their heads when the *bouquet* is given them, but do not speak or rise during the Function. The Pope, upon his return to his chair, is presented with water in a gold basin to wash his hands, which he does slightly and carelessly; he then joins his hands, shuts his eyes, and says a prayer softly to himself. After which he rises and goes out, in order to proceed to the hall where the pilgrims are to eat; the cardinals, &c. do the same. We women all quitted our tribune, and were conducted by a different way to another tribune, into which we were locked up safe, and through the lattice saw a large hall, with a long table in the middle, on which was a furtout of looking glass, with images of clay placed thereon, representing our Saviour and two loaves, with a serpent on a table: further, St. Peter and other saints; the glass was ornamented with sweetmeats, olives, anchovies. There were thirteen silver plates laid, with spoons and forks; the napkins curiously plaited; and over the table-cloth a lay-over of clear lawn, pinched so as to form a very pretty pattern. I should have mentioned the dress of the images, which was the most taudry imaginable, of red, blue, and yellow porcelain. The pilgrims, whose feet had been washed, now made their

their appearance, and seated themselves along one side of the table; then entered the Pope and cardinals: a plate of boiled rice covered with cinnamon and sugar, was presented on the knee to his Holiness; he took it, and placed it before the pilgrim whose foot he had first washed; then another plate of the same, and so on till the thirteen were served. Then came a boiled herring, garnished with salad, on a plate, and a succession of them till all were served as before. These were succeeded by plates of fried fish, cut to pieces; then plates of broccoli and cauliflower fricasséed in oil; the same ceremony observed as at first, and the quantity and quality of the viands exactly alike; then, on a magnificent salver, was brought a decanter of wine, another of water, and a gold goblet. The Pontiff filled the goblet almost full of wine, and, with an arch smile, dropped one drop of water into it, and presented it to the pilgrims as before. They each of them drank it off. This done, the Pope leaves the hall. I hoped these poor priests were not hungry, for had that been the case, they must have remained so; the dishes being removed from before them the moment after they had been placed there; but upon inquiry, I found they were all set by, and distributed to them after the Function was over, in another place and with much less ceremony.

During this Function, the Pope's guards stand in rank and file close behind, to keep the crowd from incommoding him. There were pre-

sent a great number of Italian and English gentlemen, beside other foreigners. We then went to the hall where the cardinals were to eat. The figures placed on the glass were of the same materials, and draped in the same manner as those of the pilgrim's table; but in the middle was a different representation. A grove of palm-trees, formed of green paper, surrounded a paper mount, on which was placed a figure, to represent our Saviour, with a gilt goblet in his hand, alluding to the passion. But, to my great surprise, I perceived each end of the *furniture* to be terminated by two centaurs, of silver, gilt. This absurdity of mixing Paganism with Christianity seemed wonderful; nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by supposing these centaurs might allude to the incongruity and mixture of character of the company for whom the table had been prepared. I could expatiate upon the *Fable* of the centaurs, but that might transport me too far into antiquity from the present subject. The cardinal's table was very differently served from that of the pilgrims, each having eight or ten covered dishes, brought from his own kitchen, with lamps under them: so that observing nothing curious or uncommon in this *Function* of their Eminencies, we took our leave and returned home. As to the Pontiff, he always eats alone, and in the most temperate manner. He has a friend called *Francesco*, who buys his provisions in
the

the market, and not always from the same people. His constant dinner, excepting on fast days, consists of a soup with rice, which is served with the fowl that had been boiled in it. Then a small *Friture*, with a little *desert* of cheese and fruit. This is all. And on the maigre and fast days he is extremely abstemious. His victuals are dressed by *Francesco*, in the room adjoining that in which he eats, and he himself brings it in. This caution is probably the result of an apprehension of poison. The only recreation the Pope allows himself, is the going after dinner to the *Villa Patrizze fuori di Roma*, where, after taking a few turns in the garden, he plays a little at billiards in a room of the villa. Certainly no Pope ever led a more innocent life. But to return to the Functions; Good-friday and Easter-eve there are no extraordinary ceremonies. The common *Miserere* is chaunted; but in the evening the church of St. Peter is crouded with people, who walk about and converse. This beautiful temple has now an additional ornament, which produces a fine effect: a large cross, gently let down (by cords almost imperceptible to the eye) from the top of the dome, remains suspended during the night, but not near the ground; its distance from thence appearing to me to be about a third of the height of the church from the pavement to the top of the dome; it is composed of small lamps in strait rows, which throw out such a light as illuminates

minates the great isle, and appears as if composed of brilliant diamonds. It is remarkable that Friday and Saturday are not esteemed so sacred as the foregoing days of the holy week, and that during the said week no shops are shut; but trade and business go on as usual.

Easter-sunday in the morning we went to St. Peter's, to see the Pope celebrate the mass to a prodigious concourse of people; their numbers were supposed to be about ten thousand. I, as before, accompanied the *Countess of Massimi*; there were also some English ladies; chance brought us all together, and very near his Holiness; where we happened to fall into a line precisely before his guards. The gentlemen of our party were, by the accidental crowding, a good way behind us. There is a particular part of the service (the moment in which the host is elevated) at which all the people are to kneel; I had no time for reflection, but it struck me that as a protestant I ought not to kneel; nor did I, though a lady of my country, close to me, * * * *, dropped upon her knees, and would have persuaded me to do the like, but I would not. The halberdiers, who were close behind us, fell on their knees, and their halberts accidentally came so near me, that at first I thought they were about to use them to bring me to order, but was mistaken. They said nothing, nor did they make me any sign to kneel. Whilst standing I looked about me, and as far as

I could

I could see, all were on their knees. I turned myself towards the Pontiff, and caught his eye, but he did not look four at me, and seemed only to notice the singularity of my standing up; nor was I reprimanded afterward, either from his Holiness or any of the Romans. Some of my own country-people, indeed, criticised my conduct with the assistance of the old adage, that "one should, when at Rome, do as they do at Rome." But as M—— applauded, and highly approved my conduct (and he, it seems, never kneeled either), the opinions of others has not the least effect upon me.

I should have mentioned before, that the Pope made his entrance this day in a triumphant manner, being borne in a chair on twelve men's shoulders into the church, to a temporary altar placed in the great isle; when the chair, being gently set down, he advanced a few steps to the altar, which was much adorned and ornamented, and thereat celebrated the mass. The Pontiff lastly appears at the great door of entrance, assisting at some trifling ceremonies, relative to the blessing of relics and pilgrims, but these were not worth waiting for; so, to avoid the croud, we got into our carriage, and arrived safe at home, while the mob were still occupied in crouding the courts of St. Peter's.

Having at length concluded this circumstantial narrative of the Functions of the *Santa Settimana*,

I ought

I ought to account for my having entered into so tedious a detail. My reasons were, to give you an idea of the impositions, rites, and ceremonies, of the Roman Catholic religion, as practised at the fountain-head of all popery. Had I been writing to another, and not to you, I should have satisfied myself with saying, after the example of other travellers, "It is needless to mention the Functions during the holy week, as they are so universally known, and have been so often described already," &c.; but I believe both you and myself, in our course of travel-reading, have not gained much more knowledge upon the subject, than the universal assertion of their having been already *so often described*. Therefore, doing by you as I should like you had done by me, instead of apologizing for the *length* and *dulness*, &c. of this letter, I expect your acknowledgments for the infinite pains and trouble I have taken to inform you of what you could not have a just idea of before, and to insist upon your believing my assurances, of being so tired with what I have wrote, that if this letter, by any accident, should not reach you, you shall ever remain in ignorance of the Functions for me. For you may depend upon not being favoured with its second edition. Adieu.

Your ever affectionate, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLII.

Rome, April 12, 1771.

THE arrival of your letters, replete with that warmth of friendship, which disperses every gloomy thought, and completed with assurances of the blessing of health, which you and * * * * * enjoy, give me fresh spirits to continue the daily labours my curiosity incites in these regions of antiquity and oddity.

I will now give you a slight sketch of what we have seen, &c. since I wrote last; but first, cannot forbear mentioning an impediment extremely teasing to strangers. Having formed your plan for a morning's progress from church to church, from palace to palace, and so on, you set out in your carriage with impatience to commence your operations; when, after driving two or three miles, you are nipped in the bud of your expectation, by being told, at the first palace you reach, that it is twelve o'clock, and therefore you cannot see it, for *all the world are dining*: you reply, you will call again in an hour; the rejoinder is, *every body will then be taking the Siesta**: you stare about, and spy a shop in a corner; you order your coach-

* A nap after dinner.

man to drive to it: "*The beggar's shop is shut,*" for all the world are at dinner; and this answer is frequently accompanied by a parti-coloured smile of contempt and pity for *you*, who alone in the *creation* are *not* at dinner. However, notwithstanding such teasing delays, we have visited many a superb ruin, where are no diners nor doers, the stupendous monuments of past ages, magnificent churches, and *gorgeous palaces*. Amongst the first, the following (that I have as yet seen) are my reigning favourites. In Campo Vaccino, which was the old Forum, are many fine remains of antiquity. The three superb columns, the only remnants of the temple of Jupiter *Stator*, attract the admiration of the traveller by the beauty of their proportions and sculpture; and much is it to be regretted, that the greater part of them, at this day, lie smothered up in the soil of this foul cow-

Ruins
Temple
of Jupiter
Stator.

Temple of
Vesta.

Arc of
Septimius
Severus.

Temple
of Con-
cord.

Temple
of Peace.

market. — The Temple of Vesta; where the famous Palladium was guarded by the chief vestal, who alone had the honour to look upon it. — The Arc of Septimius Severus, in white marble; one half of the great middle arch is buried in the ground, by which accident it loses the lightness its architecture bespeaks. — The ruins of the Temple of Concord; the vestibule remains entire; it is composed of six columns of oriental granite, of the Ionic order; they support an elegant pediment. — Of the Temple of Peace remain only three vaults which is but a part of the portico of its vestibule

this temple was ranked among the most magnificent buildings of Rome when in her glory; it was erected by Vespasian, after his conquest of India, and was the repository of the rich spoils he brought from Syria and the temple of Jerusalem, was decorated with statues and pictures by the most famous artists of that æra, and contained, besides, a large library. One of the columns belonging to this temple was found by accident, and erected by Pope Paul the Fifth, 1614, in the piazza before the church of *St. Maria Maggiore*; it is one entire shaft, and measures sixty-four Roman palms in height.—Of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, there remains only ten pillars, with a frieze, and part of the Corinthian capitals; the proportions are fine, and the ornaments in a good taste: within side of these columns a modern church has been built, which disgraces as much as possible this venerable ruin.—Near this place, and in full view, is the ruin of the Temple of Remus and Romulus, from whence was taken the plan of Rome, which now decorates a stair-case in the Capitol, as I have said in a former letter. The ruin is a small rotunda, and serves as a vestibule to a modern church.—The Arch of Titus terminates one side of *Campo Vaccino*; its bas reliefs, within side, are of fine workmanship; the drawing is correct; and the horses particularly well done.—Here are some remains of the Golden Palace of Nero; they consist of broken arches one above the other, but

Temple
of Anto-
ninus and
Faustina.

Temple
of Remus
and Ro-
mulus.

Arch of
Titus.

Golden
Palace of
Nero.

but so imperfect as renders it impossible to form a judgment of its plan and distribution. There is still to be seen a little painting and gilding on the ornaments within side, but much defaced.—In the center of Campo Vaccino they shew a place where

Gulph of
Curtius.

is said to have been formerly the Gulph into which Curtius leaped; but I must restrain my pen, nor say more of the ruins which are here all together, or I shall exceed the limits I prescribed to myself; therefore I quit Campo Vaccino, and proceed to

Colisseo.

the *Colisseo*, which I think the first and most stupendous ruin in Rome. Twelve thousand Jewish captives were employed by Vespasian in this building, which they are said to have completed within the year. It has been stripped of all its magnificent pillars and ornaments, at various times, and by various enemies. The Goths, and other barbarians, began its destruction, popes and cardinals have endeavoured to complete its ruin; the cardinal Farnese, lastly, robbed it of some fine remains; of its marble cornices, friezes, &c. and, with infinite pains and labour, got away what was practicable of the outside casing of marble, which he employed in building the palace of Farnese. This amphitheatre is said to have been capable of containing eighty-seven thousand spectators seated, and twenty thousand standing; the proportions of this glorious ruin are so just, that it does not appear near so large as it really is. Its architecture is perfectly light, and it must ever be admired,
even

even by those who enjoy but a moderate share of taste for the fine arts, were they devoid of love or respect for antiquity. To others, who really delight in that refined study, it must fully gratify their great ideas, being a *definition* of the *sublime* in *architecture*. I think this sounds somewhat enthusiastic; but I don't fear exposing myself to you, who are as likely to give into enthusiasm upon such a subject as myself. There are still to be seen several of the dens for the beasts, which remain entire, and the conduits for the water, with a hollow in the stone for them to drink out of.—In the piazza of the amphitheatre, are the remains of an antique fountain for the use of the people, which was called *Meta Sudante*. A little farther on is the Arch of Constantine. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and executed in a grand and noble stile. It is beautifully adorned with fluted pillars of *Giallo Antico*. The *bas-reliefs*, *medallions*, &c. are finely sculpted.—The Pantheon answered the idea I had formed of it; it is at present converted into a modern church, is generally called *La Rotunda*, or *Santa Maria ad Martyres*, to whom it is dedicated. It is one of the most perfect remains of the magnificence of ancient Rome, and the only Roman temple which is still entire. Its justness of proportion strikes the eye at first sight. The portico is an example that the noble simplicity may be still preserved, though decorated with the most ornamental order, the

Arch of
Constantine.

Pantheon.

La Ro-
tunda.

O

Corinthian.

VOL. II.

Corinthian. This portico presents to the view 16 pillars of this order of oriental granite; eight of them support the pediment; they are very thick, measuring from five to six feet diameter, yet their look is light; they are said to be thirty-seven feet high, exclusive of their bases and capitals, which is probable; but we did not take their height; their shafts are each one entire piece. Having entered the portico, the great door merits attention for its noble and majestic appearance; the architrave consists of only three pieces of fine African marble; the door is of brass and of antique sculpture, but does not seem to have been originally designed for this place. On entering the temple, which is quite round, you are struck with its apparent smallness; but this deception must arise from its proportions, being as wide as it is high; it is covered by a dome open in the center; whose compartments must have made a beautiful appearance, when plaited with gilt bronze, but at present there is not the smallest vestige remaining of any metal. M—— stepped the pavement, and it measured sixty yards diameter within, from wall to wall. There are no windows; a sufficiency of light being admitted from the opening in the dome. The pavement would have amused me for hours, being composed of a great variety of morsels of fine Italian marble, opaque gems, alabasters, agates, and jaspers. These have been picked up indiscriminately from

from amongst the ruins, and used without the least regard to their quality, in repairing the pavement where wanted. Here are some fine pillars of porphyry and *giallo antico*; also altars, particularly the chief one, is well worthy of notice.

A Monument erected in honour of Raffaello, by Carlo Maratti, is not in a good taste. His busto appears in a nich, and near to it the following lines by cardinal Benbo;

*Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci,
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

Here is also a monument to Annibal Carracci, by Carlo Maratti; one to the famous Corelli; and others in honour of different artists. The internal decorations in general are mean and base; bad pictures, votive representations, the weak efforts of superstition, every where cover the walls.

Behind the Pantheon appear ruined walls, and part of a round building, which is all that remains of Agrippa's baths. What I propose to add farther, in regard to the ruins of Rome, I shall reserve for another letter, and proceed now to an account of the evening amusements. There are private assemblies at several houses; those of the Dutchess of *Brachiano*, of the Dutchess of *Montelibretti*, of the Dutchess *D'Arce*, of the Princess *Altieri*, and of Cardinal *Bernis*, of the *Casa Verospi*, and the *Casa Carpegna*, are the most brilliant. The business of these assemblies is cards, and you

are continually presented with all sorts of excellent refreshments. The opera is good; the theatre not indifferent, yet greatly inferior to that of Naples. What disgusts me much is, to see boys dressed in women's clothes, as no female actresses are permitted. The scenes are agreeably painted, most of them representing architecture well done in perspective, and the point of view being taken from the angles, you have two views at once. The Corso lies along the main streets; where the cattle being frequently killed at the doors of the butchers' shops, during the time of airing, renders this recreation odious to me. The living oxen are witness to the murders of their innocent companions; their bellowing, and this barbarous custom shocked me so, that I am determined to avoid, in future, these scenes of butchery as much as possible. We have already some curious articles procured here, which will be sent to England from Civita Vecchia * * * * *

Adieu, &c.

P. S. I shall add an anecdote of the Pope, that came to my knowledge very lately.—He was sitting at his writing-table, which was covered with papers, whilst two considerable persons of his court conversed together at a window near him; his holiness had occasion to quit the room suddenly; these gentlemen were curious—seized the opportunity that offered to inspect some of the papers:

when the Pope, a very short time after, entering, and perceiving instantly they had meddled with them, thus addressed them: “ I know that you
 “ are acquainted with the contents of these papers;
 “ make me no reply, for this instant I dismiss you
 “ my service;—depart from my presence;—but if
 “ ever I hear the least insinuation of what these
 “ papers contain, before the time their contents
 “ are to be made public, your heads shall answer
 “ for it.”

You see what firmness there is in the Pontiff; nobody doubts their keeping the secret.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Rome, April 25, 1771.

THE weather is extremely warm; the English complain of the heat; but you know I love the sun, and the hotter he shines, the more health and spirits are dealt me. However, this luminary is no friend to the complexion, and I have contrived to make a hat of pasteboard, and trimmed it with blond and pink ribbon, as was the fashion when we quitted England. I believe I shall find it extremely convenient in the mornings when we are walking amongst the Ruins; for constantly going out in the Roman fashion, with nothing to shade my face but a black lace hood hanging down over my eyes, has tanned me to such a degree, that I know not whether all the strawberry-water in Rome will be able to whiten me again. I find it more difficult here to pursue my intention of being concise than I imagined I should; there is so much to be seen—so much to be admired—whole labyrinths of curiosities;—my difficulty is, which to choose; it seems a kind of injustice to omit some things highly worthy of notice, and was I to mention them all I should send you folios instead of letters; but be persuaded my determination is against folios. Amongst
the

the Ruins of this once Imperial Mistress of the world, Caracalla's baths are in high estimation with all the lovers of antiquity. We were a whole morning wandering amongst these superb remains. They appeared to me to occupy as much ground as a moderate sized town; and not only afforded conveniencies for three thousand persons to bathe at the same time, together with squares and courts for all kinds of sports and other public spectacles, but even science found a place here. There were porticos for philosophers to assemble in. The whole adorned with a profusion of statues, and the most precious ornaments luxury could find or invent. Now, alas, what remains! nothing but broken walls and naked bricks; yet even these last are fine in their way, as none can be formed at this day of so large a size: they are also of an extraordinary texture and colour. The pipes which conveyed the water to a prodigious height into the upper apartments, are made of as fine clay as the old red china, and are equally smooth. One part of this immense building remains sufficiently entire to strike awe into the spectator; it consists of a prodigious dome, which has no support but from the wall whence it springs, and, like an unfinished rainbow, seems suspended in air. Close to these baths stood Caracalla's magnificent palace; but of this there is not the least vestige remaining. The Theatre of Marcellus is so disfigured by time and abuse, that it is impossible to make out the

Marcel-
lus' Thea-
tre.

whole of the plan ; but what remains is of beautiful architecture. Part of the entrances may still be traced. There are also two ranges of arches, one over the other ; the lower decorated with the Doric, the upper with the Ionic order ; both of them of light and graceful proportions. The remaining friezes, cornices, and mouldings appear plainly, by their sculpture, to have been intended for a near view. This Theatre seems to have had an oval figure ; the learned, however, differ in regard to its form ; for had it been oval, it had been an amphitheatre, consequently destined to the tormenting of wild beasts, and the inhuman sports of gladiators ; but upon supposition of its being a theatre, could have been only used for the representation of dramatic performances. We cannot help regretting their having built wretched habitations for mechanics between the arches, and consequently filled them up, which disgrace these venerable remains.

Tarpeian
Rock.

We have visited the famous Tarpeian Rock. The precipice is, at this day, no longer terrific ; it is filled up with rubbish in such a manner, that though still sufficiently deep to break a limb of whoever should chuse the leap, yet I think they might possibly escape too without much damage. The way to it is encumbered with old buildings, and nothing can be more disgusting than the dirt of the inhabitants of this wretched part of Rome. Mr. Pope's description of those *of the Alley*, in Spenser's

Spenser's stile, amongst his imitations of the English poets, will give you a just idea of the polite neighbourhood of the Tarpeian Rock. The Circus of Caracalla is still so entire, that the plan may be easily made out, and is more perfect than any now remaining at Rome. Here are apparent remains of the walls, where the seats for the spectators were placed; that part of the Circus, at the greatest distance, terminates in a semicircle. The great gate, which the victors passed through to their triumphs, is still to be seen. In the middle remains also a line of walling, the extremities of which were the bounds fixed for the chariots to turn at. In one of the side-walls you discern the places, where large empty vases of *terra cotta* were inserted, in order to augment the applauses of the people by a reverberation of the ecchos from side to side. Considerable vestiges of three or four large brick towns still remain, which were probably those granted by the emperors to a few of their most considerable favourites, for the convenience of seeing the sports to advantage, and which were hereditary in their families. There is another square building, supposed to have been a kind of dressing-room for the competitors, and some remains of two most respectable temples, erected to Honour and Virtue, by M. Marcellus. This great man constructed them in such a manner, that the Temple of Honour could not be entered without first *passing through* that of Virtue; a fine idea

Circus of
Caracalla.

idea this. On the other side of the Circus, are the ruins of a Temple erected to the *Deo Ridicolo*, in the time of the second Punic war, when Hannibal, advancing from *Cannæ* with design to besiege Rome, retired suddenly of his own accord, before he had even commenced the siege.—Half a mile from hence, on the Appian way, is an antique Monument, called *Capo di Bove*, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus. It is a ruined tower, with a frieze and cornice, ornamented by ox-heads in *relievo*, and garlands of cypress. The walls are extremely thick. In the pontificate of Paul the Third, an excavation was made in the tower, which brought them to a cavity that contained an urn made of Parian marble and fluted. It now stands in the court of the Farnese palace. The inscription on the frieze of this Monument is, *Ceciliæ Q. Cretici F. Metell. Crassi.*

Mausoleum of Augustus.

The Mausoleum of Augustus is situated behind *S. Carlo al Corso*. It consists of a great round tower. There are still remaining some columns and marbles, with which the outside was decorated. As the roof or covering is entirely destroyed, they have filled up the inside with earth, and made a pretty odd garden within the tower. A terras, formed by the thickness of the walls, surrounds all. There are *Souterrains*, or rooms, where the ashes of the Augustan family were deposited.

Pyramid of Caius Cestius.

The Pyramid of Caius Cestius is the only entire tomb remaining. It is near Porto S. Paolo. The out-

outside is formed of large blocks of white marble. This monument has a fine effect when viewed at a proper distance ; being, I suppose, about forty feet in perpendicular height.

There are many vestiges of tombs to be seen in the *environs* of Rome, and is it not a custom that might be productive of happy consequences, if practised at this day in Christian countries, were great and good men, who have served their country essentially, to be interred by the sides of the high roads leading to the capital, with proper inscriptions on their tombs (which might be also extremely ornamental), reminding their successors and others of the noble examples they had set them, and exciting in their minds a laudable ambition for the like honours? It might perpetuate the memories of our national benefactors, in my mind, more effectually than all the gaudy monuments that can be erected to them in Westminster Abbey—which few think of visiting after the tour made in their childhood — of the lions in the Tower, St. Paul's, the wax-work, and Westminster Abbey. I suppose there is no city in the world so provided with excellent water and beautiful fountains as Rome. That of Termini, of Trevi, of the Piazza Na-

Foun-
tains.

of

That of
Egeria.

of at present is antique, that of the nymph *Egeria*, which is not in modern Rome, but at a little distance from the town, or to speak with the Romans, *Fuori di Roma*. Here it was that Numa is said to have had his assignations with that nymph. Its present appearance is that of a pretty large roomy vault. There are few remains of its antique marble ornaments. A mutilated statue of the Nymph, and niches where the Muses were placed, are still to be seen. It affords plenty of excellent water, of which you may be sure we drank; also several aquatic plants that spring spontaneously from these streams, and hang down over the entrance in many a fantastic garland. It is woody and gloomy all around, and, in my opinion, a most charming romantic spot, where one might indulge in contemplation

*Of forests and enchantments dear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.*

Happily for you I have not visited all the churches at Rome. Indeed I have seen but a few of them; so do not be alarmed, for I shall mention

Churches.
St. Gio-
vanni di
Lattera-
no.

yet fewer than I have seen. *S. Giovanni di Latte-
rano* is a fine church, decorated with columns, &c.
antique and modern, of the most precious mar-
bles. Several statues of saints and apostles; the
best is that of St. Bartolomeo. Round the altar
are four very curious antique pillars of bronze
fluted, which were found where the famous tem-
ple

ple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood. The relics preserved in the churches of Rome are too absurd to mention. This once only, by which you may judge of the others, I shall inform you, that they here boast the inheritance of a piece of Moses's rod, and a morsel of Aaron's, a stick of the ark of the covenant, the table on which our Saviour eat the passover with his disciples, and the napkin which he made use of to wipe their feet. Relics.

The Church of St. *Maria Maggiore* is esteemed the most noble and grand of all those dedicated to the Virgin. It is built on the spot where stood a temple consecrated to Juno. The plan of this church was, *we were told*, miraculously traced out by a cloud which fell from Heaven. The architecture is much admired; the inside of the church strikes the eye with a noble simplicity; the view of a great number of lofty pillars, of the Ionic order, of white marble, have a fine effect; the altar is formed by a beautiful antique urn of porphyry. The finest chapel belonging to this church is that of *Borghese*. Here is a profusion of rich marbles, *lapis lazuli*, the opaque precious stones, some paintings and frescos by Guido, and many very valuable ornaments. Amongst others, an image of the Virgin (attributed to St. Luke), surrounded with precious stones. I had determined not to tire you with more relics, but here I cannot help announcing to you the manger in which our Saviour St. Maria Maggiore.

Saviour was laid, the swaddling clothes he wore, and some straw on which he was placed.

S. Paolo
fuori di
Roma
Church.

S. Paolo fuori di Roma alle tre fontane. This Church is built upon the spot where St. Paul was beheaded. The pillar to which he was bound, and where he suffered martyrdom, is near the first of the three fountains. These sprung up, as you will believe, miraculously from the three bounds his head made when struck off. The Church, however, is extremely well worth seeing; it is adorned on the inside with very curious antique columns*, particularly two of black porphyry; there are no such to be seen any where else. Antiquarians are at a loss to determine whence they were brought, but the most probable conjecture is, that they were the productions of Ethiopia, where quarries of *Basalte* are common.

St. Ur-
bano
Church.

The Church of *St. Urbano alla Caffarella* was a temple of Bacchus, and graceful, indeed, are its remains. It is built of brick, with strength and solidity. The Mosaic in the arched roof and between the double row of pillars is finely done. Here are representations of the vintage through all its progress: the wine-press is particularly worth observing. The different figures of birds, large as life, are elegantly executed; and the pheasants superior to the others. The diameter of the

* Some of which measure twenty-two feet in circumference.

ground-plan, between the inner row of pillars, measures about forty-five feet English, and ninety feet between the walls, or from one side to the other. The sarcophagus of Bacchus is of one entire morsel of porphyry, nine feet long, six broad, and four deep; the shell nine inches; the lid or cover twenty inches thick. It is sculpted in basso relievo, representing the Infant Bacchus, festoons of vine leaves, grapes, &c.

S. Sebastiano alle Catacombe, situated on the Ap-
 pian way, was founded by Constantine the Great, S. Sebastiano alle Catacombe.
 in honour of this saint; who is represented lying
 in his tomb, pierced with arrows. The sculpture
 by Giorgetti. The portico of this church is sup-
 ported by six antique columns of a very rare
 species; two of them of white granite, and two of
 green, with uncommon spots in them.

The catacombs are the vastest, and the most
 noted in the neighbourhood of Rome. We ex-
 plored them accompanied by a ragged ill-looking
 fellow, whose business is to sweep the church, and
 shew these silent mansions of the dead. One of
 our footmen was sent of a message, the other fol-
 lowed us. We were provided with little wax
 candles, and descended the stair-case, each carry-
 ing a lighted *Bougie*; the others were for pro-
 vision, lest any of those already lighted should
 burn out or extinguish. Having, at length,
 reached the bottom, after no very agreeable de-
 scent, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of very
 narrow

narrow passages, turning and winding incessantly; most of these are upon the slope, and, I believe, go down into the earth to a considerable depth. They are not wider than to admit one person at a time, but branch out various ways like the veins in the human body; they are also extremely damp, being far under the ground, and caused our candles to burn blue. In the side-niches are deposited the bodies (as they say) of more than seventy-four thousand martyrs. These niches are mostly closed by an upright slab of marble, which bears an inscription descriptive of their contents. Several are also buried under these passages, whose graves are secured by iron grates. We followed our tattered guide for a considerable time through the passages; at last he stopt, and told M—— if he would go with him to a certain quarter just by, he would shew him a remarkable catacomb. At that moment I was staring about at the inscriptions, and took it for granted that M—— was really very near, but after some moments I asked the footman who was standing at the entrance if he saw his master; he replied in the negative, nor did he hear any voice: this alarmed me; I bid him go forward a little way, and that I would wait where I was, for I feared losing myself in this labyrinth in attempting to get out, not knowing which way they had turned. I waited a little time, and finding the servant did not return, called out as loud as I could, but, to my great disap-

disap-

disappointment, perceived that I scarce made any noise; the sound of my voice, from the dampness of the air, or the lowness of the passages, remaining (as it were) with me. I trembled all over, and perceived that my *Bougie* was near its end; I lighted another with some difficulty, from the shaking of my hands, and determined to go in search of M—— myself, at any hazard; but figure to yourself the horror that seized me, when, upon attempting to move, I perceived myself forcibly held by my clothes from behind, and all the efforts I made to free myself proved ineffectual. My heart, I believe, ceased to beat for a moment, and it was as much as I could do to sustain myself from falling down upon the ground in a swoon. However, I summoned up all my resolution, and ventured to look behind me, but saw nothing. I then again attempted to move, but found it impracticable. Good God, said I, perhaps M—— is assassinated, and the servant joined with the guide in the perpetration of the murder, and I am miraculously held fast by the dead, and shall never leave these graves. Notwithstanding such dreadful representations that my frightened imagination pictured to me, I made more violent efforts, and in struggling, at last discovered, that there was an iron grate, like a trap-door, a little open behind me, one of the pointed bars of which had pierced through my gown, and held me in the manner I have related. I soon extricated myself, and walk-

ing forward, luckily in the right path, found M—— who was quietly copying an inscription, the guide lighting him, and the servant returning towards me with the most unconcerned aspect imaginable. I had the discretion to conceal my fright as much as I was able, and only expressed, with some impatience, my desire of returning into the light and air. M——, who is ever complaisant to my wishes, instantly complied; and as we were retiring, the poor guide, whom my imagination had represented as an assassin, told us, that there was a pit amongst the Catacombs of which the bottom could never be discovered; and he had been told, that formerly a great many people had been abused, robbed, and flung into it. I thanked God, inwardly, that he had not told me this story earlier.—Having entered the carriage, I determined within myself that this visit to the Catacombs should be my last. That you may not dwell longer upon the adventure, I shall return to Rome, and conclude my letter with a slight description of the Vatican.

Vatican.

The superb palace called the Vatican is attached to St. Peter's church, and was, for many years, the residence of the Pontiffs. But they have of late preferred *Monte Cavallo*, as a drier and healthier situation. The dimensions and elaborate descriptions of this palace have been given by several Italian and other authors. According to M. Venuti, it contains eleven thousand and five hundred

hundred rooms; but according to *Bonanni* thirteen thousand, including the *Souterrains* and cellars. It is asserted by some, to have been built on the ruins of Nero's palace; others say, on the same spot with that Emperor's gardens. The principal objects that merit the attention of a traveller are, the library, the paintings of *Raffaello*, and the antique statues. After having passed through two great courts, you ascend a stair-case called *La Scala Regia*, designed by *Bernini*, which is really magnificent. You then enter a vast saloon called *Sala Regia*, painted in *fresco*, by various artists; the subjects mostly allegorical and historical. Many of them have been much injured by the painters who were employed, owing to their rivalry and private enmities to each other; plurring over and maliciously spoiling the labours of their brethren from motives of envy and malignity. You are then shewn the Chapel of *Sextus the Fourth*. *Michael Angelo* painted the vaulted ceiling. The plan of this Chapel is an oblong square. Over the tapestry are twelve pictures representing different histories from the Old and New Testament, by *Pietro Perugino*. The heads of the figures are finely executed, but their drawing is quite absurd, being, for the most part, tinted in gold and silver. Over the door, a picture representing *St. Michael* fighting with devils for the body of *Moses*, is executed with great force, by *Matteo Dalecio*. The famous picture, by *Matteo Dalecio*.

Michael
Angelo.

by Michael Angelo, of the last judgment, occupies the whole end of the Chapel. It is painted in fresco. The group in the middle represents Jesus Christ; on his right hand the elect; on his left, the condemned souls; at the top, two groups of angels, who bear the attributes of the passion. The saints, spectators of the last judgment, are ranged on each side of two groups which surround our Saviour. There are also choirs of angels who sound the trumpets, some conduct the blessed into heaven, and others thrust the damned into hell. At the bottom of the picture is Charon in his boat; and in the corner of hell stands a man with serpents twisting round him, being the portrait of a person to whom Michael had a particular aversion. This vast piece of painting is more surprising than pleasing; the confusion such crowds of figures produce—the variety and strength of design—the powers of imagination, and all the whims of fancy, are here united. The back ground, representing an azure sky, all of one tint, gives no *relief*; and, upon the whole, there is a poverty of colouring, though with a great correctness in the drawing.

I shall here omit the chapel Paulina, having mentioned it already. In a grand apartment called that of Borgia are many paintings by Raffaello, Giulio Romano, Pierino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modena, and others. The celebrated *Salloni di Raffaello* consists of a long *suite* of rooms painted

painted in fresco by that great master. The first *Raffaello*.
 saloon contains all the virtues, charities, &c. under
 symbolical figures; the second, the twelve
 apostles, &c.; the third, called that of Constantine,
 exhibits the miracle of his conversion; the
 ærian cross is borne by two angels. In another,
 the battle and victory of Constantine, gained over
 the tyrant Maxentius, at Ponte Mole. In this
 last is a remarkable figure of an old soldier who
 lifts his son, just expiring, from the ground; the
 expression in the father is truly affecting. This
 saloon is completely covered with representations
 of different events in the history of Constantine.
 The next saloon presents histories from the book
 of the Maccabees; here is a compliment to Pope
 Julius the Second, who would be introduced as
 borne into the temple where *Onias* the High Priest
 is invoking Heaven. His meaning was, that,
 after the example of *Onias*, he had delivered the
 ecclesiastical state from many usurpations and dis-
 orders which had affected the patrimony of St.
 Peter. Also a famous picture, and finely done
 indeed; it is called the Mass, and represents a
 miracle which happened at Bolsenna: A priest,
 who doubted of the real presence in the Eu-
 charist being at the moment of consecrating the
 wafer, blood dropped from it. The different
 effects of surprise and astonishment amongst the
 people is represented in the most lively and natural
 manner.

The subject of another piece which merits attention is Atilla, who sees St. Peter and St. Paul coming in the clouds to give him battle. Here Pope Leo the Tenth appears also mounted on his mule, with the whole cavalcade of cardinals prancing on various nags. Raffaello has also introduced his master Pietro Perugino as mace-bearer, curvetting before his Holiness.

School of
Athens.

In the fifth salloon are some of his most esteemed paintings. The School of Athens is a picture remarkable for its invention, grouping, perspective, and colouring. It represents a place decorated with fine architecture. About the centre appear Plato and Aristotle, who seem engaged in philosophical discussions, surrounded by their disciples. Socrates is represented speaking earnestly to a young and beautiful hero in armour, by which figure is meant Alcibiades. In another place, Pythagoras is graving musical concords upon a tablet, held by a youth clothed in white, who represents *Francesco Maria di Rovero Duca d'Urbino*, and nephew to Pope Julius the Second. At a distance is Diogenes, reclined on a step of the architecture; he has a book in his hand, and a small bowl near him. Raffaello has placed a relation of his own in another part of this picture. One Bramanti, who was a famous architect at that time; he is represented as Archimedes, tracing an hexagonal figure. Near him appears a young man, who puts one knee to the ground, and pointing

pointing to him expresses great respect and veneration; by this young man is meant Ferdinand the Second, Duke of Milan. Zoroaster makes a capital figure; he is draped in cloth of gold, and holds a globe; by him stands Raffaello himself, with a black bonnet on his head and the most silly face imaginable under it; he has placed his master Perugino by him. The *coup-d'œil* of this picture is very striking, and it demands some time to examine it properly. Opposite the School of Athens is a large painting, the subject a dispute about the sacrament, so replete with symbolical, typical, and allegorical representations, that we did not contemplate it long.

Mount Parnassus is another esteemed picture. Raffaello has introduced here all the most celebrated poets of Italy, and placed himself between Virgil and Homer. Apollo plays on a modern violin; a great absurdity. The most capital figure is Sappho; her head, in particular, is finely done. Several other paintings merit observation, but you will excuse my passing them over.

The ceiling of the sixth room is painted by Perugino. Its best picture represents the fire of *Perugino. Borgo S. Spirito*, esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*. The tumult, the consternation of the people, the effect of the wind upon the flames, and the different episodes introduced, render this piece extremely curious.—The seventh room is called that of the Consistory: the subjects of the paintings are, St.

Leon pursuing the Saracens, and Charlemagne crowned emperor. The two last chambers exhibit some fine perspectives, by Baltazer Peruzzi. In the apartment of the Countess Matilda are elegant frescos by Romanelli. There are many other apartments, chapels, and galleries, finely decorated with paintings, by famous masters, which I shall pass over, and proceed directly to the *Belvidere*, or the *Torre di tutti gli Venti*. It has a communication with the Vatican by means of an open gallery or terras, and is called *Belvidere*, on account of the glorious prospect seen from it, which I fear would lose by any description I should attempt. The apartments of the Belvidere have been inhabited by several Popes, though but simply furnished. Here are some curious articles in antique mosaic; one, in particular, represents an Egyptian dance.—A Model of St. Peter's Church opens in the middle so as to shew the sections, and, by means of a void left in the centre, you may shut yourself into it, and see all the isles, chapels, &c. at one view. In order to go to the court of the Antique Statues, you must pass along the great corridor of the Belvidere, which is in length 1692 feet, or about the third of a mile. Half-way is an iron-gate which conducts you to the Vatican library. We returned back to the library, after visiting the Antique Statues. At the end of this gallery is the famous Statue of the dying Cleopatra. She is represented in a supine posture, with a serpent

Baltazer
Peruzzi.Roma-
nelli.

Belvidere.

Model of
St. Peter's
Church.Antique
Statues.

a serpent twisted round her arm. I am sorry to be obliged to confess to you, that notwithstanding she is so much admired, we were not struck as with a perfect piece of sculpture. Very improperly, from the pedestal or base of this Statue proceeds a sheet of water, which falls into a basin on your left hand as you enter the above-mentioned Court. It is asserted to be the most superb assemblage of the finest Greek Statues in the whole world; there are eight in all. The Laocoon, the Apollo, the Antinous, and the famous *Torso*, are those I shall particularly mention; the other four being, in my opinion, unworthy of their situation here, though they might possibly appear to some advantage in another place. This Antinous is esteemed of more beautiful proportions than that in the Capitol. He is a model for grace; his limbs are elegant, and there is a lightness and ease in his whole figure, which is rarely found in the most beautiful nature; his attitude is more genteel than noble; he expresses more pensiveness than joy; yet we rather prefer the face of the Antinous of the Capitol to this of the Belvidere.—The Laocoon astonishes and terrifies; the subject is so horrible, and the expression so just, that I could not contemplate it for any time together, but returned to it frequently; my imagination almost caused me to fancy I heard the piercing shrieks of the sons*, proceeding from the agoniz-

Court of
the An-
tique Sta-
tues.

Antinous.

Laocoon.

* These are in shut-up niches to preserve them from being injured by the weather.

ing pain expressed in their distorted yet beautiful features, and from the cruel folds of the serpents that confine and twist round their delicate limbs. The old man's distress is of another species, and equally horrible. I believe Michael Angelo may be justified when he pronounced the Laocoon *Il protento de l'Arte*. This Statue was found in the baths of Titus. I should have added also that the Antinous was taken from a place called *Adrianello*, near the church of *S. Martino di Monte*.

Apollo. When the folding doors were thrown open of the nich which conceals the Statue of Apollo, I started back with surprise. Never did I see any sculpture come so near the life, nor animation express so much majesty and dignity. I was struck with awe. The beautiful proportions of the limbs, the grandeur and noble air diffused over the whole figure, his commanding aspect blended with angelic sweetness, joined to the most perfect features, made me almost fancy he breathed, and was about to speak: at length, coming out of my first surprise, I said to myself, it is but marble that I see.—This Statue was found at *Nettuno* *.

The
Torso.

As to the famous *Torso*, I cannot pretend to say that I am knowing enough to be sensible of its beauties. A headless trunk, without arms or

* Nettuno is a maritime town of the ecclesiastical state, situated near Capo d'Anzo, the ancient port of Antium, a town originally belonging to the Volsci, and where Coriolanus was killed.

legs,

legs, appeared to me a frightful object; but I make not the least doubt of its possessing all the beauties and perfections attributed to it by antiquaries and connoisseurs. The muscles are so strongly marked, that I should think it must have been a statue of Hercules; and what makes this conjecture very probable is, that it is placed or rests upon a lion's skin.

From hence we adjourned to the Library. I Library. shall pass over the garden, which is very large, and laid out in the old fashioned taste: it is remarkable for little else than a great number of concealed water works, or rather *water traps*, intended to sprinkle the unwary. Here are also more *considerable* fountains.

This Library is so constructed as to afford a very agreeable *coup d'œil* at your entrance; but the books being inclosed in presses which are painted, deprives it entirely of the appearance of a library. The paintings are by various masters, and the subjects taken from sacred history, or the history of the early ages of the church of Rome. Some good antiques serve to adorn it; fine Etruscan vases, and amongst other curiosities, a remarkable column of oriental alabaster, white and transparent; which is solid, and beautifully fluted. Opposite to this pillar is a tomb of white marble, and in it a winding sheet made of a linen which readily catches fire, but does not consume thereby. This linen is secured by iron-work, and in order

order to prove that it stands the fire, our *Ciceroni* pulled one end of it through the iron, and set fire to it with a lighted *Bougie*. It burnt fast, and presently extinguished of its own accord. The corner which had endured the flame appeared rather cleaner and whiter than the rest of the sheet, which was all the effect the fire produced. I pulled it as hard as I could, with design to have torn and brought off a rag of it with me, but in vain; and I believe the *Ciceroni* suspected me, for he thrust it into its place, and so secured it from any further attempts. It is probably formed of the *asbestus*, or, what is called in the Royal Cabinet of natural history at Paris, *Le lin Fossile*. Here is also a great collection of medals, which we had not time to examine. They told us the presses contained seventy thousand printed volumes and forty thousand manuscripts; several curious antique Bibles, in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, &c.; a very pretty Greek manuscript of the Acts of the Apostles in gold letters, given by Pope Innocent the Eighth to Charlotte Queen of Cyprus; several manuscripts, with curious and high-finished miniatures. Amongst these is a Pliny, with the pictures of all the animals; a Virgil of the fifth century, all wrote in capital letters, with the figures of the Trojans and Latins, in their proper habits; a beautiful manuscript of Tasso, and a Dante, with miniatures at the top of each page descriptive of the subjects. The Original Letters
of

of Harry the Eighth to Ann Boleyn, and a Treatise on the Seven Sacraments, composed by himself: he sent it as a present to Leo the Tenth, with these lines, written with his own hand;

*Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decimo mittit,
Hoc opus, & fidei testem & amicitiae.*

Here are many other curiosities of lesser note, which our time did not permit us to scrutinize.

The Arsenal is a long salloon, said to contain Arsenal arms for eighteen thousand men.

Adieu. You shall hear from me again as soon as I have sufficient materials for as long a letter as the present. Believe me as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Rome, May 1, 1771.

IT is impossible to feel *ennui* at Rome, though not a place of gaiety. This city is the most agreeable retreat in the world (if a capital can be so called) for all those who love the fine arts, and have a real pleasure in the study of antiquity; which yet rather inclines one to melancholy than cheerfulness. We propose, however, quitting it in a few days; but it will be with some regret, as we feel ourselves settled very much to our liking in every respect. Even the ceremonial of returning and receiving visits is not exacted here from us English, as it would be in our own country: one reason is, we are supposed to come here to *see*, and to inform ourselves; another, because whatever an Englishman does, *is right*. Such is the flattering idea the Italians, in general, entertain of our nation. This is a subject we must not enlarge upon, lest it should increase our vanity. The very recollection of all the civilities and friendly ideas our Roman friends have impressed upon us, are difficult to combat; so predominant is self-love. Therefore I shall say no more on this head, but proceed to a description of what we have

have seen since I wrote last. The Palace Borgheſe ^{Palace Borgheſe.} is a magnificent building, decorated with all the orders of architecture. The arcades of the court are ſupported by an hundred columns of granite. The whole ornamented with antique ſtatues. Thoſe of Julia, Fauſtina, and an Amazon, are amongſt the beſt. The apartment of the *rez-de-chauffée* (lower-floor, over the under-ground apartments) conſiſts of eleven noble rooms or ſaloons, all *en ſuite*, as full of fine paintings as their walls can bear. We were told this Palace contains ſeventeen hundred original pictures. Do not imagine I am about to give you a deſcription of them all; I ſhall confine myſelf to a very few, as I have ſo many palaces to mention. A Picture, by Domi- ^{Domini-} nichino; the ſubject, the ſports of Diana and her nymphs; the Goddeſs is repreſented giving the reward to one of them, who has had the good fortune to gain the prize. This beautiful ſcene paſſes at a river's ſide: the Nymphs are in various attitudes; one, in particular, the moſt admired, is undreſſing herſelf for the bath. Two fine portraits of Cardinal Borgia and Machiavel, by *Raffaello*. The three Graces blindfolding a Cupid, by *Tiziano*. In a gallery highly ornamented and covered with looking-glaſſes and gilding, the Paintings that conceal the joinings of the glaſſes are extremely pretty; they repreſent Cupids, little River-gods, &c. in many elegant attitudes; the works of *Ciroferi*. A fine Drawing, by Giulio ^{Ciroferi.} Romano;

Romano ; the subject Adonis dead in the arms of the Graces ; a weeping Cupid and an afflicted Venus ; two swans offer to caress her ; and in another part of the picture are Cupids mounted on the back of a wild boar, and piercing him with arrows. There are charming Fountains in the middle of many of the rooms, which play constantly, and fall into beautiful antique marble basons. In this Palace is a great curiosity amongst the collection of marbles ; it consists of three antique slabs of white marble, found at *Monte Dragone* at *Frascati* ; they are above three feet long, and about an inch thick, yet so pliable, you may bend them with little force ; and when they lean against a wall, placed on their edge, they bend of themselves, so as to form a curve of above an inch.

Palace
Corfini.

The *Palazzo Corfini* is esteemed one of the finest in Rome ; it was the residence of Christina Queen of Sweden, whilst in this capital. Her apartment is neither large nor magnificent, nor does it contain any thing curious or remarkable. From respect to her memory, they have not changed or removed the furniture, &c. which is now much faded and worn. Near her bed-side are some pictures, &c. of the sort often found as furniture to bed-chambers in Roman-catholic countries, *emblems of superstition*. The exterior architecture of the Palace is not much esteemed, but the interior plan is indeed very fine ; the apartments
noble

noble and well contrived, as are the stair-cases which lead to them. Here is a vast collection of pictures. I shall mention the following, as they seemed to us to be amongst the best. But where one sees such numbers, and does not return to them again, I cannot, with the same certainty, decide upon their merits, as when I have had an opportunity of considering them a second time.

A Saint Girolimo, by Guercino, in a great style.—A Butcher's-shop, by Tenieres; horribly natural, particularly *in a hot day*.—A fine Wovermans represents a sportsman on horseback, leading another horse; the subject is coarse; the moment the painter has taken is a vulgar German, or Dutch *joke*.—A fine Picture of a Field of Battle, by Bourignone.—A beautiful Piece, by Guido; the subject Herodias, with the head of St. John: the girl's head is extremely graceful, and the whole highly and elegantly finished.

Pictures.
Guercino.
Tenieres.

Wover-
mans.

Bourgig-
none.
Guido.

A Prometheus; the vulture dragging out and feeding upon his bowels. All the horrors attendant on such a scene are represented to the life, by Salvator Rosa.—Amongst the Antique Statues with which this Palace abounds, there are two Bustos of admirable workmanship, one a Vestal, the other Seneca; and a beautiful Statue of a Woman, finely draped. There is also here a very great Library, consisting of seven rooms contiguous to each other; the books contained in them are said to treat of seven different subjects; a subject to

Rosa.
Statues.

Library.

each room; and that all that can be said upon *each* by different authors is collected here. They contain also some curious manuscripts, and a large collection of prints and drawings. The gardens belonging to this Palace are pretty, in an old style; a great deal of shade and regular arbours; also a Sylvan amphitheatre with a fountain in the middle, being frequently the place of meeting for the academy of *Quirini*, at which the cardinal *Neri Corsini* presides, and where many curious and interesting subjects are discussed, particularly such as relate to the antiquities of Rome. The public are allowed to walk in these gardens; a very great convenience, and an instance, amongst others, of the Italian hospitality.

Palace
Barberini.

The *Palazzo Barberini* resembles two or three palaces joined together, and contiguous to it is a very large garden, ornamented with fountains, statues, &c. The cieling of the grand salloon was painted by Pietro da Cortona, and is esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*; its subject allegorical, and relates to the Barberini family. This Palace contains a prodigious collection of fine pictures, antiques, and other curiosities. As I have had frequent opportunities of examining its contents at my leisure, from the intimacy of our acquaintance with the family, I may be more accurate in my description, than in regard to some of the others that I have only seen by walking once through the apartments. I shall begin with the Pictures:

A Sleeping Infant, by Guido; the colouring delicate and transparent, the drawing correct, the figure of the most amiable character, and sleeps as if *rocked by the Graces*. Pictures.
Guido.

A Portrait, by Raffaello, of his favourite Mistress, for whom he died. She is of a brown complexion, and if at all handsome, to my mind one of the most disagreeable beauties I ever saw. Her face is of a vulgar *contour*; a sharp chin, strong lines, with features lean and hard; her countenance stupid and insensible. She has a bracelet above her elbow in the antique fashion, on which is engraved Raffaello.

A Holy Family, by Parmesan. Hagar in the Desert, by Mola; finely coloured; the head of Hagar is beautiful. A very pleasing Picture, by *Pietro da Cortona*; its subject the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban. A Magdalen, by Guido, in high estimation with all the Virtuosi, which I must confess I do not like. She fails in character. The figure is, no doubt, beautiful, but it might be taken for any other person. Repentance, remorse, devotion, should be strongly expressed in a Magdalen, and, to my eyes, none of these are here to be found. There are several fine Portraits by Tiziano, and one of Raffaello by himself. Parmesan.
Mola.
Cortona.
Guido.
Tiziano.
Raffaello.

Amongst the Antiques are two famous Bustos of Marius and Sylla; a beautiful Head of Jupiter; a fine Head of Alexander the Great, and another of Antigonus. A Diana; her body of oriental

agate. A small Statue of Diana of Ephesus. A Head of Julius Cæsar, of Egyptian pebble. A Scipio Africanus, of *giallo antico*. A Colossal Bust of Adrian; the head of bronze, the cuirasses and sash of marble, with curious red veins. An Antique Mosaic, very well done; its subject the Rape of Europa. A beautiful antique Lion, in white marble. A fine Statue, in a nich, of a young Man, who holds in one hand a kind of stick, and in the other a *patena*; this Statue is perfectly well proportioned, and of very antique sculpture. A Sleeping Fawn, which is a Greek statue, and deserves to be held in the highest estimation for its admirable workmanship. Two triangular Altars, and one round; in *basso rilievo* appear Egia Goddess of Health, Isis holding the flower Lotus, and Mars. The *basso relievi* on the other altar are, Jupiter, Juno, and a young Man, who, with one hand, is leading along a ram for sacrifice, and in the other holds a cup. A

Bernini. Modern Statue, by Bernini, of a sick Satyr lying on his back: there is admirable expression of pain and suffering in this figure. A Statue, in *terracotta*, of Pope Urbino the Eighth, made by a blind man, and said to be extremely like. It bears this inscription; *Giovanni Gambasio cieco facit*.

Library. Here is a fine Library, consisting of above sixty thousand volumes, beside a great collection of valuable manuscripts, medals, antique gems, cameos, intaglios, and bronzes. One of the most curious things

things in this cabinet of Antiques, is an ancient inscription, which bears a treaty of peace between Rome and Tivoli. The apartment inhabited by the Dutchess of *Montelibretti* is nobly furnished in the Italian style. Some of the finest Pictures in the collection are its decorations; but the rooms are not crowded with them, as is frequently the case in Italian palaces. Her bed-chamber is extremely pretty; it is hung with a Lyons silk, brocaded with small flowers, and striped with silver, which has an exceeding good effect: the chairs, curtains, &c. are all covered with the same materials. The jewels of this family (as is the custom with all the great and princely families in Italy) are kept in a large cabinet, and form a kind of *regalia*. They are shewn to strangers, and an household officer has the care of them, who is answerable for his trust. Quantities of precious stones and pearl to amaze one; the jewels the Dutchess wears are magnificent; the diamonds of a much larger size than any I have seen in England, excepting those belonging to the crown, and a vast number of large pearl of the finest water and most exact formation. The apartment of the Princess Palestrine is furnished in a graver style than that of her daughter-in-law, and contains several curious cabinets, china, and small pictures in oil, some of which are very well done.

Pallazzo Farnese. This magnificent edifice was, *Pallazzo* for the most part, built by Michael Angelo. The *Farnese*.

Colliſeo, and the Theatre of Marcellus were, by ſacrilegious hands, ſtripped of their marble ornaments to adorn this Palace, as I have already mentioned in a former letter; and the memory of Pope Farneſe, Paul the Third, is held in execration at Rome for this illiberal action. It is a noble pile, but not without faults in the architecture; many of the members, by their ſculpture, ornaments, &c. have too ſolid and weighty an appearance; and the conſequence of enriching the fronts has been the throwing a gloom over the apartments. The grand court is a ſquare, decorated with the three orders; under the arcades, which environ it, are placed certain famous antique ſtatues. The Hercules, called the Farnesian (to diſtinguiſh it from the other Hercules), is eſteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*, and was ſculpted by one Glycon an Athenian, as the inſcription upon it ſets forth. It may be very beautiful, and the moſt perfect model of a man in the world; but I am inſenſible enough to its charms to own, that if all mankind were ſo proportioned, I ſhould think them very diſagreeable and odious. The muſcles of this Hercules (allowing for the manner of ſpeaking) are like craggy rocks, compared with the Belvideran Apollo. Here is placed, alſo, the large urn wherein were depoſited the aſhes of Cecilia Mitella, taken out of her Mauſoleum, called Capodi Bove, on the Appian way, as I told you before; but leſt you ſhould have forgot it, I mention it to you

you again. The Flora is a fine Statue; her arms and feet have been replaced, and but indifferently; but the antique part has great merit; the drapery is gloriously done. Having ascended the great stair-case, the Statues of two Slaves make a striking appearance, and are worthy the attention of the curious. In the interior part of the Palace are a numerous assemblage of bustos, statues, &c. all antique. The vault of the great gallery is painted in fresco, by Annibal Caracci, and is esteemed one of the noblest efforts of this master. The subjects are; in the centre, the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; the procession is comic, and old Silenus on his ass makes a capital figure; at one end of this piece appears the God Pan, offering a fleece to Diana; at the other, the Judgment of Paris. The whole is admirably well done. Between the centre, and the extremities, are the following: Triton on the Sea, with Galatea; the Rape of Cephalus, by Aurora; the episode here introduced of Morpheus asleep, has a very fine effect. Polypheme endeavouring to charm Galatea with music, and then hurling a fragment of a rock at Acis, are finished with great spirit. Other compartments represent Jupiter inviting Juno to his nuptial bed. Juno, graced with the Cestus, entertaining Jupiter. Diana caressing Endimion; the love expressed here is worthy of so chaste a Goddess. Hercules and Iole; they have exchanged dresses, and he is trying to amuse her by playing on the *tambour de*

Basque. Anchises taking off the Buskin of Venus. There are many more events of the fabulous history here represented, and which take up a great deal of time to examine, as they are all worthy of the closest notice. At the ends of the gallery are two fine Paintings in fresco; one represents Andromeda chained to the Rock; the other, Perseus converting into stone, by the view of the Medusa's head, Phineus and his companions; but I think the picture we saw at Genoa, on the same subject, better done. This gallery is painted with various subjects, all taken from the heathen mythology, and decorated with curious antique bustos; many very fine are in a *Gabinetto*, particularly the famous representation of Hercules between Vice and Virtue (by Annibal Caracci), in which the figure of Vice is out of all comparison more charming than that of Virtue.

A great number, in every room, of antique statues and bustos of the first class, and each merits a particular description. That of Caracalla is unquestionably the finest yet found. The description of the contents of this Palace would easily furnish matter for a folio. The famous Group of Dirce, the Bull, and the two Men, can never be sufficiently admired. This enormous composition is of one block of marble, as white and as fresh as if newly executed; it would take me half a quire of paper to enter into a detail of its merits: let it suffice, that it is one of the most stupendous efforts
of

of sculpture that has as yet been discovered, and that I am sure we spent at least two hours in gazing upon it. It is kept under a shed in a court contiguous to the Palace.

A fine *Basso Relievo*, representing an *Orgie* of Bacchus broke into three pieces : A second represents Trimalcion leaning upon a Fawn, whilst another odd creature pulls off his sandals ; a troop of comedians follow him. There are several Antiques in this place that are extremely curious.

Near the *Pallazzo Farnese* is that of *Spada*, an inferior palace at Rome, but which, however, is worth seeing. The most remarkable Antiques and Pictures are ; of the former, a Pompey, about fourteen feet high, and finely proportioned. Paris, Venus, and a Gladiator. A beautiful Statue of a Greek Philosopher. A Ceres, finely draped. Eight very large tables of Marble, wrought in *basso rilievo*. Amongst the Pictures, the Rape of Helen, by Guido. A repose in Egypt, by Carravaggio. The Sacred Fire supplied by the Vestals, a fine sketch, by Ciroferri. A large Portrait of Cardinal Spada. A View of the Market at Naples during the usurpation of the famous Massienello, the *lazzarone*. In a small court is a pretty deception in perspective ; it is a little gallery, or arched vault, sustained by Doric pillars, which lessen according to the rules of perspective ; the plan on which they are built drawing towards the point of view in which the reality would have appeared to

*Pallazzo
Spada.*

*Guido.
Carravaggio.*

Ciroferri.

the eye. The plan is only twelve feet in front, and contracts gradually, being but six feet at the end. It is built upon a slope, is eighteen feet high at the entrance, and but nine at the opposite extremity. A Statue of a Fluter is placed at the end of the little Court, which, when seen through this arch, appears to be full five feet high, but is, in reality, no more than three. This little piece of architecture might be easily imitated, and would have a very pleasing effect in a London garden.

- Palazzo Colonna.** The *Palazzo Colonna* is a vast edifice, with a garden in proportion, and a prodigious collection of antiques and pictures. The grand apartment is nobly furnished. Amongst the Pictures I observed the following in particular: A St. Margaret and Dragon, by Guido; a beautiful sketch. A Cephalus, and Procris endeavouring to dissuade him from the dangers of the chase; this is by Titian, and extremely interesting. The Rape of Ganymede by the Eagle of Jupiter; by the same artist, and very fine, though the colouring has suffered a little. The Gallery is superb, and of a prodigious length; it is furnished with fine paintings: A St. Francis, by Guido. A Flight into Egypt, by the same. St. John preaching in the Desert, by Salvator Rosa. A fine Picture, by Guercino; the subject, David bearing Goliath's head; the daughters of Israel following, dancing and beating little kettle-drums; altogether ridiculous in the composition, though deservedly admired.

mired in other respects. A Man drinking out of a Glafs, by Tiziano; what is curious in this Picture is the nose, lips, &c. of the Man foreshortened, as feen through the Glafs. A most admirable grotesque Picture of a Peasant eating beans, by Tintoret. The Gardens are in a bad taste, having too many parterres formed of box edgings and coloured stucco, which are dignified by the name of English Flower Gardens.

The *Pallazzo Bracciano*; rich in valuable antique marbles, and many good pictures. On the stair-case is a fine Busto of Antoninus Pius, and in the first salloon a rare Statue of Caligula. Amongst the Pictures that decorate the apartment, is the Woman taken in Adultery, by Tiziano. The History of Cyrus, in five Pictures, by Rubens; and several other originals, by great Masters. The Dutchess of *Bracciano* told me, that the best Pictures in the *Palais Royal* at Paris, and all those, in particular, which are hung in the Lanthorn-Room there, were part of the *Bracciano* collection. She is a near relation of the Duke of Orleans. I am not sure that I did not mention this circumstance in my first letters from Rome, where I had occasion to speak particularly of this noble Lady, who is as much distinguished at Rome for her sense and accomplishments as for her high rank and great connexions.

The Cabinet of Curiosities belonging to this family contains a superb collection of medals. They

Pallazzo
Bracci-
ano.

Tiziano.
Rubens.

Cabinet
of Curio-
sities.

They belonged formerly to Christina Queen of Sweden. Amongst the Antique Gems is a Cameo in oriental agate, its size exceeds six inches by four; it represents the Profiles of Alexander the Great, and his Mother Olympia.

Pallazzo
Altieri.

Pallazzo Altieri. This Palace stands alone upon a great deal of ground. The grand apartments are highly ornamented with paintings and gilt stucco, embellished in a very good taste. There are two Claude Lorrains in them, esteemed the best productions of that famous landscape painter. One is a View of the Sea; the other, to which the preference is generally given, represents a beautiful Landscape, in which is introduced the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli. If I might venture to criticise this great artist, I should say, that his landscapes would have been better, was there not an air of stiffness in all his objects:—his trees too trim, and of too fine a green, failing in that contrast that withered branches and fantastic old roots and trunks of trees often produce in a representation after Nature. At the same time it is just to observe, that his paintings are highly finished, the glowing warmth of his skies are inimitable, and never to be found in the landscapes of any other painter.

Salvator
Rosa.

Two Philosophers, by Salvator Rosa; and two Landscapes of fine Rocks and Water, by the same.

Corregio.
Guido.

A Virgin, by Corregio. A Lucretia, by Guido.

Guercino. A Roman Charity, by Guercino: this subject is curiously

ously treated ; the scene presents the outside of a dungeon ; the Daughter looks through the grated window, and calls to her Father, who is very conspicuous in the interior of the dungeon, but from his age and defect of hearing, he turns his head and looks behind him, in order to discover from whence the voice proceeds. His error produces great expression of anxiety in the countenance of the Daughter.

The *Pallazzo Chigi* contains some good paintings, a curious collection of original sketches and drawings of the greatest masters, with some antiques. An Adoration of the Shepherds, by Carlo Pallazzo Chigi.
Marratti. Some fine Landscapes, by Claude Lor- Carlo Marratti.
rain : one, in particular, which presents a beautiful View of the Sea : on the fore-ground, the Rape of Europa. A pretty Landscape, by Sal- Claude Lorrain.
vator Rosa ; in which he has introduced Mercury piping to Argus, in order to make him sleep, and the beautiful Cow *Io* watching the event. A Satyr carrying a basket of Fruit ; by his side a *Bacchante* : this Picture is finely coloured ; it is by Rubens. Salvator Rosa.
An extravagant Picture, by Carravagio ; the sub- Rubens.
ject Mars whipping Cupid in the presence of Carravagio.
Venus.

Here is also a very good Library, containing Library.
many curious manuscripts, enriched with fine miniatures. A Missal of Pope Boniface the Eighth, bound in silver, instead of leather.

The Chapel is pretty, and richly ornamented.

Pallazzo

Pallazzo
Giustiniano.
ano.

Pallazzo Giustiniano has not a very brilliant appearance. The Interior wants new furnishing, but it contains a vast collection of Statues and Paintings, which are not protected and kept as they ought to be. There are several valuable Antique Statues in the Court. The Grand Apartment is decorated with antique columns of green porphyry and green marble, statues, fresco-paintings, and pictures. Amongst the latter is a very fine Flemish Picture, by the famous Handtstorf of Utrecht, known in Italy by the nick-name of *Gerardo della Notte*; for how can a soft Italian mouth pronounce such a hoarse rumbling word as that of *Hundstorf*. The subject of this Picture is Pilate on the Judgment Seat. The effect of the candle-light shews wonderfully. A Picture representing St. Peter, whom the executioners are undressing, in order to prepare for his martyrdom on the cross; the colouring and the expression are great.

Gerardo
della
Notte,

Saltarelli. it is by Saltarelli a Genoese.

Paul Ve-
ronese.
Guido.

A Portrait of a Widow, to whom Cupid presents a looking-glass, by Paul Veronese. St. Anthony and St. Paul, a fine Picture, by Guido. Socrates in Prison, to whom they are about to present the poisoned bowl; and opposite to it Seneca, with his veins opened and bleeding to death. Both these tragic scenes are represented at night; the lights of the flambeaux and lamps are finely thrown by the Utrecht painter I mentioned before.

Gerardo
della
Notte.

In the Chamber of the Madonnas are various representations of the Blessed Virgin, by Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Parmesan, and Andrea del Sarto.

Raffaello.
Leonardo
da Vinci.
Perugino.
Parmesan.
Andrea
del Sarto.

The Gallery holds a crowd of Statues. The best amongst them, an antique Goat, lying down. An antique Marble Vase, with beautiful rowled handles. A Minerva. A Vestal. A Fawn, with his hand full of grapes. A Head of Homer. A Head of Vitellius. A Busto of Serapis. A Diana of Ephesus; and several Bustos of Emperors. Messalina sitting. The greater number of statues, and other antique marbles, deposited in this Palace, were dug up in sinking for its foundations amongst the ruins of Nero's Baths.

Pallazzo Rospigliosi. This Palace belonged formerly to the Borghese family. Here are several pictures highly worthy particular attention; but I must restrain myself in their description for want of time, and proceed to the antiques. In the Gallery is a remarkably large round Bason of *Verd antique*, supported by a pedestal of porphyry. An antique Piece of Fresco-painting, representing a landscape, with a house in the middle, and palm-trees about it, in the Chinese taste. Four small Fresco-paintings, antique, found in the ruins of Constantine's Baths; the subjects chiefly Bacchanalian, but one, in particular, is extremely pretty; it represents a Cupid on a Branch of Flowers, holding a ladder. In the Garden is a well-proportioned

Palace
Rospig-
liosi.

Guido.

tioned little building, which contains the best paintings in the collection. On the cieling of its salloon, or vestibule, is the famous painting in fresco, by Guido, known by the name of the *Aurora*, and represents the bringing on of the Day. Phœbus, in a triumphal chariot, is drawn by four fiery coursers a-breast; the hours, under the figures of beautiful nymphs, dance around him; he is preceded by a Cupid, holding a torch, and Aurora, who strews the earth beneath with flowers. The figures here represented may serve as models for grace; the folds of the draperies are light, natural, and simple; and the clouds finely rendered. It is much to be regretted, that the salloon, the repository of this fine piece of fresco, is damp, by which it has suffered considerably, as well as by neglect. Here are also two fine Friezes painted in fresco, by Tempesta. I shall now have done with Palaces, lest you should be surfeited with them, as you were with Churches at Paris, and mean to conclude this voluminous letter with a description of the Jesuits College. You should here ask, How it was possible for me to have seen the Jesuits College? I shall inform you; for, to be sure, no female has ever entered it (at least, by public permission), save the Empress Queen, Christina Queen of Sweden, and your most humble servant. Know then, that I, not devoid of that curiosity natural to us all, had learned that this same *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a seminary for learning

learning was possessed of a most rare collection of antique marbles, gems, pictures, natural history, and what not, and was consequently desirous of inspecting this pure and holy edifice, but found that females were never permitted to enter, save only the before-mentioned royal personages, who had, as a great grace and favour, obtained permission, to that effect, from the sovereign Pontiff; and that, in short, it was impossible for me to gain admittance, unless by an order from the Pope. I still persisted in wishing to see it, and frequently expressed my conjectures in regard to its contents, in presence of a dignified ecclesiastic, who was in his Holiness's good graces, and who being tired, I suppose, with constantly hearing the same subject harped upon, undertook to ask the favour. The Pope had the goodness to grant it, and an order was accordingly given upon stamped paper, addressed in the form of a letter to the general of the Jesuits, with our names mentioned, and those of * * * * *; this gentleman and lady having much wished to accompany us, and we succeeded in procuring this additional gratification. The paper was signed in all form, first by his Holiness himself, then by *Monsigniore Pallavicini*, secretary of state, the general of the Jesuits, and this paper empowered us to visit the College, and every part of it at any hour, and as often as we pleased. We accordingly went thither, and were received by the general and the chiefs of

Jesuits
College.

that society with the utmost politeness. They were so obliging as to give themselves the trouble of conducting us about, and shewed us all the interior of the building, with its curiosities. It is a vast edifice; contains excellent apartments, well fitted up, and most commodiously disposed. A Museum that would employ an antiquary many months to give a proper description of its rare antiques and other contents. Part of this superb collection is composed of the famous cabinet of Father Kircher, that of the *Marchese Gregorio Copponi*, and a collection of gems given by Augustus King of Poland. Here are beautiful antique vases of agate and cornelian, cups of egiade-jasper and onyx, fine cameos and intaglios, antique ear-rings; the drops in various shapes; some represent little Cupids suspended, others vases, &c. Gold chains for the neck, of exquisite neatness. A series of medals, and, amongst them, several of gold, and extremely rare. Antique marbles, such as statues, *basso relievos*, altars. Instruments of sacrifice very antique, and of beautiful workmanship. Inscriptions, &c. besides weights, measures, and various other articles in bronze. An antique Sun-dial, found at Tusculum, esteemed a very great curiosity: by this Dial it appears, that the Romans reckoned twelve hours to the day, including one hour of twilight. A prodigious series of natural history, including the whole science, animal, fossil, mineral, vegetable, &c. nothing excepted

cepted. All the sciences are taught here, and there are professors appointed to instruct youth. Almost every necessary and useful article is made within their own walls. Here are buildings for the taylors, shoe-makers, carpenters, &c. who are solely employed for the College.

A very fine Library; also some excellent pictures. Amongst these I particularly remarked the following. A beautiful one of the Woman of Samaria; it is, I think, the best I ever saw on this subject; she is charming, and her figure graceful in the highest degree. Our Saviour's figure is not quite equal to hers, but has great expression. The copper bucket, which she has just drawn out of the well, appears wet, and chilled with the coldness of the water. The whole of the picture is as highly finished as possible, not the slightest circumstance omitted; even the cord fastened to the bucket is as natural as if really there. It is a small picture, the joint work of Livia Fontana and Dominichino, and cannot be too much admired. A St. Jerome, by Carravagio. A young Christ among the doctors. A Resurrection, by Vandyke. A holy Family, by Corregio. A Nativity, by Calvert, Dominichini's master. The Disciples at Emaus, a fine picture, by Jacopo Bassano. St. Gregorio, by Guercino. All these are perfect, and in the highest conservation. There is a fine terras at the top of the building, from whence you have a beautiful view of all Rome and the country

Livia
Fontana,
and Do-
minichi-
no.
Carrava-
gio.
Vandyke.
Corregio.
Calvert.
Jacopo
Bassano.
Guercino.

adjacent. Amongst the many conveniences attached to this College, I had almost forgot to mention a botanic garden, with a laboratory, where are all sorts of chymical utensils, the finest drugs (I suppose) in the world, and many curious preparations for different branches of physic. In the garden is a fountain that pleased me much by its simplicity. Suppose a moderately large arched nich in a wall, and rocks piled up within the nich, so as to form half a protuberant or convex pyramid. These rocks are overgrown with various mosses, over which the water gently streams, and falls into the basin below. In the space between this small pyramid of rocks and the nich has grown a quantity of maiden hair, which hangs down to a great length, and makes a graceful appearance. We

Church of
St. Ignazio.

then adjourned to the church of St. *Ignazio*, which belongs to the College. The riches of this edifice are immense. A profusion of the finest marbles adorn the inside. The chapels are beautiful, and the cleanliness and neat order in which it is kept most striking. Here are some good pictures, but that which most caught my eye was, the Portrait of St. *Ignazio*, done by a brother of the order. It is the representation of a beautiful young man, with an innocence and sweetness of countenance that charms you. It might very well pass for a representation of that glorious saint St. Stephen, at the moment of his martyrdom, when he saw heaven open to him. My partiality to the portrait of

St.

St. Ignazio was extremely grateful to the holy fathers, who conceived an excellent opinion of my *taste* and *discernment*, and made me many compliments thereupon. At length we took leave, highly satisfied with the obliging deportment and hospitable reception we had met with. We were offered all kinds of excellent refreshments, and the professor of botany having observed me examining some drugs I saw in the laboratory, insisted upon my accepting some Venice treacle, and some Arabian gums, the best I ever saw. I ventured to slip a sequin into an empty crucible which was near me, in hopes the lad who was at work might find it, but was perceived by one of the fathers, who returned it to me with some resentment. Nor would they suffer us to leave any perquisite for their servants.

I do not wonder this society is so numerous. The advantages they have over others are conspicuous. A Jesuit may indulge himself in every inclination. If he loves the *Belles Lettres*, he will find an ample society to improve and instruct him in that pursuit. If his disposition prompt him to a rigorous devotion and hard study, he may pursue it without interruption. Does his taste lead him to travelling? No people travel more. It is, no doubt, by the permission of the general of the order, or by his commands; but he is furnished with every convenience for the occasion. If he prefer laziness and idleness, the pleasures of the

table and sensual delights, he will not find himself destitute of companions or opportunity. Has he his own notions of religious matters, or no religion at all? There are of the holy brotherhood who would only wonder he was not worse, and bid him be thankful that a creature born prone to all evil, and averse to all good, should be capable of the slightest virtue, in any respect. But I must expatiate no longer on this artfully contrived religious society, or my letter would never finish. So adieu, &c.

P. S. I shall write once more before we quit Rome.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLV.

Rome, May 14, 1771.

THIS is the last letter you will receive from hence, as we propose leaving Rome to-morrow or next day, and pursuing our *route* to Loretto with all possible expedition.

As the weather is extremely hot, I think it will be more agreeable to you to make your ideal excursion to Frascati, Tivoli, and some of the villas, than to be detained by a view of the *Cloaca Massima*, in which we passed some time admiring its curious construction, being built of large blocks of stone, which unite so closely, that no cement or mortar was necessary. But, as I suspect you would choose to breathe a purer air, I shall immediately conduct you, first to *Castel Gondolfo*, and then to *Albano*, where we lay one night. *Castel Gondolfo* is a small town, or rather a village, built on the borders of a lake called *Lago Castello*, from a house or fort of castle where the Pope generally passes the autumnal season, called by the Italians *la Villagiatura*, answering to the season for the *Vandanges* in France, when all the great people are at their villas and country-houses. There is nothing remarkable in *Castel Gondolfo*; it is a

Cloaca
Massima.Castel
Gondol-
lo.

Lago
Castello.

plain, strong-looking, old-fashioned house. The road from thence to Albano lies along the borders of the lake, which renders it delightful. The prospect is very beautiful, the lake being fringed round with fine trees, and the grounds lying wildly scattered in a variety of shapes. The reflection produced by the different tints of greens, &c. with the sky, forms a fantastic appearance in the lake, which is about seven or eight miles in circumference, and seems a great round mirror, fixed in a prodigious concave frame. Near Castel

Villa Bar-
barini
Gardens.
Ruins.

Gondolfo, in the gardens of the Villa Barbarini, are the Ruins of a country Palace of Domitian. The remains are considerable, though detached from each other. Here are to be seen vaulted chambers; a wall, with niches in it, supposed to have been a gallery; an arched way, about fifteen yards wide, as many high, and above two hundred and fifty long, stuccoed in compartments, exactly resembling those of the interior part of the Arch of Septimius Severus. Some of the gilding on these compartments is still distinctly visible; therefore, it is probable this place was never intended for a reservoir of water, which the *Grande Virtuosi* here assert it to have been. On the border of the Lake D'Albano or Lago Castello are two

Grottos
of the
Nymphs.

Grottos (which were discovered by the famous *Piranesi*); they are practised in the mountain on the side of the Lake; one is of a regular form, about the size of a moderately large church, in

which are niches apparently designed for statues, and two or three small chambers detached. The other a cavern of about forty yards long, and fifteen wide; it has neither nich nor other ornament. These *Souterrains* are called the Grottos of the Nymphs, and probably were used as baths; for there are remains of seats to repose upon, and the centre of the grotto is hollowed out as if it had been a receptacle for water. The Canal which proceeds Canal. from the lake is of great antiquity. It is a subterranean aqueduct, made by the Romans three hundred and ninety-eight years before the Christian æra; when this lake having swelled to an amazing height, it was apprehended that, should it overflow, Rome might be in danger from the inundation; the Delphic oracle was hereupon consulted, and the Pythian god replied, that the Romans should possess the town of Veia, which they were then besieging, when they should have found a vent to carry off the superabundant water of the lake, and not before. They were still farther encouraged in this undertaking by the prophecies of a soldier to the like effect. They begun the work and completed it in one year, penetrating through the mountain, and forming an aqueduct of three miles long, near four feet wide, and between nine and ten in height. The work was finished with such solidity, that it has never wanted repairing since, and still serves the same purpose as it then did, carrying off the waste waters that
rise

rise above a certain level. A few years past, a man undertook to walk through this aqueduct. He entered, but was never more heard of. The water passes freely through it, and spreads itself over a plain on the other side of the mountain whence it comes out. Piranese, in his *Antichità d'Albano*, &c. has given a most curious account of this work, with very ingenious conjectures of the manner in which it was carried on, &c. In this famous mountain of Albano are frequently found marble pillars, cornices, &c. of beautiful sculpture. It is also curious to observe, that the soil bears the most evident marks of former volcanos and irruptions, like those of mount Vesuvius, it being incorporated with burnt substances, such as black talc, a sort of cinders, and shining vitrified particles like that mixed with the lava; also scoria, or dross of metallic substances. Just before we entered the town of Albano, we saw the ruins of a Mausoleum, which the people here call the Tomb of Ascanius, the son of Æneas. Near the other entrance of Albano is a great Mausoleum. This structure is of a coarse and rude architecture. Five round broken pyramids spring from a large square base; it is here called the Monument of the Horatii and Curatii; but the learned antiquarians differ much in this point, some believing it to be a monument of Pompey the Great. To you I may venture to add my opinion, and own I should think it of earlier antiquity.

Monu-
ment of
the Hora-
tii and
Curatii.

quity. One of our postillions inquiring the road to this Ruin, of a gardener upon the road, received for answer, that the *Antica Roba Inglese* he asked for, was about half a mile from the town. This idea of its being an English antiquity must have arisen from the numbers of English who inquire for and visit it. The town of Albano is a Albano. small inconsiderable place, yet contains some pretty clean-looking modern-built houses, where people lodge for the benefit of the air, when the heats of summer become incommodious at Rome. We lay at a little Albergo or inn, were pretty well lodged and served, and returned to Rome the next morning. Our excursion to Tivoli took us Tivoli. up the greater part of a day, though we set out between three and four in the morning, as we stopped frequently upon our road thither, and saw the cascades, &c. quite at our leisure. From Rome to Tivoli is sixteen miles. The road very good. We crossed the river Teverone, or the antique Anio, twice. It would consume too much Antique Anio. of my time, should I particularise the antique bridges which still remain upon this river. At about fourteen miles from Rome, we came to the *Aqua Zofsa*. It is a kind of canal, about five or Aqua Zofsa. six feet wide, and as many deep. Its water of a deep blue colour, stinks horribly of sulphur and rotten eggs, and is of so penetrating a quality as to have undermined a great part of the plain through which it runs. This Canal was cut by a cardinal

cardinal of Este, and takes its source from the *Solfatara*, a small lake above a mile out of the road, of a very muddy yellowish cast, and stinks as much as the canal. This is covered with little floating islands, or rather large tufts of grass and rushes growing in a soil from one to about three feet thick. Some are as large as a moderate-sized ferry-boat, others not larger than a card-table. You may pull these latter towards the shore, and the children of some of the poor people who live near the lake jump on them, and sail about by the help of a stick, with which they paddle. Several kinds of weeds grow on these islands, and flourish along with the grass, which is remarkably green, though the water of the lake is so impregnated with sulphur, that one would think no plant could vegetate in its vapour. On throwing pebbles in, the water boils up and bubbles strongly for some time after, nor do they sink as soon as in common water. The poor people who live near this lake told us it was unfathomable toward the middle; but we had no time to make the experiment ourselves, nor were we properly provided for the purpose. This water forms incrustations, which at length become stone, and retain a strong sulphureous smell. All about this country are remains of antique country-houses. Among others, that of Regulus, which had magnificent porticos (as mentioned by Pliny). Near the *Ponte Lucano* are the remains of the Tomb of the family

family of Plautius, which had some little resemblance to that of *Capo di Bove*. At present it makes no other appearance than that of a round tower. Near it are the shafts of six columns. Two inscriptions still remain on slabs of marble, one of which is very legible; it runs thus :

M. Plautius m. f. an. Silvanus cos. vii. vir. Epu-
lon. huic Senatus triumphalia ornamenta decrevit ob
res in Illyrico bene gestas. Lartia gn. f. uxor A. Plau-
tius M. F. Virgulanus. vixit an. lX.

Tomb of
the Plau-
tius.

Inscrip-
tion.

Having passed Ponte Lucano, we turned off to the right, in order to visit the Ruins of Adrian's Villa, which is two miles from that bridge, and the same distance from Tivoli. These Remains cover a large piece of ground. Several country-houses have been built upon them, and the greater number of the finest antiques in the Roman collections have been found here. Various authors agree, that this Villa was in length three miles, and in breadth a fifth of that space. Two theatres, of semicircular plans, terminate these Ruins. An exterior portico belonging to one of them, with chambers for the actors, still remains; with six stair-cases, to ascend to different parts of the theatre. One of the side-entrances to the proscenium and the orchestra are yet discernible.

Ruin.
Adrian's
Villa.

Ranging along a terras are a great number of rooms, which let into each other. They are all vaulted,

vaulted, and of strong architecture. These are called the *Cento Camerelli*, and are said to have been the lodging-rooms of the Prætorian guards. Also edifices for baths (some supplied by the *Anio*, others by the *Aqua Martia*), and a variety of buildings, with various-sized apartments, some very small, others large and well proportioned; in many of which are still discernible the ornaments of the cielings in stucco, and painted in arabesque. Amongst many other ruined structures, one is very remarkable: it is called *Canopus*, and forms a great basin, supposed to have been used for *Naumachias*. The front of this edifice is fallen, and a temple belonging to it (that is, in any degree perfect) only remains. It was dedicated to Neptune, who was worshipped by the Egyptians under the name of *Canopus*. There have been several fine antique statues found in this place. A Sea Horse, consecrated to *Canopus*. An *Isis*, *Osiris*, *Ibis*, with hieroglyphic inscriptions. Here are also the remains of a beautiful grotto, consisting of several apartments, ornamented with niches for cascades of water, with contrivances to let in the light to great advantage. The cielings of these grottos are painted in compartments of various colours. On part of these gardens is built a religious house for the Jesuits; they are said to have been laid out formerly in the most beautiful representation of the Elysian fields, contrasted with the regions of Pluto; even the rivers

Lethe,

Lethe, *Cocytus*, and *Flegeton* were introduced, and the most exquisite efforts of art contributed to heighten the delusion. Here still remains vestiges of colonades, temples, aqueducts, &c.; and in another part are porticos, supported with marble columns of great beauty. Much more may be said of this Villa, even in its present ruined state; but what it has been, is still to be gathered from a variety of ancient authors. Suffice it to say, that the utmost efforts of the arts and sciences were exhausted in its improvement, with all the *refinements* luxury could invent, *riches* and *despotic power* bestow, upon a spot kind and beautiful by Nature. A wet and marshy piece of ground, which was partly under water, and had been an immense basin in the front of this Villa, is rented by a Mr. Hamilton, a very ingenious English artist, who keeps a great number of men at work upon it, and has succeeded so far as he has gone, in draining it, with great expence and labour. He very sensibly fixed on this spot, concluding that many valuable antiques might have been thrown into the water, to preserve them from the barbarous fury of those who demolished this superb edifice. He has already found a great number of curious articles, which will, I believe, by their sale, yield him an ample indemnification. The work is continued with vigour, and I do not doubt but that in time you will see in England very fine morsels of antique sculpture, rescued from oblivion by this industrious artist.

In

Villa of
Cassius.

In continuing our rout to Tivoli, we passed by the spot where once stood the Villa of Cassius, and where the conspirators met. Tivoli is situated on a hill; the town itself is a wretched place, and made more disagreeable by a number of forges: it was founded fifteen hundred years before the Christian æra; was famous for its oracle, as mentioned in Virgil, and for the salubrity of its air. Horace, Cicero, and many other classic authors have celebrated it highly. The former had, unquestionably, a house there, or in its neighbourhood: at present it is an episcopal town. The cathedral is built upon the Ruins of the Temple of Hercules; but the most remarkable antiquity here is the Temple of the Sybil: the beautiful architecture and fine proportions of this small edifice strike you at the first view: its form is most elegant, its sculpture perfect and peculiarly graceful. The lines so insisted upon by Hogarth in his Analysis of Beauty, are to be traced in all the ornaments of this building. Its situation is on the brow of a hill; on one side appears the town, and in front the great cascade. This Temple has been so accurately described with the plan, measurements, &c. by various architects, and particularly by Palladio, Vitruvius, and others, that I am surprised it has not been copied in some of the fine gardens of England, where there might easily be found situations proper for such an ornamental building. The English unquestionably surpass all the nations of the world in their gardens. That

Temple
of the
Sybil.

free

free people take the beauties of Nature *captive*; they then present Art to her acquaintance, who flatters, adorns, and dresses her, till, forgetting she is imprisoned within the limits of concealed walls or invisible *ha-ha's*, she willingly consents to display her native charms in all their lustre, and submits to the rules Art has enjoined her, in pursuit of *elegance, utility, convenience, and liberal neatness*. But I must not let the gardens of England consume my time; Italian only shall at present engross my thoughts, as I am soon to conduct you to the Villas near Rome. At present we are at the great Cascade of Tivoli; it is formed by the Teverone or antique *Anio*. This river following its natural course till it comes near and above Tivoli, is there confined within a narrow valley, between two mountains, and precipitates itself down a high and pointed rock, which opposes its passage, into another steep valley. The dashing of this torrent is re-echoed back from the inmost recesses of the shades of Tivoli, and the spray of the water so fills the air, as to produce a very broad and beautiful rainbow, composed of a greater variety and of more glowing tints than that of the Heavens. The *Cascatella*, which I think a much finer cataract, is a little way out of the town. This is composed of one great sheet and three lesser falls, which at length all unite. In their descent they tumble down amongst rocks, and, by the force of their fall and the resistance

Cascade
of Tivoli.

they meet, are thrown up with such violence as to form new cascades. Amongst the rocks grow trees in the most fantastic shapes. The spray causes rainbows as in the great cascade, and the whole landscape forms the most romantic and picturesque view imaginable. The rude brawlings of the water, dashing from rock to rock, is finely contrasted by the stillness that reigns in the adjacent pastures, covered with sheep, feeding and reposing in the utmost tranquillity.

Here are remains of the house of Mæcenas, at least they are shewn for such. They chiefly consist of ruined arcades and detached morsels, but it is very doubtful whether these were not rather ruins of baths, that might possibly have belonged to Mæcenas's villa. Returning to Tivoli by a steep hill (another way) we had a fine view: the dome of St. Peter's is quite visible; the country which forms the nearer prospect presents the most agreeable variety of ground: Tivoli loses its defects by the distance, though it is but short, and forms a most beautiful amphitheatre; the Temple of the Sybil appears much larger, and seems to overlook the whole view; the sky behind it is extremely advantageous, and there is something so lively and agreeable in the disposition and assemblage of all the objects, as must enliven the dullest imagination. The Cascades of Tivoli have a particular effect on the morsels of broken rock upon which they fall, grinding, and as it were, polishing

ing them in such a manner as to give them exactly the appearance of the finest and whitest sugar-plums of various shapes, but particularly those of almonds and barberries, and are so correctly fashioned, that they would deceive the nicest eye. These little stones are to be had of the cottagers whose habitations are near the cascades, and who dispose of them to travellers as a natural curiosity.

The Villa Estense is built on one of the heights of Tivoli; it was a very fine thing in its day. The cardinal d'Este, son of Alphonso Duke of Ferrara, and Lucretia Borgia, built it in the year 1544. The ground is laid out in hanging gardens and terrasses, fountains, basons, parterres, labyrinths, &c.; it is decorated with statues, and appears altogether pretty enough in a very old-fashioned way. At the top of a cascade is a grotto; it formerly contained a water-organ, which is at present out of repair. There are some pretty water-works in the gardens; one set, in particular, which play from the beaks of eagles, and are placed so as to form the coats of arms of the house of Este. I believe I forgot to mention, that in the road to Tivoli a considerable part of the plain is covered with incrustations, produced by the quality of the water or river; they are, when newly formed, extremely brittle, but, after some time, grow hard; they take the forms of herbs and blades of grass, or whatever other substance

Villa Es-
tense.

the inundations of the river have flowed over, and would be extremely ornamental in grotto-work.

Villa Albani.

Having, I think, been sufficiently particular in regard to Tivoli and its environs, I shall now proceed to the Villas near Rome. That of cardinal Albani is the most esteemed: it is rather a small palace than a villa, but the Italians give this modest name to all the fine buildings in the environs of their capital cities. The portico of this elegant edifice is supported by columns of Egyptian granite, and ornamented with antique statues of the emperors, and some very curious *basso relievos*, which serve them for pedestals. Amongst the statues of the emperors, the most remarkable is that of Domitian, being the only one of him that has as yet been found quite entire. Here are two beautiful vases of *alabaſtro fiorito*; they measure above seven feet in diameter. Through the vestibule, which is also filled with antique marbles, you enter the Chapel, where is a profusion of precious marbles and ornaments of gold. The altar is a sarcophagus of red granite, which contains the body of a saint and martyr. The wings or side-colonades are formed by pillars of granite, between which are placed, on one side, the busts of the most celebrated conquerors in antiquity, and on the other side the most famous philosophers, orators, and poets. Amongst many other very curious antiques, an Etruscan altar, in
parti-

Chapel.

particular, here claims our attention: it is square, and is sculpted in *basso rilievo* on three of its sides; these represent Mercury conducting a Nymph, preceded by Bacchus; the second side Ceres, Neptune, and Juno: on the third appears a Divinity, holding a bird on the top of a staff, and two Nymphs, who follow each other, bearing staffs; the hinder holds her that precedes by part of her drapery. These figures are correct in their design, and perfectly graceful.

Here are also two beautiful Urns of a very large size, of yellow transparent antique *Alabastro*: they were found in a vineyard belonging to the *Marchese Paliotti*, who presented them to his Eminence the present Cardinal *Albani*. The *Sala*, or principal *Stanza* above stairs, contains two beautiful columns of *Giallo Antico*. In the gallery is a fine collection of rare antiques, columns, mosaicks, *basso relievos*, &c. Two statues are particularly admired; one a Pallas, the other an Ino with the infant Bacchus in her arms. Here is a very fine portrait of *Antinous* in *basso rilievo*, esteemed by the *Virtuosi* at Rome, a most rare and curious morsel.—All the apartments are elegantly decorated with antique bronzes, vases, fine pieces of mosaic formed of real marbles, and opaque gems instead of composition; very large looking-glasses, gilding, old japan, &c. The cieling is painted; one in particular represents Apollo and the Muses: these personages are all of them portraits.

traits. * * * * *

What charmed me much in this villa, is the elegant order in which all is kept, joined to the most exquisite and universal cleanliness. The gardens are large for Italy, and laid out in the old taste of parterres, terrasses, and formal walks. Some very curious antique statues, fountains, and basons, contribute not a little to their decorations. The Egyptian statues are more curious than beautiful: one is of Theban alabaster, the others basalte. In the middle of a large parterre you see an antique fountain and bason of granite, supported by four old crouching fawns, of good workmanship, in the Etruscan style. Here are arcades and arbours formed of trees planted regularly, and a building called the Temple of Jupiter; consisting of a vaulted room supported by two large columns, one of which is of an entire piece of *alabastro fiorito*.

Villa Aldrobrandini.

The Villa Aldrobrandini is near that of Albani: this is worth seeing only on account of certain antique fragments, and a famous painting in *fresco*, found in the baths of Titus, which represents a wedding; some of the female attendants are graceful; the bridegroom seems not very far from his *grand* climacterick, the bride is young and looks *sorrowful*. Altogether, the personages represented might well pass for assistants at a funeral feast, so little appearance is there of mirth or gaiety. The colours have suffered much by the
the

the under-ground damp, and the tints are universally inclined to a brick-colour cast.

The Villa Pamfili, or *Belrespiro*, a country Villa Palace belonging to Prince Doria, stands in a ^{Pamfili or} Belrespiro park and gardens about six miles round: these gardens are supposed to occupy the same spot with those of the Emperor Galba, on the Aurelian way. The architecture of this villa has been much criticised; however, its appearance at first sight pleases the eye. A kind of square tower rising from the middle of the building, agreeably breaks the too great length and formality occasioned by the linear uniformity of the elevation. Here are some good antique marbles and some pictures worthy of notice.—In one of the rooms is a fine antique statue of a Vestal; there is great dignity and expression in her face and figure; the drapery is elegant, and the plaits easy and natural. In another room is a Claudius in woman's clothes; his expression of countenance is admirable. In one of the lower rooms are the portraits of two remarkable persons, Pamfilio Pamfili, brother to Pope Innocent the Tenth, and his wife Olympia Maidalchini, who is said to have had the power of a queen in Rome, during the pontificate of her brother-in-law, with whom she was believed to have been too intimate: this pontiff flourished about the middle of the last century. Above stairs, is a Venus and sleeping Cupid painted on wood, by *Tiziano*; a Cupid and Psyche, by

Guido.—In the tower before-mentioned at the top of the house, is a round room, which contains several curious articles, pretty morsels of sculpture in coral and amber, gold and crystal dishes curiously wrought; a whole service in gold set with turquoises, and one beautiful fruit-dish of the same metal pierced and richly ornamented with turquoises; also a great number of cups, saucers, bowls, vases, cruets, and ewers, of serpentine stone.—Antique vases, and a few Etruscan.—A great collection of very fine old China, and various articles of Natural History. In other apartments are some fine verd antique columns, with a statue of an hermaphrodite much admired by the virtuosi: groups of children by Alguardi extremely well sculpted.

The garden is laid out in very bad taste; the parterres contain no flowers, nor were they intended for that purpose: they describe a formal and very ugly pattern, filled up with coloured plaster, and edged with ragged box *struggling in vain* to grow. The walks are straight, fenced in on each side by ever-green hedges clipped to the quick; also a labyrinth not very unlike in appearance to some of Euclid's problems: lines intersecting each other, and forming various sharp angles. Here are also terrasses surmounted with balustrades, a semicircular court ornamented with fret-work, and some indifferent statues and busts. However, in the middle of this court is a recess,

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and

and a very fine water-organ concealed behind the statue of a fawn, &c. This recess is an agreeable retreat from the heat of the sun, for when the organ plays, a very fine breeze proceeds from it: the water alone occasions the wind, and at the same time turns a wheel shaped like a cylinder. In short I can explain this no better to you than by saying, there is *a wheel within a wheel*. To one of these belong keys or hammers, which the water causes to rise and fall; the effect of this piece of machinery is really delightful; the organ plays several airs in exceeding good time; birds sing as if in great numbers, accompanied by falls of water: at the end of each strain, the birds repeat the two or three closing bars, which are finely returned to you again by an echo, and the sound of distant falls of water gradually dying away, concludes the music.—They told us the machine was not subject to be out of order, nor could I discover that the expence attending the making such an organ, exceeded one hundred pounds sterling.

The Park contains a few deer; but do not imagine it laid out and planted like an English park.

The Villa Barberini is built in the same place where Nero had a house, from whence he could see the sports in the *Circus Cæius*; and where he repaired to glut himself with the spectacle of the cruel deaths he gave the Christian martyrs in that place. This villa is extremely habitable and agreeable;

Villa Barberini.

able; the gardens, though not as well laid out as they might be, are nevertheless in a good old fashioned stile: the trees are fine, and not much tortured; the walks well kept, and there is a great abundance of flowers.—In the garden is a house, here called an English Coffee-house, to which however it bears not the most distant resemblance. It is an elegant, well built compact house, on one of the prettiest plans I ever saw; such a one would be esteemed a beautiful villa near London. The curious contrivance of the staircase is worthy the attention of good architects, and I am sorry we did not procure the plan and exact dimensions of this English Coffee-house. There are exceeding good rooms in it, the proportions of which have hit most luckily. In the gardens are some very pretty perspective views, well painted which terminate the walks, and produce an exceeding good effect: also several fountains with very fine basons of earthen ware, painted by Raffaello; large vases of alabaster, and some vestiges of antique baths. To this villa the duke and dutchess of *Montelibretti* often repair and pass their evenings: there is a very good billiard room where they, and a small party of their friends amuse themselves part of the evening, in walking in the gardens. In the English Coffee house they are served with all sorts of refreshments. La Farnesina, a beautiful country palace, situated on the banks of the Tiber, is a large edifice, composed

La Farnesina.

of three parts; that which forms the centre is the most considerable, the others consist of two pavilions: the front of the central building is ornamented with the two orders, Doric and Ionic, well executed. An arcade below conducts to a *Sala*, decorated by the paintings of Raffaello and his pupils: they represent the Council of the Gods: the marriage of Cupid and Psyche; groupes of figures occupy large angles between the windows, and various ornaments of festoons of fruits, flowers, Cupids, &c. with curtains drawn up in large folds well expressed; all these are painted on the wall, and are extremely fine, though they have suffered much by the air at the time the arcades were open; which are now glazed, though too late. They have also received much injury from being retouched by Carlo Maratti, who heightened some of the back grounds with a kind of blue colouring, which has taken from the figures their proper keeping. The wiles and pranks of a great number of little Cupids are here delineated, in a very ingenious allegorical series, with various representations of the loves of Cupid and Psyche; that division, which represents him shewing her to the Graces, for their approbation, is extremely pretty: the gods and goddesses are finely done, their attitudes noble and characteristic; and the wedding banquet particularly well ordered and grouped. I must not venture into a detail of the various representations on the ceilings and walls of

Raffaello.

Villa
Mattei.

the other apartments decorated by this great master, though they have all very great merit.— Here are also some antique statues extremely fine. Amongst the best is the celebrated Venus, called by the Italians *Venere Callipighe*; the head and hands are modern. Two crouching Venuses. A Colossal Head of Cæsar, and some other antiques that are very good. The *Villa Mattei*, formerly a fine house with gardens, is now much neglected and out of repair: it is situated upon *Monte Celio*; and here you find some very curious remains of antiquity. A long grass walk in the garden pleased me much, on account of several antique *cenotaphs* (small tombs containing the ashes of the dead) ranged along the sides. What a fine evening's walk would not this have been for our famous Doctor Young? What a scene for his contemplations, what moral reflections would not have risen to him out of these tombs?

Opposite to one of the fronts of the house, upon a piece of turf surrounded with trees; a monument is placed, which, though not very good in itself, produces a fine effect from its point of view. In these gardens is a Colossal Head of Augustus, so wonderfully executed, as to have the appearance of that of a *giant's petrified*, you will make allowance for the extravagance of this idea of mine. Here are some pretty grottos, fountains, antique inscriptions, &c. and the garden, upon the whole, must be better at present than when it was

was kept, the trees having grown out of the tortured shapes into which they were forced by the merciless shears of the Roman gardeners. The plan of these gardens is not bad, and should an Englishman take a fancy to purchase the villa (which is now to be sold), he might, at a very easy expence, give a model to the Romans for their imitation in gardening. I say any of our countrymen, for I flatter myself that I do not know one void of, and many who possess, a very great share of taste; and I presume as well of those with whom I have no acquaintance. Amongst the antique statues in the villa, are the following, which are very good, and deserve to be particularly noticed: an Amazon shooting with a bow and arrow; her drapery appears to be of fine lawn, through which her limbs and muscles, though very delicate, are extremely conspicuous. A horse fleeced in bronze, the anatomy very fine. An Altar, small, but elegantly decorated with festoons of flowers fastened to the ears of fawns. A small basso relievo of Etruscan sculpture; it represents two Women and a Dog, one seems employed in teaching the animal to dance, she holds him by one of his fore-feet. A beautiful table of green porphyry; this kind of marble is very rare, and greatly esteemed at Rome. A little statue of Ceres, of the most delicate sculpture in every respect, and highly finished. A Faustina draped after the statue of Modesty; her drapery is very fine.

fine. A Diana of Greek sculpture: a Satyr lying down, whilst a Fawn extracts a thorn out of his foot; the expression is very good in both these queer creatures, and the effect of the charitable assistance seems to be nearly completed.

Villa Borghese.

The Villa Borghese, or Pinciana, is famous among the villas near Rome. Here is an assem-

Antiques.

blage of Antiques, that merit much attention: many fine *basso relievos* are inserted in the walls on the outside of the building, which is highly decorated; it would consume much of my time and patience, to enter into a particular detail of the various statues, bustoes, &c. all of which present themselves before you enter the palace; so shall pass over these, and be as concise as possible in regard to the interior collection. In the first *stanza*,

Statue of Seneca.

you are shewn a capital representation of Seneca dying in the bath, in touchstone, or black marble; the eyes enamelled, and round his waste is a sash of yellow marble: this statue is amazingly well executed, the anatomy is rendered with a variety truly admirable; the effect of the great loss of blood appears on the surface of the veins, and in the muscles, particularly of the feet and legs; and the progress of dissolution in the whole figure is very affecting: the expression of his countenance is in conformity with the exalted sentiments of that martyred philosopher. This statue is placed in a grey marble basin, lined with red porphyry at the bottom, to appear like blood. In the same

room

room is a very fine wolf, of red Egyptian marble, suckling the founders of Rome. The famous hermaphrodite, estimated at Rome greatly superior to that at Florence, is ranked in the same class with the Seneca, as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the powers of antique sculpture in their different styles. A Juno, her head and arms of white marble, her drapery finely done in porphyry to imitate the purple; her countenance is noble and majestic; her arms are modern, and not as well done as they might have been.—A group, by Bernini, of elegant modern sculpture in one entire morsel, to the full as large as life: it is the finest thing I ever saw of his doing. The subject is the metamorphosis of Daphne into a laurel-tree; the moment the sculptor has taken, is the commencement of her transformation; Apollo pursues, and has not quite come up with her; he appears out of breath, and astonished at the approaching change; her figure is perfectly beautiful! she is stopped in her flight by the quick growth of the bark and branches; young sprigs of laurel spring from her toes, and her feet and ancles are taking root, while the increasing bark makes a rapid progress to inclose her delicate limbs. She lifts up her extended arms, and from the ends of her stiffened fingers sprouts the budding laurel: her hair, which falls from her shoulders in beautiful ringlets, is partly blown by the wind, and begins to thicken into wreathing bays: her face is beautiful, and the sculptor

Modern
Bernini.

sculptor has expressed in it a surprising mixture of agitating passions; it is plain she fears Apollo, but the effect of her prayers being granted, frightens her still more, so that regret, terror, and horror at the quick progress of the growing rind, is plainly to be perceived in her countenance and action. On the pedestal are the following lines, written by Pope Urbano the Eighth, when he was a young man;

*Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.*

There are here two other groups of this famous statuary, by no means equal to this. They represent Æneas and Anchises, and a David throwing the stone at Goliath: the David is too old, but it seems Bernini meant to represent himself under that character. A modern piece of sculpture in *basso* *relievo*, by François Flamand; it was presented by the king of France to the Borgheze family: the figures are in touch-stone, upon a ground of *lapis lazuli*, they represent Bacchanalian children.

François
Flamand.

Antique.

A beautiful Diana antique; her body is one piece of agate. A Hercules Aventinus, with the bull's head under his club. A group of Faustina and her lover Carinus the gladiator, whom she loved to distraction. A most beautiful busto of Lucius Verus, the famous gladiator. I do not think I can convey to you a competent idea of the merits of this piece of sculpture: his attitude is that

that of rushing upon his adversary, fired with rage and ambitious of victory, every nerve and sinew shew strained to the utmost ; his features are beautiful, his countenance haughty, fierce, and impatient ; the symmetry of his limbs is wonderful, and you every moment expect the onset : such is the movement and violent action expressed in this marble ; it is antique, and was sculpted by Agathias of Ephesus. Agathias of Ephesus. A small group in bronze, the subject Dejanira bore away by the Centaur Nessus : it is finely done, particularly Dejanira, who struggles violently, and endeavours to leap off his back, on which she is forcibly held by one of his arms, whilst he gallops away with her at full speed. Another Centaur in marble ; a Cupid riding, and breaking him as a horse, who strikes him with his fists, and kicks him with all his might : this is a most animated group. A Fawn, dandling an infant Bacchus ; a beautiful and highly esteemed antique. A Cameo, large as life, the face is antique, and finely done ; it represents the busto of Alexander the Great, in different coloured marbles : Michael Angelo has restored the casque and plume. The antique Fluter, is a Fawn about twelve years old, his attitude is elegant, and his air bespeaks a correct ear and masterly performance.

A modern Morpheus, by Algardi ; this god of Modern sleep is here represented under the figure of a beautiful child, sleeping on his back ; in one hand he Algardi.

holds a bunch of poppies in a negligent manner: by him lies a toy, the Italians term a *giro*; the softness and sleepy look in his limbs and flesh, are surprisingly natural: he even seems to perspire: this statue is in black marble or touch-stone.

Antique.

An antique *basso relievo*, representing the young Telephus found by the Nymphs; one is sitting, the others standing; they are well done, and express great admiration and joy on the discovery of this beautiful child. The goat that suckled him is reposing; but what is very remarkable in this piece of antique sculpture is, that Telephus appears to be in swaddling clothes, swathed round in the same manner as now universally practised through Italy; and differing very little from the method of treating some children in England: the linen being rolled round and round them, till by close straining, a total deprivation of liberty is effected, to the great gratification of the vulgar nurses. In one of the rooms, is the oddest and ugliest bed I ever saw; it is carved in brown wood partly gilt, and is the clumsiest, awkwardest piece of lumber, that ever crowded a house: but it is of the sculpture of Michael Angelo, and was made for Pope Paul the Fifth, who bespoke, and always lay in it. In another room is a chair with springs, being a trap to whoever sits down in it, for they are held fast, and so confined, as to have no use of their limbs. I am obliged to omit mentioning a great number of fine antique statues and pictures,

by

by famous masters; this villa is so filled with rare articles of every kind. The garden is by no means beautiful; is laid out in a bad taste; the trees chiefly consist of yew, box, and bay, and other ever-greens, looking black and ragged. The flower-garden is small and very formal, but this kind of garden admits of more formality than any other. There are two pretty aviaries in it, shaped something like bells, and well laticed; here they keep turtles and some other birds. Amongst the flowers, which are very fine, I was much surprised at the carnations; some were brown with yellow, others deep yellow with dark brown edgings; and some of a sky blue all over, extremely double, but of the bursting sort; they were well dressed on pieces of gilt paste-board, and so large, as to cover a saucer, or small desert plate: had I not seen these blue carnations, smelt, and touched them, I should have esteemed myself credulous for believing from books, or from ordinary report, that such really existed. I should have procured some of the seed, had not the gardener assured me it was not to be depended upon for producing the same sort; and that it frequently happened, that among a great number of seedlings, perhaps not above one has proved blue; they therefore, to secure the kind, propagate them by layers; I might have had some of these, but I considered they would be very troublesome to carry with us, and difficult to preserve through the rest

of our tour; particularly over the *Appenines* and the *Mount Cenis*, where the colds and vicissitudes of weather must have infallibly destroyed them.

I forgot to mention, that there are statues and antique *basso relievos* in the gardens, some of the latter *Etruscan*, and very curious. Here is an odd idea (but not antique), a colossal masque; the eyebrows and beard formed of petrified water, the teeth are of stucco, a cascade of water falls from the mouth, which is of so ample a breadth, as to shew a considerable part of the garden through its jaws, like a landscape seen through an arch. The park is fine, and with a few alterations, would be esteemed such in England; the verdure lively, and the trees old and well-grown; there are some deer in it. To this park the English are permitted, by the Borghese family, to repair twice a week, and play at cricket and football: we women go sometimes and see the sport, as do the Roman ladies and their fine *Ab-bates*, who form a brilliant body of spectators, *

* * * * *. I must hasten to give you a description of Frascati, when I shall conclude this long letter, which had I not the art of scribbling away very fast, I must have finished at Loretto: but I know you can read any writing of mine, and are not scandalized at interlineations, abridgments of words, neglects of stops, &c.

Frascati.

Frascati, or ancient Tusculum, is about twelve miles from Rome, situated in *Latium*, or *La Campagna*

pagna di Roma; it is a bishop's fee, now filled by the Cardinal of York. Tusculum is often marked in ancient history, as the scene of many memorable events; it was the birth-place of Cato the Censor, the great grandfather of Cato of Utica; it was rendered illustrious by the celebrated villa of Cicero, to which he frequently retired, where he composed those philosophical dissertations so justly admired in our times: Frascati boasts, with justice, the giving birth to Metastasio, who is unquestionably the first poet of modern Italy. The present town of Frascati is agreeably situated; it is not ancient: in the year 1550, there were no other remains than some vestiges of the ruins of Tusculum, overgrown with brambles and thorns; from this circumstance, the new town took its name of *Frascati*. It is built on the side of a hill, and commands a fine view of the country below, and of the many villas and gardens, which clothe and beautify the brow of the mountain.

The principal Villas at Frascati.

The Villa Aldrobrandini is very remarkable for its architecture and decorations, and the gardens for their curious water-works. The approach is by avenues, which conduct to a fountain, near which are two flights of steps leading you to a terras, and from thence you mount to another terras on which the villa is built; it contains few marbles, and fewer good pictures, but here are

Villa Aldrobrandini.

Giuseppe
d'Arpino:

some cieling's tolerably painted; one represents David and Abigail, by Giuseppe d'Arpino; another Judith and Holofernes, and a third David and Goliath, all by the same master. They have contrived to introduce air into their apartments, by means of pipes operated upon by water, which also causes a sound resembling that of thunder; from the terraces is a fine and very extensive view. The gardens surprise and astonish by the water-works, and being formed upon falling grounds, they consist chiefly of terraces, rising one above the other. A building is constructed against the side of the mountain (to cause the cascades to fall regularly from step to step), decorated with pilasters of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. Here are several statues made musical, by the means of water-organs; a Centaur sounds a horn, the blast of which may be heard (as they assert) at the distance of four miles; Pan plays various airs upon his pastoral flute of several tubes. A Lion and Tiger appear fighting, the water spurts to a considerable height from their mouths and nostrils; from the tiger proceeds a hissing and snarling sound, which is said to resemble the noise that animal makes when enraged: think what the melody must be, produced by this *trio*; I never heard any thing so disagreeably curious.—At the top of the water-building, appears the mountain covered with trees, and from its summit, a river precipitates itself down, forming a beautiful cascade, which

which supplies a fine fountain in a grotto, practised in one of the terraces, and encrusted with petrified water : it then falls down the steps of the water-building, passes under a brass globe, which spurts water on every side ; this is sustained by an Atlas, assisted by a Hercules, and accompanied by various allegorical statues, forms *jets d'eau*, and at length breaks away over rocks and is lost. Amongst the statues that adorn this water-work, is a Silenus of antique Greek sculpture in marble of Paros, a much esteemed figure. In a large *sala*, near the grand cascade, is a representation of Mount Parnassus, with Apollo, the nine Muses, and Pegasus ; they perform a concert, by means of a water-organ concealed behind. The walls of the *sala* are painted in fresco, by Dominichino, and represent all the history and adventures of Apollo. One of the best, is that of the slaying of Marfyas, in the presence of three women and a satyr. This last figure implores Apollo on his knees, in behalf of Marfyas : his attitude, uplifted hands, and poor distressed countenance, is extremely affecting, the painter having blended the moving expression of a human creature, with the dumb pleadings of a beast for mercy. The *sala* is paved in mosaic, and in the centre is a hole, over which a light ball is kept continually dancing in the air, through the action of a strong gulf of wind, forced up the hole by the water underneath. In these gardens is a wilderness, several fine shady walks, very few

ever-greens, but a considerable number of large and well-grown plane-trees; the effect is, that this garden appears much more natural and agreeable, than do in general those of Italy.

Villa
Conti.

The Villa Conti is worth seeing, upon account of its gardens and water-works, and particularly for the ancient remains of eighteen vaulted buildings, said to have been part of the *menagerie* of Lucullus.

Villa Ta-
verna.

The Villa Taverna belongs to the Borgheze family; it is very large, well built, habitable, and elegantly furnished; contains some good pictures, and several curiosities; amongst which, the following are the most remarkable; a small wooden crucifix, carved by a blind man. The victory of the arch-angel Michael over the dragon; this animal is represented with a woman's head, the face a portrait, and the countenance expressive of the most infamous and vile character, by Perugino.

Perugino.

A St. Pietro, by Spagnoletto. Several animals, by Pioli. The portraits of the unfortunate Mother and Daughter, of the family of *Cenci*; the daughter is beautiful; I saw another portrait of her taken just before she was led out to execution; I think it was in the *Pallazzo Colonna*, and I suppose I mentioned her story in one of my letters, so will not hazard the troubling you with a repetition of so shocking a tragedy.—The view from the villa is beautiful; the gardens are of great extent, and through them you mount up to
the

the *Villa Dragone*, built in a much more elevated Villa Dragone. situation, which also belongs to the Borghese family. In these two villas, this noble family receive and entertain a great concourse of company, during the autumn season *per villagiature*. I have before mentioned this custom in Italy. This is a large palace, they told us they could reckon 364 windows in it; I did not dispute it; lest they should count them, and we had not time to spare for such minuteness. The architecture is not very remarkable, the portico by Vignola has a good effect, being built of *pietro di perone*, which is of a fine brown colour. The building is rather too heavy; some paintings in this villa are tolerable; one at the end of the grand gallery, represents Solomon surrounded by his concubines sacrificing to idols, by Paulo Veronese. Veronese. Here is an antique colossal head of Faustina, wife to Marcus Aurelius. Antiques. A colossal busto of Antoninus, and some other antiques not of the first class.

From the terras is a most beautiful view of Rome, and the country adjacent, till the sea bounds the prospect on that side; villages, ruins, and the *Lago Castiglione* with mountains, form another beautiful prospect; the whole is truly admirable, uniting all the advantages of a near, to all the grandeur of an extensive prospect.

The *Villa Bracciano*, formerly *Montalto*, is a Villa Bracciano. very pretty country-house, neatly and elegantly furnished:

furnished: here is a cieling painted by some of the scholars of Dominichino; the subject is the sun's course. The gardens, nothing remarkable; they consist principally of long walks regularly planted, where I observed a great number of cherry laurel amongst other evergreens.

Villas Ludovici and Falconieri.

Carlo Maratti.

The Villas Ludovici and Falconieri are worth seeing, principally for their water-works and gardens. In the villa Falconieri, is a cieling painted by Carlo Maratti. The subject, the birth of Venus: a Neptune in the sea, presents her with all the treasures of his element, while the Graces upon the shore attend with impatience to crown her with flowers; it is well composed, and the figures graceful. The other cielings, painted by Ciro Ferri, represent the Seasons.

Villa La Rufinella.

The ruins of the ancient town of Tusculum, are to be traced above a villa belonging to the Jesuits, called La Rufinella: here they shew what are called the grottos of Cicero; but it is by no means certain, that these vestiges made part of his villa.

I must now take leave of you and of Rome, and shall write to you, when we shall have reached Loretto.

I am very sorry for an event, which has just happened here, to the universal regret of her family, her friends, her acquaintance, and the public in general: the amiable daughter of the dutchess of Bracciano (the princess Chigi), died yesterday

yesterday in child-bed! She expired in the arms of her mother, perfectly resigned to her fate: amiable she was indeed, in mind, and in person, therefore universally beloved, esteemed, and lamented!—Should an opportunity offer to write to you on the road, I shall not neglect it. Adieu, and wish me a happy pilgrimage *a la santissima Madona*.

I am as ever, &c.

P. S. I promised to mention some of the principal artists now at Rome; but am so pressed in time, that I cannot enlarge on their different manners and genius as they deserve; I shall therefore be as concise as possible. Battoni is, I believe with justice, esteemed the best portrait painter in the world. Pickler father and son are admired by every body of taste and judgment, for their great abilities in the engraving on gems; they execute *cameos* and *intaglios* in a great style for correction of design, elegance, and finish: I believe no modern artist can be compared with them; they are reasonable in their prices, in their dealings act with an honourable honesty, and deservedly meet with that encouragement, both from Italians and foreigners, that their excellent characters as artists, and their reputation as men of probity, so justly entitle them to. As for Piranese, his prints are sufficiently known to rank him amongst the first of engravers on copper. He
some-

sometimes is carried by his taste, into romance: as a sculptor, he can do almost what he pleases; when he is in good humour, he is very useful, informing, and agreeable to strangers; he is what in England would be called a humourist, consequently uncertain and capricious. To deal with him, it is necessary to know before-hand, his peculiarities.—A miniature painter, of the name of Giorgio, paints the best pictures I have seen in that way: his colouring is glowing, his design correct, his finishing high, and his paintings will bear the strictest examination and comparison with the best miniatures of these times, and even of those of former days. The best miniature portrait painter, esteemed for taking likenesses at a moderate price, is one Marfigli; he is a diligent attentive artist, and I make no doubt capable of great improvement. There are several young men, who are sent by their families and friends to Rome, in order to study painting, sculpture, &c. many of whom promise to attain to a great degree of excellence in those arts: it is a pity they are so frequently reduced to very disagreeable straits, by the ill-judged parsimony of their friends in England. The English gentlemen upon their travels have indeed often generously supplied their wants, but as they cannot always enjoy such advantages, and this resource must, from its nature, be more or less precarious, it is self-evident a young person has little encouragement to study the beauties of painting,

painting, sculpture, &c. &c. whilst in want of such necessaries, as makes the body suffer great inconvenience, and the mind a total want of ease. As for such English artists, who are already in affluent circumstances in England, and who travel into Italy to improve their taste and gratify their curiosity; the Italian artists are continually mentioning them with great encomiums on their genius, works, &c. Amongst these, no man holds a higher place than Mr. Strange, who has taken copies, and engraved prints, after the most capital original pictures in Italy; and executed them in so liberal a manner, as to give the beholder the true image and spirit of the original; not a hard and servile copy ever came from his hands. I must observe here, that I think base and laborious copyists do infinite injury to the world of artists. They excite false ideas, prejudice the minds of people who, not having seen the works of the great masters, disguised by their copies, are apt to suppose some glaring fault in the original; when, alas! most probably the defect may be found only in the self-sufficiency and conceit of the young artist; who flattered himself, perhaps, with improving upon a Tiziano, a Corregio, or a Raffaello.

The post-horses are waiting, the baggage fastened on to the carriage, so I must seal this letter and send it immediately to the post-office. Adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Narni, the 25th May, 1771.

Road
from
Rome to
Narni.

WE are well and safely arrived here without any accident, and might have reached Terni, though we set out late, had it not been for the warmth of the weather, which obliged us to lie by in the heat of the day; and are therefore obliged to sleep here to-night. The face of the country the first three posts from Rome, is disgracefully uncultivated; no villages, no habitations (except post-houses), nothing but a dreary dismal waste, without track of man or beast to be seen. Having passed Rignano, the fourth post, the country begins to improve a little towards Soreste, and then to Civetta-Castellana (the ancient Veia), and so on to Borgetto, Otricoli, and Narni, where it becomes very beautiful. Near Rignano our road lay over part of the Flaminian way; it is extremely firm and good, composed of very large blocks of stone, so nicely fitted and put together, and withal so smooth, that the horses could with difficulty keep their footing. Civetta Castellano is situated in the ancient country of the Sabines: it is built on a rocky elevation, and appears like a small island; three sides

Flamini-
an way.

Civetta
Castellana
no.

of

of it being inclosed by as many little rivers, which falling into the valley below and uniting together, at length empty themselves into the Tiber. On the other side of the town is the citadel, behind which, the mountain immediately rises. Three sides of Castellano is inaccessible, on account of the perpendicularity of the rock on which it stands; and the fortress defends it so well from behind, as to render it (I should imagine) capable of sustaining a long siege. Some antiquarians have disputed the ancient Veia's being situated on this spot, but the greater number are of opinion, that it certainly was.

Having passed through Borghetto, we came to a fine bridge built by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, over the Tiber; it is called *Pontefelice*. The next Pontefelice. post is Otricoli, near which place are remarkable hills, formed of what the Italians call *brescia*, round pebbles, which seem to have acquired that form from having been in the sea. The prospect from Rignano to Narni consists of hills, some clothed with woods, others with vines, and some crowned with villages: ruined fortifications and old towers appear amongst the trees; and frequent remains of Roman antiquities, as fragments of temples, mausoleums, &c. The valleys are narrow, fertile, and most *pittoresque*; imagination cannot feast upon a more variegated and beautiful assemblage of objects; but this variety of ground produces a most fatiguing effect to travellers, as
you

you are repeatedly ascending or descending steep and rapid hills.

Narni.

Narni is a small town, fifty-five miles from Rome; it is situated on the side of a hill, and forms an amphitheatre. At the foot of the town runs the Nera; here is a fine aqueduct of fifteen miles long, which conveys water through a mountain to the town, where it supplies several fountains. Our inn is tolerable, and we have not as yet met with insolent postillions, or extortioning post-masters, I hope a good omen for the remainder of our journey. I had made provision at Rome against our *eating cares*, of a piece of cold boiled beef, salted the English way, and some dozens of lemons; as we generally drink nothing but lemonade on our journey, on account of the heat of the weather, and the strong wines of this country being rather inflammatory, we have found our provision very necessary, the inn affording us nothing but eggs not entirely rotten; no butter, very stale and coarse bread, and no meat of any kind excepting goat's flesh, which I could not eat unless near starving; the rank odour fills all the rooms in the house, and I have an unfortunate aversion to the smell of those animals *living* or *dead*: our host, it is true, offered us some half-starved old fowls, that were importunately cackling and demanding food at the door, and which he would have executed upon the spot if permitted, but we preferred our cold beef, to the

fruits of such assassination, and have dined extremely well upon it.

To-morrow morning, M—— goes to see the ruins of the famous bridge built by Augustus; it is only half a mile from the town, but the way is disagreeable, and there is a descent just before you arrive at it, which they tell us is extremely rapid; I do not think I shall accompany him, for fear of the heat and fatigue, dreading the slightest indisposition upon the road, as Italian inns are by no means commodious quarters for the sick.

I shall keep this letter open, and write in it occasionally, till I have an opportunity of sending it by the post, which is so uncertain and so ill regulated, that I do not know when I may have it in my power. Good night for the present.

May the 16th.—We are just arrived at the next post, Terni. M—— went this morning to see Terni. the bridge: he says the way to it is much worse than was represented, the descent exceedingly rapid, and must be walked down, as it is covered with heaps of large round stones, over which he stumbled every moment, many of them rolling down after him, of size sufficient to break the legs, if you are not quick and cautious to avoid them; I am convinced this walk would not have suited me. When he came to the bridge, he found it had been built in the common manner, with mortar and cramped with iron: so little can

the authors be depended upon, who all assert the contrary, and rank it as a wonder of the world; nor did it in any manner answer the idea he had formed of it, from what he had heard. Notwithstanding that, it is a fine remain of antiquity, and would surprise and please much more, was it not so much over-rated. Five miles from hence, is the famous cascade, but I cannot see this neither, for the mountain is so steep, that there is no ascending it but upon a mule's back, or on a very sure-footed horse; and in order to see it well, there are such ugly steps to pass, that I fear I may break my neck, and M—— wishes me ardently not to attempt it; at the same time, that he is sorry to perceive my disappointment; it is a great mortification to me to be sure. He is just setting out, for he will see it; and I have been recommending strongly to him to walk, if he should find the road very steep. The inn here is tolerable, and the people a little humanized. Above Narni appears a town called Cesi, situated at the foot of ponderous Rocks, which seem to threaten its destruction every moment. The common people assert, that the town is fastened with adamantine chains (which they grant are invisible) to the neighbouring mountain; but it is certain that their law forbids, on pain of death, the felling any of the trees that grow amongst the rocks on the mountain above the town; by which it seems the rocks are supposed to be supported, and pre-

vented from falling, by the roots of the trees being interlaced with them.

On the right, a little before we came to Terni, Collis Scipionis. appears the village Collicipoli (the ancient Collis Scipionis), and on a height *Torre Maggiore*, a kind of observatory, where the learned father Boscovick had geometrical instruments, in order to take the heights of the lands between Rome and Rimini, &c. For this purpose he had poles fixed in the ground in proper places for measuring the angles, &c. and the stupidity and folly of the peasants impeded this learned man as much as possible in his ingenious labours, by moving his marks, supposing them placed with design to aid him in the magic art, which they believed he studied.

In this country the peasants have a contrivance for catching pigeons. They tame a certain number, which they call *Maudirini*, who, flying before the wild ones, decoy them into trees, where the peasants remain concealed and catch great numbers of them. From Narni to this town, Terni, the road is very good; it lies through a fertile valley, seven miles long; the eye is conveyed over a wide extended country; the river Nera, like a great silver serpent, winding along in volumes through these plains, forms peninsulas, which, in some points of view, appear like islands of various shapes; some present you with rich meadows, others stately groves of oak, others are covered with corn and planted with regular rows

of mulberry trees, which sustain the luxuriant branches of the vine, whose arms embrace the mulberry-trees from side to side; little hills of different heights and forms intersect each other; some of these are clothed with wood, and top'd with ruined towers and fortresses, and at the foot of them lie the humble villages, which, being very irregular, appear the more picturesque in prospect. This view extends itself wide of the road, and is the commencement of the plain of Rieta, compared by Cicero to the valley of Tempe.

Terni.

Terni is just sixty-two miles from Rome, a city famous in antiquity; Tacitus the historian was born here, and several other remarkable personages. Here are still to be seen some small vestiges of antiquities; in the bishop's garden is a fragment of an amphitheatre, and some *souteraines*: in the church of S. Salvadoro, are some small remains of a temple of the Sun, and part of a temple to Hercules in the cellars belonging to the Jesuits. M— is returned, and quite charmed with the cascade; it is called *Caduta delle Marmora*, and is formed by the river Velino, which falls above two hundred feet in height into the Nera. This prodigious fall of water descends in three cascades; its spray forms curious incrustations, some of which he brought me in his pocket. He says, the colours seen in the drops of water, which by being violently dashed up in the air fall again in showers, are equal in beauty to the glowing tints in prisms;
he

he believes there cannot be any cascade in the world more extraordinary and more romantically beautiful than this. He placed himself in different parts of the mountain, to view it in all its glory, and the variety of its appearances exceeded his expectations; at the same time he assured me, I never should have been able, on a mule or on foot, to have clambered up and down the frightful precipices that he did, for he was obliged to walk a considerable way, it not being possible in some descents for his mule to keep her feet, or avoid being in the utmost danger of falling down the declivities, even without a rider; I dare say you are very glad I did not go. Adieu, our carriage waits.

(In continuation.) We have reached Spoleto, where we sleep to-night, though only twenty-one miles from Terni; but as we did not set out early, and met with some impediments in the way, which occasioned much loss of time, we are determined not to press on, but to remain here quietly till to-morrow morning. Having quitted Terni, the road was tolerable till we came to a stupendous Appenine called the *Somma*, about six miles before we reached Spoleto. The road by which we ascended is a prodigious work, cut out of the living rock; it winds along the side of the Appenine; is but just broad enough for a carriage; is as hard as marble, and almost as smooth, but not an inch allowed for the consequences of

Somma
Appe-
nine.

the starting or waywardness of a horse, or the smallest inattention on the part of the drivers. The mountain rises to the clouds perpendicularly straight on one side, with a precipice astonishingly deep, and almost as rapid on the other side, without any wall, hedge, pail, or fence of any kind. At the bottom of the precipice runs a river like a torrent, which seen from the road appears no broader than a skeyne of silk. We whirled along the edge of this mountain in a constant gallop, drawn by four of the strongest, largest, and most furious black horses I ever saw; the postilions making the most frightful shouts to encourage their pace, and urging them on by whipping them incessantly, the horses squeaking the whole time. This method of driving, it seems, is your best security, for if the horses were suffered to recollect themselves, or even to slacken their pace, they would be subject to start, or might fear the precipice, and from apprehension grow restive, which would be certain destruction to themselves and those they conveyed; but by being kept constantly attentive to their masters, and obliged to exert all their strength, we happily attained the summit of the Appenine, without any accident. A carriage had need to be strong and well put together that goes this road, for should any article of it give way, the consequences could not fail of being disagreeable, if not fatal. We stopped at a house on the top
of

of the mountain, for refreshment; where we had a high regale: the velocity of our motion and the freshness of the air had gained us an appetite, and we fared deliciously, in our carriages, on wild boar ham, broiled for us in thin slices, accompanied with plates of sliced truffles, which they heated over the fire in a moment, and proved an excellent ragout. Having eat heartily, and forgot the fright I had suffered from the precipice, I was curious to know the method of conserving and dressing these truffles; so I called for the mistress of the house (for there is a woman in this inn), and she told me, that when they are quite fresh, they must be washed extremely clean, in water just warm, then in cold wine, and left to steep in this latter for about a quarter of an hour; after which they are cut in slices, then hung up in baskets to dry in the air under cover, so as to protect them from the sun, rain and dew: when crisp, they are put into paper-bags and kept in a dry place; they are dressed in pewter or silver plates, over a lamp or charcoal, putting to them some oil, an anchovy, and mustard: for those who do not like oil, they substitute butter, which you may believe the English *Forrestieri* generally prefer. I purchased some bags of her truffles, and a very fine ham of the wild boar, discreetly providing against our necessities, in case we should not on our journey meet with equally good provision. Having descended the Appenines, the

road lying amongst the nether mountains, very narrow and steep in several places, we were overtaken by a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning; the claps were loud as cannon, and seemed quite close to us; the lightning flashed and darted along the ground; the air was poisoned with the smell of sulphur; it poured cascades instead of rain, as if all the clouds in the heavens had burst over our heads: we pressed on to reach Spoleto, the storm augmenting, the horses screaming and starting every moment; however, we arrived safe, and without the least accident. The storm continued and increased; the claps of thunder redoubling, so that there was not half a minute's cessation between: the lightning fell twice into the ground amongst the mountains, but did no hurt. This storm lasted full three hours from its commencement, without cessation, and concluded with two amazing claps of thunder, re-echoed from the mountains, like what I should suppose might be the explosion at the springing of a mine.

Spoleto.

Antique
gate.

Spoleto is a considerable town, eighty-eight miles from Rome, situated on the top of a mountain. One of the antique gates of this city is still nearly perfect; it is called *Porta Fuga*; on it you read this inscription, indicating the cause of its appellation.

Annibal cæsis ad Trasyminum Romanis, urbem Romam insenso agmine pctens, Spoletum magna suorum clade repulsus, insigni fugæ portæ nomen fecit.

The

The Cathedral is almost entirely built of marble; they shew an image of the Virgin, pretended to have been made by St. Luke. A picture, by Guercino, representing St. Cecilia and two monks, praying to the Virgin, who appears in a glory, which is infinitely more valuable; its colouring is good, but the ærian perspective is not well preserved in the glory. The Church of St. *Fillipo di Neri* contains a good picture of this saint, who is invoking the Virgin; the painter's name not known. There are some palaces here also, and several other churches, but we are too much fatigued to visit them. They told us, there are antique remains of a temple of Jupiter, in the convent of St. Andrea; and of a temple of Mars, in the church of St. *Ifacco*, but we have not seen them. There is a wonderful aqueduct to be seen to-morrow morning, before we pursue our route; it is about two miles from hence. We are tolerably well lodged in our inn; and as it is summer, do not suffer much by the want of curtains to the beds. Our fare consists of pigeons, strongly resembling crows, and plenty of fried liver and brains, very bad soup, with gizzards of various birds swimming therein; in short, the ham and truffles are by no means indifferent to us. Good night.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Serravalle, 17th of May.

Serravalle.

THIS morning M—— went on horseback from Spoleto, to see the famous aqueduct two miles from thence; it conveys, from one hill to another over a deep valley, two considerable bodies of water, which flow upon arches built like bridges; the centre is a double arch, one being built over the other, the height about two hundred and fifty feet; the other arches gradually decline in height, as they spring from the sloping sides of two mountains, the water being thus conveyed to the town of Spoleto.

Clitumnus.

When we had completed the first post from Spoleto, to a place called Vene, we turned off a few paces from the road, to see the ruins of a beautiful little temple, built near the source of the once famous river Clitumnus; it is called the Temple of Clitumnus, supposed to have been dedicated to that river god. The plan is an oblong square, it has four columns, and two Corinthian pilasters; the portico is vaulted within; on the frizes are *basso relievos*, representing olive branches, grapes, and leaves finely executed. The two centre pillars of the four are sculpted from

from top to bottom, describing laurel leaves, placed in alternate rows, the other two are fluted in spiral lines; the pediment they support is beautifully proportioned. Its two entrances, which were at each end, are quite in ruins. The little room in the interior of the temple, measures only ten feet by eight: this small edifice is built of an iron-grey marble, which appears to have been highly polished.

The river Clitumnus, at this time but a shallow brook, runs at its foot: its banks were formerly famous for feeding white cattle*, which Pliny attributes to the effects of the water; be that as it may, the white were sought for sacrifice, in preference to every other colour, as the most acceptable to the gods; which when not to be easily had, the victims were rubbed over with chalk. We observed many oxen, and other white horned cattle, upon its banks, which I was determined to believe the descendants of the antique breed. From some poor people who were fishing here, I bought a very fine trout, and a large silver

* — On the cheerful green

The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen,
The warrior horse here bred, is taught to train,
There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.—

DRYDEN'S Translation of VIRGIL,
Book II. of the GEORGICS.

eel;

eel; on the former we dined well at Foligno, and have just supped on the latter; for Foligno or Seravalle afford but live pigeons, and wretched fowls alive also, whose existence we resolved not to shorten, to gratify the luxury of dining or supping. But to return to our route from Vene; we had a very good road to Foligno, which is twelve miles from Spoleto, and one hundred from Rome. On each side of the road, our view was of a rich country, closely planted with white mulberries, sycamores, elms, and vines. The corn grows between the rows of trees, and here the peasant's toil is rewarded with four rich harvests; mulberry leaves for the silk worms, the mulberry fruit, grapes, and corn. Foligno is a large town, but contains nothing curious except a convent, called *La Comtessa*, where are some very fine pictures: a capital one by Raffaello, bespoke of that great master by *Segismondo di Comitibus*, who was secretary to the Pope, and who presented it to his niece, then in this convent; it represents the Virgin in a glory seated on a cloud, supported by the rainbow, holding the infant Jesus in the midst of cherubims; below appears St. John, St. Francis on his knees, a cardinal in the same attitude, and admirably well done; a St. Jerome standing behind him; a little angel in the centre, who holds with both hands a tablet, but without any inscription. I could expatiate for an hour on the different beauties of this picture; the Virgin answers precisely

Raffaello.

precisely the idea I have formed of her; a noble simplicity, blended with perfect innocence, and piety, dwell upon her face; grace, dignity, and complacence, are diffused over her whole person. The infant appears in the attitude of struggling to get away from his mother, in order to grant the prayers of the saints below; his figure is animated, and his benign countenance seems to breathe forth divine love. The St. John is finely done; he appears with all the characteristicks of his forest education, and a noble firmness of mind in his countenance; the colouring is rich and glowing, and in my opinion this picture should be classed amongst the *chef-d'œuvres* of *Raffaello*. Our fine road now ended, and we again ascended and descended the Appenines, the way being extremely rough and rapid in many places; near Seravalle the mountains seemed closing upon us, shooting one above the other, till they rose far above the clouds, and the road extremely narrow and winding, when all at once the little sky we could see, grew black, the thunder rolled, and the lightning and stench exceeded that of yesterday; the whole artillery of Heaven seemed now pointed upon this narrow valley: with much difficulty the postillions kept the horses to their draught, the rain and wind beating strong against their faces. In about an hour or less we reached this most wretched of all villages; the storm continued with the utmost violence between five and six hours; though
in

in this inn, I cannot say we were in shelter, the storm and rain beating through and through the house; I laid myself down upon the staircase, which is of very rough stones, and expected every moment the house to come level with the ground: what induced me to chuse the staircase was, that the wall was arched in a vault over head, which made me think it the most secure place. The stench of the sulphur was such, and the closeness of the air, that it made me extremely sick; and I apprehended the being suffocated at every instant. M—— never left me for a moment, but kindly endeavoured to console me, by assuring me these storms must be common amongst the Appenines; that the people of the house did not appear much terrified, &c. &c. but I very frequently could not hear what he said, so loud was the noise of the thunder: the lightning meantime darting all about us, of a livid blue and white: the post-horses never ceased screaming and kicking in the stables: at length it ceased.

When I had recovered from my fright and sickness, our host came, and was ardent to know what we would have for supper; and not being able to get rid of his importunity, I recollected our Clitumnus eel, which I ordered to be dressed, and to send up whatever he had in the house, which, upon inquiry, proved to be nothing but *bread* and *eggs*, not *newly* laid. I mentioned to you before, that we spared the lives of the old fowls. Our bed-

bed-chamber has casements to it; the walls are white-washed, and adorned with bad pictures of *la Santa Casa* and *Nostra Dama di Loretto*; the beds are not quite so bad as many we have already experienced, and I expect to sleep profoundly; but first I must mention one circumstance, which is, that though it generally thunders every day during the summer amongst these Appenines, yet this storm was so uncommonly violent, that a young woman, the wife of one of the helpers in the stable, and who had been born and bred in this village, was so terrified, that she ran along the street in the midst of the storm to her mother's cottage; thinking in her fright she should be more secure if with her old mama.—This miserable village is in a manner shut in amongst Appenines heaped on Appenines, so that the sun's beams are rarely visitants here; but clouds and fogs ever hover over the mountains, seldom yielding more than a kind of doubtful light: this so much surpasses a romantic situation, that one may pronounce it, a long and narrow pit, big with horror. M—— calls it a thunder-cup.

Loretto, May the 19th. Here we safely arrived yesterday in the evening, having passed over nothing but mountains, and traced the brinks of dreadful precipices, whose perpendicular sides were furnished with vast craggy rocks, whilst mountain-torrents roar loudly at their feet: this
fort

fort of road continued more or less alarming, till a little before we reached Loretto. Near Tolentino, part of our carriage broke, and we were detained above an hour to have it mended: through the kind providence of the almighty God we received no hurt; and happy was it for us, that we were so near a town when this accident happened. Tolentino is thirty miles from Loretto; there is nothing remarkable to be seen there. Macerata, which is twelve miles from thence, is built on the summit of a mountain, from whence the Adriatic is plainly discernible. About two miles and a half from Macerata, after having passed over a very long wooden bridge, which crosses the river Potenza, are some vestiges of the ruined town of Recina: some remains of a theatre are here said to be discernible, but we did not stop to see them. From Macerata to San Buchetto, the face of the country improved upon us very much, is well cultivated, and planted with mulberry trees, &c. From San Buchetto to Loretto, which is the last post, there is a great deal of ascent and descent, but more of the former than the latter; the road is tolerable, and very near Loretto is perfectly good. From Foligno to this town is about fifty-five miles, so that Loretto is nearly an hundred and fifty miles from Rome. When within two or three miles of this town, the road is infested by sturdy boys and girls half naked, who pursue travellers begging, singing, dancing,

run-

Recina.

running, and tumbling over and over; their numbers and clamour increase, till happily gaining the town, they disperse. It is but just to confess at the same time, that they are the most complimentary beggars in the world; for when tumbling fails to excite your charity, they prostrate themselves, and kiss the ground you are about to pass over, invoking your beneficence, and giving you all the titles of dignity they ever heard of; and if those fail, then they give you some of their own invention, as for example to M—— *Felice sposo della Madonna*; to me *Eccellentissima Madonna*. On the road coming into Loretto, we overtook two pilgrims; one was dressed in a pilgrim's habit, of pale olive-green lutestring, ornamented with scollop shells; he was a young stout looking man, with red hair tied behind in a ribbon; he appears to me to be a Scotch Gentleman: he endeavoured to conceal himself as much as possible from our observation, and was particularly anxious to prevent our seeing his face. The other pilgrim was a poor old priest, who was employed in dragging along a very large wooden cross; however, there was a little wheel fastened to the end of it, to lighten the draft; these two personages were not in company with each other.

Loretto is situated on a plain, at the top of a Loretto.
mountain; it has a clean, deserted, and bleak
look: the houses make but a very mean appearance; the principal street consists, for the most

part, of small shops, in which are sold little else besides beads for rosaries, gold and silver ornaments for the same, worked in fillagree, small brass bells, much bought by the country people, as preservatives against thunder and lightning, brown paper caps to cure the head-ach, and broad ribbons with the effigies of *Nostra Dama di Loretto*, painted on them, to be worn by women in childbirth.

The inn is very indifferent and dirty; they served us in the dirtiest pewter plates I ever saw, and greasy trenchers. The provisions consisted of very stale fish, ragoued in oil, and highly seasoned with garlic; pease ragoued also, and cabbage; but all was so disgusting, that we were obliged to feed upon some very bad cheese, and the bread, it being a fast day, was plentifully seasoned with coriander and annise-seed, which to me is very disagreeable. Our beds were tolerable, and we slept well. We have employed this morning in viewing the *Santa Casa*, &c. The church, which contains the Holy House, is very large; the piazza before it not yet nearly finished; the architecture of the church is neither beautiful nor remarkable; the door of entrance is of bronze, sculpted in *basso rilievo*; the subject relates to Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, &c. and are not ill executed. Towards the further end of the church is found *la Santissima Casa*, built of a kind of stone, which exactly resembles brick; the outside is incrusted with

Holy
House.

with marble, as a case for it: this casing is loaded with various ornaments of sculpture, all heavy and ill done. They tell you, that the stones with which this house is built never wear, although rubbed and scraped continually by the pilgrims; yet the marble pavement, which is modern, is extremely worn by their knees, continually trailing themselves round and round it, one after the other. As I was looking up at the architecture, and not attending to my footing, I made a *faux pas*, and stumbling, tumbled over a sturdy female pilgrim, who was proceeding on her knees, saying her prayers, and in a great heat and sweat; I could not help laughing, and I begged her pardon with the best grace I could, the other pilgrims laughed also, at the oddity of the accident; the woman was surprised, but not angry. The *Santa Casa* is surrounded with a great number of silver lamps (very thin), which burn constantly. In the interior is placed the miraculous image, with the infant Jesus: the Virgin is made of cedar, but having been in a fire, from which it was miraculously preserved, is as black as a coal. She is dressed in a very bad taste, with a farthingale, or old-fashioned hoop-petticoat: the outside garment is of gold or silver stuff, I am not clear which; she is surrounded by such a cloud of smoke, proceeding from the lamps, that I could not be certain; you are not permitted to touch her. She had several *crochets* of diamonds, reaching from the top of her stomacher

down to the hem of her petticoat, but they appeared to me to be composed of a great mixture of stones, none of any great value, and many very indifferent; I saw none so fine, or so large, as some belonging to the dutchess of *Montilibretti* at Rome: she wears a triple crown set with jewels, and a black gauze veil; she has new clothes every year, and her veil, when she puts it off, is cut into small pieces, and sold, or given to devout persons, and genteel pilgrims, as a charm against witchcraft. As to the coloured precious stones, they are by no means good, being for the most part clouded and streaky, and many of them no better than the root of emerald, amethyst, ruby, &c. Here are some lamps of fine gold, but extremely thin. Several votive gifts, presented by various princes and great people, decorate the image; such as hearts, chains of gold set with precious stones, crucifixes, &c.; in particular, a statue of an angel, shewn for gold, but which appears to me to be silver gilt; he is in a kneeling posture to the Virgin, and offers a gold, or silver heart, set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. This statue was presented to the Virgin, by James the Second's Queen of England, who was of the house of Este, in order that the Virgin in return might give her in exchange a son; her gift was accepted, her request was granted, and she produced the Pretender. On the other side of the Virgin is a like statue; this is of silver, was presented

the same time, and offers a heart in the like manner; the gift of Laura, widow of Alphonfus the Fourth, duke of Modena, and mother of James the Second's Queen. Here is also another silver angel, presenting Louis the Fourteenth (who is made of gold) upon a cushion: they told us, this golden infant was made exactly of the same weight with the living infant when just born. The nich in which the Virgin is placed, is lined with silver, and ornamented with gold; but I suspect many of the plates that appear to be gold, to be no more than silver gilt. The door-case, and architraves of the window, are ornamented with plates of the same metal: it was by this window that the angel Gabriel entered to salute the Virgin. There is a fine altar at her feet, and before it a silver balustrade, which separates this *Sanctum Sanctorum* from the rest of the house, which in size is no more than thirty feet by thirteen, and about eighteen high. The canons who shew this place, were extremely polite and obliging to us; they admitted us behind the sanctuary to the holy chimney or hearth, which is exactly beneath the nitch wherein the Virgin stands, and in which fire-place or hearth is a trunk that belonged to her: here they shewed us the *Santissima Scodella* or porringer, which is of coarse blackish earthen-ware, broke in two or three places, and stuck together with mastic; this they assert to be the same in which the pap was made for the infant Jesus; the canon

permitted me to take it in my hand, which was a prodigious favour, and I desired him to shake about in it some rosaries, chaplets, &c. which I had purchased to present to some Roman Catholic friends in France, and I begged him to do every thing by them, which should render them *extraordinary efficacious*; so they have been shook about in the porringer, rubbed to the holy walls, and to the image and all; he could not help smiling at my request. There are but eight canons, they are the only gentlemen that inhabit this city; here also is a widow lady, a marchioness, * * * *
* * * * *; the other citizens are all common and poor people.

We were much disappointed at the sight of the treasury; the treasures they keep shut up in presses, and are by no means very valuable: here you find a few indifferent cameos; the gems in general, and in particular, are but a paltry collection. The famous pearl appears to be formed of three or four grown together; it is a misshapen mass, not fine, though they have helped it here and there with some colouring, in order to induce *the faithful* to *fancy* they discover a rude representation of the Virgin seated upon a cloud.

Her scarlet camlet gown, which she wore when the angel Gabriel appeared to her, is inclosed with great care in a glass-case.

The pictures are all very indifferent, excepting two; one of which is by Annibal Carrachi, and represents the nativity of the Virgin. The other, is attributed to Raffaello; the figure of the Virgin is faulty, her head not being well placed on her shoulders, but the infant is so well done, and so natural, that at the first view it appears like a living child; the keeping and clare obscure being admirably conducted. They told us, that lord Exeter would have given them sixteen hundred pounds sterling for this picture. We were offered a sight of the cellars, which they said contained one hundred and forty very large tons of wine; out of one of the tons may be drawn three sorts of wine from the same spicket, but we declined visiting them. Here is a *Speziale*, or apothecary's shop, where all sorts of common drugs, particularly ointments, Venice treacle, plasters, &c. are provided for the use of the pilgrims gratis: here is also a great number of large gally-pots of fine earthen-ware, painted by Raffaello and Giulio Romano, well worth the attention of the curious. The priest who shewed us the Santa Casa was so obliging, as to present me with some morsels of *Nostra Dama's* black veil of last year stuck upon a paper, signed and sealed, &c. as indubitable attestations of the identity of the said veil, &c. The great reputation of the Santa Casa, has much declined within these few years, from a lack of

Annibal Carrachi.

Raffaello.

Raffaello.
Giulio
Romano.

devotion in mankind; our conductor, and some other holy men we conversed with, owned the Virgin had not received a gift of value from any prince or crowned head, for these sixty years past; and that few pilgrims came now, compared with the numbers that used to visit Loretto some years past: it is remarkable, that this day, one of the first in the year for the arrival of pilgrims, we saw no more than twelve of them enter Loretto. About ten pilgrims on an average yearly arrive from England, where the people of Loretto believe those of the Roman Catholic religion stick up more strictly to the principles of their faith, than do those of France or Italy; and I join them in opinion. They assured us, that for many years past, scarce any great people had performed the journey; and added, *their pilgrimage need not be considered by them as very painful, as they might perform it in a post-chaise, or otherwise, provided they walk but a little, when the weather proved favourable.* Pilgrims are fed and lodged *gratis* on the road, and during their stay in the town. Those we saw were all common people, sturdy, lazy vagabonds, who, preferring sloth and idleness to labour and industry, set out on what they call a pilgrimage, as it costs them nothing; and I make no doubt, fail not to pilfer what they can on their route: I should be as much afraid to meet a *posse* of these pilgrims, as to encounter a band of robbers

bers in a lonely place. The Adriatic Sea is but one mile from the city, and were not the Turks persuaded the treasures of Loretto would not sufficiently reward their trouble, it seems probable they might land and take the town, *porringer*, *santa casa*, treasury, and all its trumpery, with the greatest ease.

To-morrow morning we depart for Bologna; our journey from Rome has hitherto been to me a painful pilgrimage, I assure you; and my expectation here thoroughly disappointed.

P. S. If you should be still curious in regard to the Santa Casa, I have provided myself with a book, containing various views of it, its treasures, its journey through the clouds, its conveyance by angels, its nightly flights from region to region, which you shall study at your leisure, *if you chuse it*. The annual landed revenue of the holy house amounts to fifteen thousand pounds sterling: no bad *broth* for their *porringer*.

Enclosed you have a letter from father Gillibrand, an English Jesuit at Loretto, to M——, to satisfy his inquiries in regard to the holy house.

“ Dear

“ Dear Sir,

Loretto, 21st May, 1771.

“ I Tried several methods to transcribe the short
 “ history you desired; but finding it impos-
 “ sible, on account of some oil spilt upon the
 “ stone, was obliged to send you a translation of
 “ it from the Latin, found in an ancient MS.
 “ of the Augustinian library at Rome, and con-
 “ fronted with one of Taremani; bearing date
 “ 1460. The accuracy of mine, you will find,
 “ upon comparing it with the French, to be met
 “ with in a small French book I gave to Mr. Ful-
 “ larton, to whom my grateful respects, as also
 “ to Mr. —, lady, family, &c. yea, to all the
 “ English there.”

*A succinct Account of the miraculous Conveyance of the
 Blessed Virgin Mary's House, from Nazareth to
 Loretto.*

“ THE chapel of Loretto was the house of the
 “ Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus
 “ Christ, and stood in a city of Galilee, called
 “ Nazareth, in which the Blessed Virgin herself
 “ was born, brought up, and saluted by the angel;
 “ in which also she bred her son Jesus Christ
 “ unto the age of twelve years. After Christ's
 “ ascension, the apostles and disciples, reflecting
 “ on the many divine mysteries wrought in the
 “ said house, decreed by common consent to con-

“ secrate it into a chapel, and dedicate it in honour
 “ and memory of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which
 “ they accordingly did, and in it had divine ser-
 “ vice. St. Luke the Evangelist is said to have
 “ made an image of the Blessed Virgin, which is
 “ kept there to this day ; the people of those parts
 “ had it in great honours and devotions, while
 “ they were Christians ; but no sooner did they
 “ embrace the Mahometan religion, than the
 “ angels conveyed it to a castle, called Fiuene, in
 “ Sclavonia ; yet not being honoured there as it
 “ ought, the angels carried it over the sea, and
 “ fixed it in a wood belonging to a noble woman,
 “ called Laurata of Recanati, whence it takes the
 “ name of our Lady of Loretto : but many rob-
 “ beries and murders being committed, by reason
 “ of the great concourse of nations to see it, the
 “ angels again removed it to a neighbouring hill
 “ belonging to two brothers, who falling out
 “ about the presents made to it, caused the angels
 “ once more to remove it to the high-road, where
 “ it now stands without foundations, attended by
 “ many signs, wonders, and favours.

“ The people of Recanati came to examine it,
 “ and finding it so, were afraid of its falling, and
 “ therefore caused it to be supported by a more
 “ substantial wall, and well founded, as is seen to
 “ this day. During all this, no one could be met
 “ with, to give any account of its origin, or how
 “ it came there, until the Blessed Virgin herself
 “ appeared

“ appeared to an aged person, devoted to her
 “ service, and revealed to him the whole, in the
 “ year of our Lord 1296. He divulged it imme-
 “ diately to several prudent men, who, bent upon
 “ knowing the truth, selected sixteen notable
 “ sworn men, to visit the holy sepulchre, and the
 “ city of Nazareth: these taking the measure of
 “ the said chapel, found its foundations left at
 “ Nazareth, to correspond to a hair, with an
 “ inscription upon a neighbouring wall, setting
 “ forth, that there had been such a house there,
 “ but that it was vanished they did not know
 “ where; the aforesaid sixteen men attested all
 “ this to be true, upon oath. From that time
 “ forward, all Christian people had, and have a
 “ great veneration for it, since the Blessed Virgin
 “ Mary has, and does favour it with innumerable
 “ miracles daily, as experience shews.

“ Here was a hermit, called brother Paul de
 “ Sylve, who lived in a hut in the wood, not far
 “ from the chapel, and went to it every morning
 “ to recite the divine office. He was a man of a
 “ very abstemious and sanctified life, and said,
 “ now about ten years ago, that upon the feast of
 “ the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, viz. the eighth
 “ of September, two hours before day, and the
 “ wind blowing clear, he saw a bright light de-
 “ scend from heaven upon the said chapel, about
 “ twelve feet in height, and six in breadth; it
 “ disappeared as soon as it came to the chapel;
 “ this,

“ this, he said, was the Blessed Virgin that came
 “ there on her feast.

“ To render all this the more credible, two
 “ worthy men of this town, the one called Paul
 “ Renalduce, and the other Francis, alias Prior,
 “ have often attested the same to me, the provost
 “ of Teremani, and governor of this church.
 “ The first affirmed, that his grandfather’s grand-
 “ father saw the angels carry it across the sea, and
 “ place it in that wood; and that he, with several
 “ others, had often visited it in the same wood:
 “ the second, who was then one hundred and
 “ twenty years of age, often told me, that he
 “ himself had visited it in that wood; he also said
 “ to many other creditable people, that his grand-
 “ father had a house in that wood, in which he
 “ lived, and was tenant to the said chapel; but
 “ that it was carried away, and placed upon the
 “ hills of the two brothers as aforesaid, during his
 “ own time. So ends the story.

“ I believe I could cite a hundred that have
 “ written in defence of the above, and only five
 “ or six against it: but the oddness of its circum-
 “ stances, as evident to sense, have greater in-
 “ fluence with me, than all authority. It could
 “ not be built in one night, so as to look a thou-
 “ sand years old next morning. It is built with-
 “ out a foundation (a thing never done before
 “ or since to any other house), and yet has stood
 “ even here near five hundred years, with walls
 “ near

“ near half a foot out of the perpendicular, and
 “ wood in the walls as hard as ever, yea, a beam
 “ under everybody’s feet has outlasted marble
 “ floors. The walls are of stone, cut out of the
 “ living rock, of a sort not to be found in Italy,
 “ but only in a quarry yet existing near Nazareth;
 “ it is not supported by any thing, and never was
 “ yet repaired: facts are stubborn proofs, and
 “ can never ply to prejudice. Excuse the liberty
 “ of declaring my sentiments, and rest assured of
 “ my being in every thing else, dear Sir,

“ your most obedient humble servant,

“ R. Gillibrand.”

“ *P. S.* I should be glad to know where you
 “ are, and how you are, from any part of the
 “ globe.”

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Ancona, May the 20th, 1771.

L A S T night I sent a letter for you to the post ; as every step we now take brings us nearer to you, my letters will reach you in more frequent succession. We have been this morning to see the famous triumphal arch, erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife, and sister. Its situation is upon an eminence above the Mole, and must make a fine appearance when viewed from the sea, being built of marble of Paros, of a beautiful kind, and full of shining particles, which glitter in the sun : it is in good preservation, though in so exposed a situation ; and before it was spoiled of its bronze statues, trophies, &c. must have been a most noble monument of Roman magnificence. From this arch there is a fine view of the Adriatic and the coast. The Mole, when completed, will be a stupendous work ; it is carried on solely by the galley-slaves ; the cement used in the building is Pouzolane, brought in boats from Puozzoli and the coasts of Baïa : we do not think it worth while to lie by here, although De Lalande mentions some pictures in the church ; so shall depart as soon as the post-horses are ready,
and

and press forward to reach Bologna as soon as possible. This sea-port is not an ugly town; the situation is eligible, and the people appear more industrious, richer, cleaner, and happier than in most other Italian towns; I except the great capitals: the causes of this difference are self-evident, *viz.* toleration of all religions, and a permission to people of every nation to settle here: it is most remarkable, that this place should belong to the Holy See, and yet enjoy such privileges. On one of the gates of the town is this inscription,

*Alma fides, procures, vestram quæ condidit urbem;
Gaudet in hoc, sociâ vivere pace, loco.*

On this coast they take a most extraordinary species of fish, which are generally sent to Rome and much esteemed there; they are found enclosed in stones; have a disgusting, naked, and raw appearance; and resemble more a kind of clear transparent flesh than fish: I believe the high estimation they are held in, arises more from the difficulty of procuring them, than from any other reason, as we thought them but very indifferent eating. The horses are ready, so adieu for the present.

Rimini, 12 o'clock at night.

This has been a hard day's journey, and though tired, I resume my pen for you: we have come to-day eight posts and a half, which is about sixty-seven

seven miles, and did not leave Ancona as early as we should have done; the viewing the arch and mole took us up some time, and accounts for our late arrival at this town: half our road lay close to the sea-side, and sometimes a little in the sea till we reached Pefaro. The prospect is very agreeable the whole way; on one side the Adriatic, and on the other a fertile country well cultivated and well peopled. Sinegalia, Fano, and Pefaro are places noted in history, but do not contain any very remarkable antiquities, pictures, &c. Our road lay over great part of the Flaminian way, which terminates with this town. It is famous in antiquity for being the first place that Cæsar possessed himself of after he had passed the Rubicon. On entering it, we passed under a famous triumphal arch of Augustus; this place is now an inconsiderable sea-port. Good night, tomorrow we hope to reach Bologna.

May 22, Bologna. Here we safely arrived last night, after a long day's journey; at least I thought it so, the hot weather greatly augmenting the fatigue of travelling. We quitted Rimini yesterday morning, and passed the river Mareccia, over the beautiful marble antique bridge, composed of five arches of equal dimensions. From Rimini our road lay through Santa Giustina, and we crossed a river called the Luso. Savignano is a small village a few miles from thence: leaving this place, we crossed another river, called the

Antique
Bridge.

Fiumefino: but the most remarkable of the many rivers that cut this road, is the Pisatello or Rubicon, the ancient and famous *Rubicon*, which at this day is but a very inconsiderable stream. Cesano our next post is a pretty little town, situated at the foot of a mountain: this place, as also Forli and Faenza, are all mentioned in history. Before we reached Forli, we passed through Ravenna also, where we experienced the truth of what is said concerning the badness of the water, as well as of its scarcity; they boil it, in order to make it wholesome, and it is so thick from the numbers of *animalculæ* contained in it, that it is necessary to strain it also; after all this cookery it stinks abominably: the wine is excellent, richer than Cyprus: the people of this place look shockingly ill; they are of a kind of lead-colour. When we changed horses, we observed the post-boys had brought water with them, to exchange for an equal quantity of wine, from the former post-house, which was done in our presence. Imola is famous for having produced several celebrated persons and excellent poets, one of whom is now alive and resides there, the ingenious Count Camillo Zampieri. We passed rivers so frequently in our road from Rimini hither, that it grew at last extremely tiresome, otherwise the road is good.

The moment our arrival was known though past eight o'clock at night, several of our Bologna friends

friends called upon us, and others sent us the most obliging messages; we can never forget, nor fail to acknowledge, the very friendly and kind manner in which we were at all times treated by the Bolognese families in general, and in particular by our much esteemed friend the Vice-Legate. We find it indispensably necessary to stay here a few days; it would be highly ungrateful not to comply with the pressing instances of those to whom we owe so large a debt of acknowledgment. * * * * *

We are extremely well lodged at the *Pelegriuo*, where the people of the inn gave us as kind a reception in their way, as if we had conferred an obligation upon them: indeed we always consider it as a duty to recommend to our countrymen, such inns and houses as have lodged and used us well; and I think every traveller ought to be careful to make this distinction, otherwise the insolent and the imposing may fare equally well with the civil and reasonable. Here are letters just arrived from you and from England. * * *

* * * * * I shall write once more from hence, and am, as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Bologna, May the 28th, 1771.

WE have never been out of company and amusements since our arrival here, and the weather has contributed to make these few days pass away delightfully. There are several pretty villas and gardens in the environs of this city. We have passed our afternoons most agreeably. One day, after a superb dinner at the Cardinal Legate's, he was so obliging as to conduct us himself, with two other ladies and two gentlemen, to the elegant villa of the ingenious and learned Count Algarotti: you must know it is a very great honour in this country to be invited to accompany a Cardinal Legate in his own coach; it is rarely the portion of his most intimate acquaintance and friends, and this, as it may have probably been the first time it has happened to strangers, I acquaint you with, lest you should *not* be surprised at it. His *cortege* consisted of two fine gilt coaches, drawn by beautiful horses decked with trappings and ribbons: his pages and gentlemen on horseback; his troop of light-horse attended as guards: passing through the town the people all turned out of their houses, and the

9
streets

streets were extremely crowded in order to receive his benediction, which he bestowed upon them by stretching out his hand. However, as even *Legates* themselves are subject to accidents, his Eminence's coachman, by way of making a short cut, missed his way, and the coaches very narrowly escaped being overturned in crossing a shallow river. This, as you may suppose, occasioned some loss of time, and not a little vexation to the company. Though we went at a great rate, it was late in the evening when we arrived at the villa, where an elegant supper was preparing, and the house in the nicest order, in case we should chuse to remain there till the next day; but after viewing the villa and its very pretty gardens, upon our expressing a desire to return to Bologna, it was immediately complied with, and we were all set down at the Opera-house, where the audience had waited a considerable time, doubtful if the Cardinal Legate meant to *assist* there or not that evening: we had the honour of sitting in his box, and the instant he appeared the curtain was drawn up. This opera is truly fine; it is complete in music, both vocal and instrumental; the scenery and decorations beautiful; the *ballets* well performed by two hundred dancers, and admirably adapted to the subject of the opera, which is Orpheus and Eurydice. The morning of that day, above three thousand Jesuits arrived from different places, whence they have been exiled, as Spain, Portu-

gal, France, Parma, the Spanish West-Indies, &c. they are only passing through the town; some going to Rome, others to places where they may with safety conceal themselves, and most of them appear to be in a very wretched and starving condition: we saw them pass through the streets in the morning from our windows, but I was more surprised to find the pit of the opera crowded with them in the evening. We passed another afternoon at the villa belonging to the once famous singer *Farinello*. General Angeleli, a very fine old gentleman, recommended strongly to us to go and see *Farinello* and his villa, assuring us they were both curious and worthy our notice; adding, that this once famous singer is upon so good a footing here, as to be visited by the first families in Bologna. When we came thither, we were surprised to find an elegant house built in the taste of an English villa, on what is there generally called an Italian plan: the grounds about the house are laid out in the English style, (*ferme ornée*) his cattle come up to the door; his hay harvest is just over, and the haystacks are made up in the corner of one of his fields as with us; his trees are planted in hedge-rows and clumps, and the neatness and simplicity is such, that I could scarce persuade myself that we were not in England. He received us most politely at the gate, and shewed us into an excellent saloon for music, where we found the Vice-Legate and several

ral of our acquaintance converſing, and from them we learnt, that they frequented this villa, often paſſed their evenings here, and treated it as belonging to themſelves. Signor Carlo (as Farnello * is called at Bologna) is in perſon extremely tall and thin, and though conſiderably advanced in years has a youthful air. The moment we had entered his houſe, he began to expreſs his obligations to the Engliſh nation, for the kind protection and approbation they had beſtowed on him when in London; naming ſeveral of diſtinguiſhed rank who flouriſhed in his day, and who had treated him in the moſt generous manner, by aiding him with their bounty, and honouring him with their protection: he concluded, after having made the moſt grateful acknowledgments, with ſaying, he owed to the *Engliſh* that villa and land which he poſſeſſed, and the means of enjoying the remainder of his life in plenty, tranquillity, and eaſe.

Very genteel reſreſhments of every kind were brought in, and this man appears in his own houſe as if he was made to ſerve all thoſe who honour him with their company, and without the leaſt conſciouſneſs of his being the owner: he bears an excellent character, and is much eſteemed by all the Bologneſe; his villa is neatly furniſhed, but

* The King of Spain has conferred upon him the dignity of Grandee of Spain.

very simple. I observed a picture of an English lady, at full length, in a magnificent frame: she is about the middle size, of a very genteel make, dressed in a pink night-gown, muslin apron, and a chip hat; I could not prevail on him to tell me who it was drawn for. He is also possessed of one of the finest harpsichords, I suppose, in the world; the portrait and this harpsichord are what he most values of all he is master of.

I could expatiate on the environs of this town till I had filled a long letter, but am obliged to quit the subject abruptly, having just received a most obliging message from the Cardinal Legate to say, that he has commanded the opera to be performed again this evening, in consequence of our intention to quit Bologna to-morrow; and as we approved of it much, he thought it might be agreeable to us to see it again before our departure. This is being kindly attentive, and a very great compliment in his Eminence, as it was not to have been performed till to-morrow evening. So adieu, for this invitation must be complied with, though I had rather employ the evening in your service. We are determined to go to-morrow; for were we to leave it in the least doubtful, our kind friends would invent some *fête* to detain us still longer. Adieu, I shall write again at the first place we sleep at, on our road to Venice.

I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R L:

Ferrara, May the 29th.

WE left Bologna this morning at ten o'clock, and sleep here to-night. We have come only thirty miles to-day, having stopped at Cento Cento. for above two hours (it being but six miles out of our way), in order to see some remarkable paintings, by Guercino, who was born there; his real name was Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, but he was nick-named Guercino, from his having but one eye.

In the church belonging to the Jesuits college Church. is a St. Jerome, and the Virgin suckling the infant Guerci-
no. Jesus: it is a remarkable circumstance in regard to this picture, that Guercino, by his will, ordered his heirs not to permit any person, upon what pretext soever, to take a copy of it. It is certainly good, the *chiaro oscuro* is well preserved, and the Ciceroni who shews it, points out some peculiarities worthy attention: when you walk backward and forward before it, the infant always appears to follow you with his eyes; also the other figures, as well in front as on either side, still appear in a proper point of view, though not in the same. This effect must proceed from his
great

great judgment in the doctrine of vision, and the effects of light and shadow. Also by the same master, an Elisha raising from the dead the son of the Shunamite; great expression in this piece.

Church
of the Ro-
sary.

Gennaro.

In the Church of the Rosary is a St. Jerome, a St. John, and a St. Thomas; the last by Gennaro, Guercino's master. In another church called *Nome de Dio*, is a prodigious fine picture of Jesus Christ's appearance to the blessed Virgin, after his resurrection.

Il Duomo
Guerci-
no.

In *il Duomo* is another painting, by Guercino; the subject, Jesus Christ giving the keys of Paradise to St. Peter. At the church of the Capuchin Monks without the town, is an agreeable picture by the same master, representing the disciples at Emaus; and a Madonna, which is a portrait of Guercino's mistress.

The road from Cento is too rough to be commodious; it lies over the sea-beach, or rather in a shallow sea. The rivers are disagreeable to pass, and the journey by no means pleasant.

Ferrara.

Ferrara, where they shewed us some good pictures, is situated on a branch of the Po. In the refectory of the Carthusian Church, is a representation of the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee,

Bononi.

by Bononi; they assured us, that they have been offered for it as many pieces of gold as would cover it.

In

In the Church of St. Benedetto is a curious picture, by Bononi; it represents Herod and Herodias, but they are the portraits of Alphonso duke of Ferrara and his mistress; here is also the tomb of Ariosto.

Church
of St. Be-
nedetto.

To-morrow morning we set forward for Venice, from whence I shall immediately write, lest you should be idle enough to think a fresh-water journey more dangerous than a land one, and so fancy us at the bottom of the *Po*, which you must know is one of the finest rivers in the world. Good night, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R L I.

From the Po, May 30, 1771.

WE quitted Ferrara this morning, proceeding to a small village called Francolino, which is only five miles distant from thence: we embarked at two o'clock on board one of the boats that are kept there, for the purpose of conveyance to Venice, and shall reach that city to-morrow about three o'clock afternoon, at the rate of about eight miles an hour; and as the weather is extremely fine, we mean to pass the night on the *Po*; though there are no luxurious conveniences for sleeping on board: however, it is so improbable that we should find tolerable accommodation at a wretched inn in any wretched village should we land, that the sleeping on a table in the middle of the boat, with a broad bench on one side, seems preferable to us. We are well protected from the sun, and the river is as smooth as a looking-glass: it appears to be about half a mile broad; the banks are not deep, and the verdure meets the water's edge in a gentle slope: at some distance, and on each side, are cottages and farm-houses, with fine grazing meadows about them; the country appears well planted and cultivated. Our baggage is all on board with us,
and

and our carriage makes a droll appearance in the boat, I assure you : we never travelled so agreeably in our lives ; our rowers work hard, keeping time in their strokes. I have had the prudence to lay in the following articles for our voyage ; in the first place, two or three books for our amusement, my mandoline and some music books, which I have unpacked, a tinder-box and bougies for the night, a cold ham, cold fowls, Parmesan cheese, wine, good water, and a dozen of lemons : the eatables are from Ferrara, which being the residence of a Cardinal, is well supplied with provisions for the table. It is now night, and the rising moon seems enamoured of her refulgent charms, reflected in the calm bosom of the Po. We have gone about six and thirty miles, and are just entering a canal ; here our rowers become useless, as we must be towed by horses through several canals, and we are preparing to go to rest. Our boat-men sleep on their benches by their oars, within a blanket provided for that purpose, our courier along with them. By way of kindness, a thick black woollen curtain has been put up for us, so fastened over and about our wooden ceiling, that I thought just now we should have been smothered with heat ; the musquitos, which are like gnats, begin to infest us. Good night, I hope these tormenting creatures will at length sleep themselves also.

May

May the 31st. I have passed but a bad night, through the stings of the musquitos and my own timidity. Notwithstanding my endeavours to secure my face from these tormentors by covering it all over, save as much of the end of my nose as was necessary for breathing, yet these cunning animals discovered that vulnerable morsel, and bit me most barbarously; the rest of my face escaped; but they have taken ample revenge of my hands and arms, which are in a miserable condition with most violent itchings, and my skin is much inflamed: they never molested M——. Notwithstanding their efforts I should have slept on, had it not been that I was suddenly waked by the sound of the oddest groans, accompanied with a kind of sighing and stifled lamentations, as I apprehended. Though extremely afraid, I ventured to look through a crack in the curtain, when, to my great terror, I thought I saw a tall man hanging up, much embarrassed in a quantity of clothes: I supposed the wailings I had heard to have proceeded from this person. I wakened M—— in a hurry, and told him my fears; he immediately got up and walked to the end of the boat with a pistol in each hand, where this apparition shewed itself; but judge of my surprise, when it appeared that the groans and lamentations proceeded from the ropes by which we were towed; and the hanging man was nothing but a parcel of weeds which had collected
and

and stuck about them. Drawing nearer to Venice when the sun was risen, we perceived the sides of the canals to be prettily embellished with small pleasure-houses, gardens, and coffee-houses: about eight o'clock the people of one of these latter stepping into our boat brought us coffee, upon which we breakfasted, continuing our voyage at the same time.

Two o'clock. We are now within two miles of Venice; but the wind is risen, and being rather against us, are obliged to take the assistance of another boat, come out to us for that purpose, being no longer towed by horses. I think my letter would make an admirable supplement to the *Voyageur de St. Cloud tant par mere que par terre*. Venice has appeared before us for three miles past: but now, on our nearer approach, I believe the world cannot produce a more surprising, or more beautiful view; a city rising out of the bosom of the waves, crowned with glittering spires. This sea we are now upon is called the *Lagunes*, because of its calm property, being in a manner like a lake of sea-water; it is shallow, and not subject to agitation by storms. Adieu for the present, having just gained the great canal of Venice.

Venice. We are lodged in a large palace, now Venice, converted into an *hotel* for strangers; it is called the *Palazzo Contarini*. We have the same apartment our acquaintance lord L—— lately occupied;

pied; it is much too large, but there is not a smaller that is commodious; judge of the size, when our antichamber, or outer saloon, is an hundred and twenty feet long, and wide and lofty in proportion; our sitting-room within is a cube of forty; our bedchamber and dressing-rooms exceedingly good and convenient; the saloon is stuccoed, but the rest of the apartments richly furnished, and hung with crimson damask. The saloon opens into a large balcony, from which is a beautiful view of the *Rialto* and the grand canal, to appearance about a quarter of a mile broad, bordered with several fine palaces and well-built houses; some of which are painted in fresco on the outside. The canal is covered with gondolas, these though black have not so dismal an effect as you would imagine. This hotel is kept by a Frenchman, who is married to a Venetian woman; they appear to be a good sort of people, and I think very reasonable in their demands: we are to give them twenty paols a day for our lodging, dinner, and supper, not including breakfast or wine. Our gondola is to cost us eight paols *per* day. I shall send this letter directly to the post, as I am sure you cannot be too soon informed of our having made a happy voyage. I am as ever, on land or on water, &c.

L E T:

L E T T E R LII.

Venice, June the 6th, 1771.

I Have just received three letters from you *
 * * * * *

I thank you for the news, and I assure you the English papers, which are sent here, have furnished us with a great deal of amusement: these contain some extraordinary anecdotes respecting some well-known persons, which I shall mention, as perhaps you may not yet have heard them. *

* * * * * Although it is carnival almost the year round at Venice, it is not so just now, which I cannot in the least regret; for though I think a masqued ball a very elegant amusement in France and Italy, yet to be obliged to go about every where in masquerade, must be extremely disagreeable, and subject to many inconveniences, which is the case here in carnival time.

The English envoy Sir J— W— is not here at present, nor the French either; the consul of the latter nation, Monsieur le Blond de la Motte, supplies his place. Mr. Udney the British consul is here, and his very genteel manners make him extremely agreeable to English travellers: he lives

VOL. II.

Z

well

Place St.
Mark.

well with the Venetians, has an admirable taste in pictures, and possesses himself no inconsiderable collection. There is no conveyance in this town but by water; out of the door of your lodging, you step into your gondola instead of your coach; the motion of them is extremely agreeable: two gondoliers manage it so dexterously, that they will whip round a sharp corner of these watery streets with more agility, than the best coachman in London can take a short turn there. He that governs the helm, stands in the most graceful attitude imaginable. The first orders we gave to our gondoliers, were to conduct us to the *Place St. Mark*, which is the only spot one can call *terra firma* in this city. We were soon there, and found it answer all its descriptions. This is the centre of Venetian amusement; here you see every body; hear all the news of the day, and every point discussed: here assemble senators, nobles, merchants, fine ladies, and the meanest of the people: Jews, Turks, puppets, Greeks, mountebanks, all sorts of jugglers and lights. Although such a heterogeneous mixture of people throng this place during the day, and often pass great part of the night here, yet there is no riot or disturbance: the Venetians are so accustomed to see strangers, as not to be the least surprised at their being dressed in a fashion different from themselves; nor inclined to esteem them objects of ridicule, on account of their not speaking the Venetian language:

in

in short, from the moment you enter the Place St. Mark, the advantage a free government has over a despotic is obvious in the easy and liberal manners of the people; the same air extends to their faces, and it is rare to meet any body at Venice with a dark suspicious countenance. Here are arcades or *piazzas*, extremely convenient for shelter from the sun, wind, or rain; under some of them are coffee-houses and shops: in the former, the women enter as freely as the men, make their parties, are served with all kinds of refreshments, and converse with as much ease as if they were in their own houses. The two columns of granite, which terminate this Place St. Mark on the side of the sea, were brought hither from Greece, and give the entrance a noble air.

The portico or piazza which is under the palace of St. Mark, is called the *Broglia*, and is destined to the noble Venetians, who repair to this walk in the morning to converse at their ease about the business of the state; the people and others are careful not to mix with them on these occasions, nor even by walking too near the *Broglia* hazard the interrupting them. There is an universal politeness here in every rank; the people expect a civil deportment from their nobles towards them, and they return it with much respect and veneration; but should *a noble* assume an insolent arrogant manner towards his inferior, it would not be born with. I was at first surpris'd at the quick

The Broglia.

Manners of the people.

transition, from the frothy compliments which fall from the servile mouths of those who champ the bit of a despotic government, and the style of compliment here; the highest expression in this way at Venice being *Gentil Donna*, which signifies *honest woman*, or woman of honour, which I think has much the same sense; and upon entering a shop, the tradesman addressing me to know what I would have, called me *cara Ella*: when at Rome or Naples, such a man would have styled me *Eccellenza, Illustrissima*. I own I feel myself infinitely more obliged to a Venetian, who styles me and believes me to be a *gentil donna*, than to a slave lavishing all the titles he can invent to flatter

Place St.
Mark.
Ducal
Church.
Antique
horses.

me. But to return to a description of the *Place St. Mark*. The Ducal Church dedicated to St. Mark, is in the old absurd Gothic style of architecture; before you enter, the four bronze horses (antique) are worthy observation; they have been covered with plates of gold; are the supposed workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus; are recorded to have stood over that of Augustus, and from thence to have been removed and placed over the triumphal arches of other Emperors, till at last Constantine had them conveyed with him to Constantinople, from whence they were taken by the Venetians in the year 1206, after the conquest of that capital.

The lion, the symbol of the saint, and the arms of the Republic is so much in repute here, that
you

you find him multiplied, from his first appearance on the top of one of the Greek antique columns, to the extremity of the square, wherever room could be found for him. The body is like a lion, but the head and face human, with a stern and forbidding countenance; so that it is become a common saying here, when speaking of a very ugly person, *Bruta figura come il liono di San Marco*. The interior of the church is highly ornamented with fine antique marble, mosaics, &c. brought from Greece. The decorations over the altar are of solid gold, sculpted in *basso rilievo*; the figures in sort of shrines, enriched with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Behind this altar is another where the *hostie* is kept; it is surrounded with beautiful pillars, four of which are of oriental alabaster of an extraordinary beauty, and the two others of serpentine stone. The bronze door of the sanctuary, is by *Sansovino*. The ducal chapel is richly adorned with the most precious marbles. This church contains a *miraculous* picture of the Blessed Virgin, by St. Luke: which is esteemed the most famous of the pictures done by that holy evangelist: they assured us, that the emperors of Constantinople carried it with them in all their military expeditions, verily believing it the work of that saint; and that it was in the year 1204, when the Venetians and French took Constantinople, that the Doge Henry Dandolo caused it to be transported to Venice.

The treasury contains many articles of great value, but I do not believe equal to what it was estimated at in former days; there are a numerous collection of relics, which are in this age much fallen in their value. Amongst the curiosities, they assert themselves possessed of a manuscript of the gospel of St. Mark, written with his own hand: and amongst the rich and precious articles here, are several candlesticks and vases of pure gold. Twelve rock rubies, which weigh seven ounces each; presented by an Emperor to the Republic, in the year 1343. A very large pearl. A sapphire, which weighs nine ounces. A dish of an entire and perfect turquoise, six inches diameter; four rabbits are engraved upon it, and some Arabick characters: here are several other valuable and curious gems. In the pavement of the portico of St. Mark is a small morsel of porphyry, frequently kissed by the people, who hold it in the highest veneration: on this piece of marble the Emperor Barbarossa prostrated himself at the Pope's feet (Alexander the Third), in 1177, when his holiness gave him absolution. This story is represented in the grand saloon of the Ducal Palace, where the Pope is seen treading on the neck of this Emperor; there is a tedious and foolish piece of history belonging to it, which I shall spare myself and you. The Ducal Palace, where the Doge lives, is a vast Gothic pile; one front in the *Place St. Mark*; another looks upon the land; the principal

cipal door of entrance (for there are eight) is on the side of the square, or Place St. Mark; by this you enter a large court, where are placed several antique statues, the most remarkable, a *Cicero* and *Marcus Aurelius*. After having ascended the staircase, called that of the Giants, you come to a corridore, where are the famous mouths (*Denunzie Segrette*) for receiving letters relative to the state. This corridore conducts to an anti-chamber, the cieling of which is painted by *Tintoretto*; the subject Justice presenting a sword to the *Doge Priuli*.^{to.} On the walls are paintings in compartments, some by *Paolo Veronese*; the best are the following subjects, Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives, by P.^{Veronese.} Veronese. St. John the Evangelist, by *Francisco Bassano*; the Angel waking the Shepherds, also of *Bassano*. In the *Sala delle quatre porte*, all the paintings are so much injured as to be scarcely worth noticing. In the room called *Anti Collegio*, the cieling is painted by P. *Veronese*, where is an allegorical representation of Venice, &c. The Rape of Europa, one of the pictures which adorn this *sala*, is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Paolo*: this piece represents three different parts of the fable; the colouring is rich and glowing; the stuffs, of which the drapery is formed, of that peculiarity and beauty that *Paolo* is so remarkable for. The bull is of the finest and most noble species of that animal, his countenance expresses great tenderness; the most striking beauty in Eu-

Giacoppo
Bassano.

ropa, is her naked foot, which is of the most elegant shape and delicacy of flesh. A picture by *Giacoppo Bassano*, representing a pastoral scene; it is finely done. The *Real sala del collegio* is adorned with paintings, some of which relate to the Venetian history, others are scripture subjects: but I will not attempt to enter into the detail of any pictures, but such as appear to me peculiarly remarkable, either for their great merit, or singularity; as I think you have already been sufficiently obeyed on the article of pictures from other places in Italy, and I fear tiring you with catalogues. All the apartments, which consist of council chambers, courts of justice, &c. very large and convenient, are adorned with historical paintings, chiefly in fresco, by no means in good preservation; they have been much spoiled by the clouds of powder that fly out of the lawyer's perukes when pleading, at which time they use a vast deal of action and agitation. However, they are curious, and worthy the examination of a traveller; as a knowledge of the most interesting part of the Venetian story may be more agreeably collected from them, than by reading the history of Venice. I shall not attempt to describe the prisons in this palace; we have not seen them, but, by what I hear, I am convinced the writers of travels have made a true report of them, when they assert, that between the rafters, and immediately under the covering of the palace, is a hollow place sufficiently large

large to confine unhappy wretches, but too low to admit of their standing upright; that their suffering must be dreadful, from the burning heat of the sun, till death puts an end to their misery; as the covering consists chiefly of copper, and in some places of lead: and this dismal sentence had effect not long since, upon a young man of the *Mocenigo* family, who (I think) was charged with no other offence than that of an intended misalliance; his family concurred in the infliction of this punishment. The place St. Mark is particularly agreeable to walk in by night; the lights in the coffee-houses illuminating the piazza render it extremely cheerful: a concourse of people resorting here to breathe the cool evening air, is so considerable as to fill the whole square. The little streets leading from this *Place*, are well furnished with elegant shops, which make the most brilliant appearance, from the curious arrangement of their articles; and strike me, as far exceeding the *coup-d'œil* of the *foire St. Germain* at Paris. The street of the silversmiths makes a splendid show, there being no other sort of shops in it. That of the milliners and mercers is like a *parterre* of flowers, the goods, of the most glowing colours, being ingeniously mixed in such a manner in the windows, as to produce a striking effect. Other streets consist solely of poulterers, and some of green-grocers shops for all kinds of garden stuff: these last are dressed in such a manner, as disco-

vers a surprising taste in the common people; a perfect neatness reigns throughout, and I observed that ideas drawn from architecture were the favourite fancies of the gardeners, who pile up cabbages, lettuces, &c. as columns, and form their capitals, friezes, &c. of turnips, carrots, and celerery; the flowers and herbs are linked together, and disposed in festoons after the *antique*. The confectioners and pastrycooks shops are also curiously contrived. I should not trouble you with this detail, but that the appearances are so strikingly odd and singular, that I thought it worth mentioning. The provisions here are tolerable, but the Venetians are wretched cooks: they told me, that almost all the meat comes from Dalmatia; it is coarse and lean; their poultry is good, as is the fish; the scuttle-fish disgusts at first sight, for when dressed it fills the dish with a black juice like ink, but tastes agreeably when you have conquered your prejudice to its colour. They have an odious custom here, of using the blood of animals in their soups and ragouts; not liking the soup they served up yesterday, I desired our host to have it made better to-day; when it came upon the table I thought it of an odd colour, and the taste was extremely disagreeable; upon inquiry I was told, it was made after the Venetian manner, and particularly delicate and elegant, even *eccellentissimo*, there being a greater quantity than ordinary of fowls and pigeons blood in it: guess if I had
any

any further appetite for Venetian soup.—We do not propose making any long stay here. As soon as our curiosity is gratified we shall depart, but our day is not yet fixed. Adieu.

I am, as ever, yours, &c.

LETTER LII.

Venice, the 14th of July.

THE very day after I wrote last, I was attacked by an indisposition, occasioned by the water we drink having a brackish taste, which I did not perceive for some time, having always mixed it with wine. The common English remedies had not the desired effect. I believe I should have been extremely ill (and would not hear of a Venetian physician), had not M—— mentioned my disorder to Mr. U——, who was not at all surprised at it, the water of Venice having frequently a like effect upon strangers: he advised my drinking a mineral water of *Nocera*; I took his prescription, the first glass relieved me much, and half the bottle completed the cure. This water is extremely clear and light, and has no taste. My indisposition occasioned me some disappointments. I could not comply with the obliging invitations we received to two wedding balls

balls and suppers; one was the marriage of the Doge's son *Alvise Mocenigo*, e *la nobil Donna Polif-sena Contarini*; the other was of *Alessandro Barziza*, e *Andriana Berlenda Berlendis*: though I could not partake of the amusements in the evenings, I thought I might possibly venture to see the ceremony in the church; we were accordingly present at the first of these, that of *Mocenigo*. I was extremely well pleased that I had not permitted so fine a show to escape me, though afflicted with a tormenting pain in my stomach the whole time. The procession of the gondolas to the church was very fine; the gondoliers, dressed in gold and silver stuffs, made a most brilliant contrast with the blackness of their boats. We got into the church before the bride and bridegroom with their *suite* arrived, where the pillars and walls were covered with crimson damask, fringed with gold; the altar richly adorned with lace and flowers, and the steps up to it spread over with Persian carpets; the whole church was illuminated with large wax tapers, though at noon-day.

As soon as the company were disembarked from their gondolas, they formed themselves into a regular procession; the ladies walked two and two: they were all dressed in thin black silk gowns (excepting the bride), with large hoops; the gowns are strait-bodied, with very long trains, like the *robes de cour* at Versailles; their trains tucked up on one side of the hoop, with a prodigious

gious large tassel of diamonds. Their sleeves were covered up to the shoulders with falls of the finest Brussels lace, a drawn tucker of the same round the bosom, adorned with rows of the finest pearl, each as large as a moderate gooseberry, till the rows descended below the top of the stomacher; then two ropes of pearl, which came from the back of the neck, were caught up at the left side of the stomacher, and finished in two fine tassels. Their heads were dressed prodigiously high in a vast number of buckles, and two long drop curls on the neck. A great number of diamond pins and strings of pearl adorned their heads, with large *sultanes* or feathers on one side, and magnificent diamond ear-rings.

The bride was dressed in cloth of silver, made in the same fashion, and decorated in the same manner with the other ladies; but her bosom was quite bare, and she had a fine diamond necklace, and an enormous *bouquet* of natural flowers. Her hair was dressed as high as the others, with this difference, that it was in curls behind as well as before; and had three curls which fell down her back from her poll, the two side ones reaching half way down her back, and the middle curl not quite so far: these three curls had a singular appearance, but not near so good an effect as the heads of the other ladies, whose hair was plaited in large folds, and appeared much more graceful: her diamonds were very fine, and in great profusion.

sion. She is but seventeen years old; is of a comely sort of beauty, and very full grown of her age. All the ladies that walked, about sixty in number, were relations, or intimate friends to the young couple; many of them extremely handsome. The men appeared to me to be all alike; they were dressed in black gowns like lawyers, with immense periwigs. The bridegroom is a slender fair little man, seemed to be much charmed with his new wife; he very politely sent us the *epithalamiums* and other poems made on the occasion, elegantly covered and adorned with engravings. I was extremely sorry at not being well enough to go to the ball and supper; however, I persuaded M—— to comply with their very polite invitation: he danced English country-dances, but did not stay to supper: I was not well enough to go to the other wedding; but he went, and it passed much in the same manner with the first. Is it not singular, that the Doge's dignity should forbid his being present at his own son's wedding? I have employed my mornings, since my recovery, in seeing a few of the most remarkable churches and palaces, which are here so numerous, that I thought it adviseable to make a selection of those most worthy of notice; so, during my confinement, I made out a list of such as contained the best pictures, &c. To begin with the churches: St. Zaccaria is a church belonging to a convent of noble ladies of the Benedictine order; it is fronted with

with marble. The best picture this church possesses is by P. Veronese; it represents the Virgin, the infant Jesus, St. John, St. Joseph, St. Catherine, St. Jerome, and St. Francis; St. John is upon a pedestal, and St. Francis is shewing him his *Stigmata*: the colouring is beautiful, the figures all expressive of the characters, the Virgin extremely handsome, and St. Catherine, whose profile only appears, is of a most amiable countenance; her hair is finely done, is braided with pearls, and in the picture Veronese had a good opportunity of displaying his powers of representing rich and ornamental drapery. The grand altar is finely decorated with porphyry, and other precious marbles.

St. Fantino is worth seeing for its fine ornaments in marble and opaque gems; here are also two good pictures, by Palma.

Scuolo di St. Fantino is the *confraternata* of St. Jerome. These brethren visit the condemned criminals, and exhort them to repentance, &c. in their dying moments. The church belonging to this convent is highly ornamented (but is not the same with that above-mentioned); the ceiling is painted by Palma, and is amongst his best performances; the subject an Assumption, with the Apostles and St. Jerome. Here are introduced the portraits of Tiziano and Vittorio (a statuary), Palma, his wife, and several celebrated musicians, friends of his. The whole history of St. Jerome is painted on the walls.

St.

St. Lucca. St. Lucca; this church is situated in the centre of Venice; over the grand altar is a fine picture by P. Veronese; it represents St. Luke, who, having drawn the portrait of the Virgin, which is placed in the corner of the picture, is admiring it, leaning on his ox; behind him stands a priest: this is a very fine picture. Over another altar is a picture by Benefatto, a nephew of Veronese; the subject, a Last Supper: in this piece appears a man with a large beard, which is the portrait of Aretino, who lies buried under the pulpit.

Church St. Salvad- St. Salvadoro is famous for its architecture, from the designs of Julio Lombardi, and for two or three good paintings by Tiziano.

Church I Mira- *I Miracoli*, a church belonging to the female convent of Clarists, is encrusted within and without with fine marbles, serpentine stone and porphyry. Over the organ are two statues of children in marble; they are antique, of the last beauty, and attributed to Praxiteles, the celebrated Athenian sculptor. Near the church is the house Tiziano lived in; he is esteemed with justice the first painter of the Venetian school: he drew the picture of Charles the Fifth three times, and was so highly favoured by this monarch, as to be created a *Count of the Palatinate*: this celebrated artist is interred in the church of I Frari (where are some good paintings of P. Veronese); he died of the plague in 1576, aged ninety-nine years.

P. Verone-
nese.
Church
St. Gior-
gio Mag-
giore.
Architect
Palladio.

St. Giorgio Maggiore is a church belonging to the Benedictines; Palladio was its architect; the front

front is entirely of marble: in my opinion, this is the finest church in Venice; I say in my opinion, as its architecture has been criticised by good judges. The refectory belonging to it contains the famous picture by P. Veronese, which represents ^{P. Veronese.} the Marriage Supper at Cana in Galilee. I was not permitted by the monks to enter their refectory, *as no women are suffered to penetrate so far*: I therefore waited for M—— in the church; he made a note of it: he thinks it a very fine picture, and believes there are more portraits amongst the personages, than the monks apprehend: amongst the musicians they point out those of Tiziano, Tintoretto, and Bassano; he thinks the colouring, ordonnance, grouping, &c. in Veronese's best manner. As a proof of the great difference between the prices now paid for pictures, and what they sold for at the time this was done, it appears by an entry in the convent household-book, which M—— saw, that P. Veronese was paid for this picture the sum of twenty-two sequins, six measures of wheat, and two vessels of wine: I wonder how Sir J— R— would look, if he was offered for one of his best family pictures ten guineas, an hundred of cheese, and a hogthead of strong beer!—

I have but two more churches to mention. St. Church Sebastiano contains several pictures by Veronese; ^{St. Sebastiano.} here is also his tomb. The sanctuary is furnished ^{Veronese.} with a very good picture of his, which represents

St. Marco and St. Marcellino, who are descending the staircase of the Prætor, supposed to have just quitted him after he had condemned them to die: their mother appears earnest with them to renounce their faith, and save their lives; but St. Sebastian exhorts them to be steady in their resolutions: it is a very interesting picture, the colouring fresh, and in high conservation. Here are a great collection of excellent paintings: the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and several circumstances of his life, with some scripture history, are all worthy the attention of the curious.

Church
St. Maria
Maggiore.
Bassano.

In the church of St. Maria Maggiore are some remarkable paintings. One by Bassano is a most entertaining scene; the subject, Noah's ark; it is incredible what a number of strange animals he has introduced, how highly he has finished the plumage of an amazing variety of birds, and the accuracy with which he has drawn the various beasts, &c. The Four Seasons in the *naif* of this church are by the same painter, and well done. I shall now mention some of the palaces, for I think I have introduced you to as many churches as are necessary to give you an idea of the rest, but be assured I have not named a fourth of the number this city contains. We had a great desire to see the *Pallazzo Pisani*, on account of one famous picture by Veronese, representing the family of Darius prostrate before Alexander; but were much disappointed at hearing it had been sold:

Pallazzo
Pisani.

this was the boast of the palace, the remainder I think but indifferent.

Pallazzo Barberigo. This palace contains several excellent paintings by Tiziano: amongst the most remarkable are the following: a woman and a satyr; a Prometheus; Tobias and the Angel, a singular representation; a Venus at her toilette, she is extremely handsome, and appears to be a portrait; a Cupid brings her a crown, and another holds the mirror. Venus dissuading Adonis from the chase. A Virgin and infant Jesus, to whom the Magdalen presents a box of perfumes; this is a very fine picture. A weeping Magdalen, full of the most pathetic expression. The miracle of the five loaves, by Bassano; a winter scene by the same master.

Pallazzo
Barberigo.
Tiziano.

Pallazzo Grassi contains a fine collection of pictures. Here is a Venus, by Tiziano; she strongly resembles that at Florence, and is supposed to be the portrait of a mistress of a duke of Ferrara. A rape of Europa by Veronese, an admirable picture. Acteon and Diana by the same. A very singular picture; its subject the parable of the Beam and the Moat, *particularised* by Feti. Some portraits by Vandyke. The anointing our Saviour's feet at the table of the Pharisee, by Rubens. A Cupid by Guido. David bearing the head of Goliath. The Israelites rejoicing precede him, by Guercino. The triumph of Galathea by Schiavone; the women are elegantly cast.

Pallazzo
Grassi.
Tiziano.

Veronese.

Feti.

Vandyke.

Rubens.

Guido.

Guerci-
no.

Schia-
vone.

The palaces at Venice are much in the same taste; having seen one or two, you have in a manner seen all. The Venetians cover their walls with pictures, and never think their apartments properly furnished, until they have such as shall fill all the spaces from top to bottom, so as completely to hide the hanging. This being their object, there are in all the collections many more bad pictures than good; and on entering a room, the number of paintings are such, that it is not till after some recollection you can discriminate those pictures that merit attention, from amongst a chaos of glowing colours that surround them; and which are frequently so ill classed, that a picture which requires to be hung high, is perhaps the lowest in the room, whilst another that cannot be seen too close, touches the cornice; this is occasioned by their great object of covering the walls, never considering what light, &c. may suit their pictures.

The palaces in general are furnished with velvet and damask, fringed or laced with gold. The floors are of a composition which imitates various marbles, and has an excellent effect; but what I admire very much, and is universally found in all the houses, as well as palaces, is the elegant manner in which they paint the doors, architraves, skirting boards, and all their wainscoting: it is smooth as ivory, of very pale tints for the ground, and prettily ornamented with various devices, festoons,

festoons, fruits, &c. They also paint in fresco on the walls, with a great deal of facility and taste, having an exceeding good idea of perspective: this is to be met with in the poorest houses, and where they do not go to the expence of painting the walls, their white-wash is of an uncommon neatness; it is glossy, of a soft colour, and never comes off. I shall write again before we leave this city, and must break off now, the time being come for our engagements to two Casinos this evening. Adieu, &c.

P. S. I live almost the whole of the day, when at home, in the balcony, which is to me the most agreeable part of this great hotel, I should say *Palazzo*. The people are so musical here, that all day long the houses send forth the most melodious sounds, which die off charmingly along the water; till they again awake the strings, and at the same time draw off my attention so much from what I am about, that I believe, were I to reside here for any time, I should do nothing but listen to music the whole day.

L E T T E R LIII.

Venice, June the 17th, 1771.

TO-morrow we leave this city, and proceed on our route to Milan. I shall write from every place we stop at as usual, and send my letter by the first opportunity, if any offers before we reach that city.

Cassinos. The *Cassinos* I mentioned to you in my last letter, are small houses of one or two rooms on a floor; neatly fitted up, but never fine: those I saw were papered with India paper, and furnished with chintz. It is the fashion here for every person of distinction to have one Cassino at least, and very frequently more: they have little pleasure in inhabiting their palaces, which are really uncomfortable, and by the plans and dimensions rendered extremely melancholy. A silent and solitary magnificence reigns throughout, interrupted only by the hoarse washing of the sea against the walls, which is not exhilarating to the spirits, you must confess. I suppose it was in search of cheerfulness, recreation, and society, that *Cassinos* were originally resorted to; the greater number of them are situated behind St. Mark's Place. Here small *Cotteries* meet, play at cards, generally sup together on some trifle they procure from

from the pastrycooks-shops and coffee-houses; and often pass the night in conversation, music, or in walking about the *Place St. Mark*. I do not pretend to say these *Cassinos* are not often made an ill use of:—all I can assert is, that in those to which I was introduced, I neither saw nor heard any thing but what was extremely well bred and liberal; the smallness of the rooms, and the card-parties, prevent the formality of a circle. The society was composed of people who seemed perfectly well acquainted with each other, and who shewed us the kindest attention as strangers. To us indeed these *Cassino* parties was not very amusing, as we could not possibly find in them the pleasures the Venetians seemed to do; we had much rather have been at an opera, or a play; but there is no theatre open at this season of the year. The only amusements at this time are these private parties, walking in *la Place St. Mark*, taking the air in our gondola amongst the little islands near Venice, or walking in the *Giardini Giudecca*, as they are called, near Venice; which are extremely ill laid out, in dirty walks and vulgar arbours; the garden itself is divided into quarters, and contains little else than common kitchen garden stuff. Here the senators and people resort; and are served with refreshments in the arbours: there is no distinction shewn to one more than another, by those who attend upon the company, yet we never could learn that any accident happened from this

Giardini
Giudecca.
ca.

Arsenal
and Bu-
centaure.

mixture of people and ranks. M— has been to see the Arsenal and the *Bucentaure*: as to the first, he says, it agrees with the description the writers of travels have given of it, but does not think it contains any thing that might compensate to me for the trouble of visiting it this hot weather. He thinks the *Bucentaure** the ugliest, most tawdry, worst contrived vessel he ever saw; loaded with ornaments and gilding, and totally void of grace.

Charita-
ble Insti-
tutions.

We have seen some of the Charitable Institutions, or convents here; one is called *la Pieta*, it is an hospital for foundlings of the female sex: all I shall say at present concerning this convent is, that I was in, and all over it, and that I saw nothing curious: that we were present in the church when there was some very good music, both vocal and instrumental, performed in a tribune, by the women of the convent: that the tribune having a lattice before it, we could not distinguish the performers; I therefore begged to be permitted to go into the tribune, that I might see as well as hear the concert: my request was granted; but when I entered I was seized with so violent a fit of laughter, that I am surpris'd they had not driven me out again. You cannot wonder that my risibility was excited, when, upon entering the tribune, my eyes were struck with the sight of a dozen or fourteen beldams ugly and old; one blowing a

* The state vessel in which the Doga performs the annual ceremony of marrying the Adriatic.

French horn, another sweating at the bass-viol, another playing first fiddle, and beating time with her foot in the greatest rage; others performing on bassoons, hautboys, and clarionets; these, with several young girls who formed the choir, and one who played upon the organ, composed the concert, a concert I never can forget; but after I had seen it, I could no longer bear to hear it, so much had the sight of the performers disgusted me. As to other anecdotes relating to this convent, I shall reserve them for you when we meet.

I Mendicanti is an hospital destined for the relief of indigent girls, and decayed old age. Hospital I Mendicanti. From what I have seen of these charitable institutions, I think they admit of great improvements and better regulations.

The Glass houses are for the most part built in the islands near the city. We went to see the best manufacture of this kind, but think it falls infinitely short of our English fine cut glass. The only thing I saw that appeared singular or curious, was certain festoons of flowers intended to decorate lustres, and large *bouquets* for *saints* in churches; the effect of these flowers when finished is not very pretty, they have a fragile and tawdry appearance. It is an universal custom at Venice, to dress up wooden figures, as large as life, of *madonnas* and saints, &c. and to clothe them in various modes; their faces and hands are painted, to imitate nature;

ture; but they have the appearance of gigantic dolls, and are quite sufficient to make one start when placed in a darkish corner. At the above-mentioned manufactory, they shewed us complete furniture for a room in the Grand Signior's *se-raglio*, which had been bespoke at Venice, and made exactly to the orders received from the Porte. The most remarkable article was the principal sofa; it was not raised above four inches from the ground, the back and arms carved and gilt, its carving forming curves and scrolls, and the back rising to the height of about eight feet. In the moulding were inserted or inlaid, broad pieces of thick blue glass (not cut), and here and there small oval and round looking glasses, so placed as to reflect with variety every contiguous object. It was covered with fine Lyons gold silk, and was to have three or four mattresses of the same. Though in description this sofa may not strike you as pretty, yet the effect was really so and very odd; as the sculpted wood, which formed and guided the plan of the whole, was elegantly executed, and designed in a good taste. The rest of the furniture consisted of very broad and low stools, the frames and feet of which were decorated with gilding and pieces of blue glass. There were lustres and festoons of flowers, &c. to ornament the same room.

Manners. I think I have not yet mentioned the manners of the Venetians, at least not entered into any detail

detail on that subject, nor will my time now allow me, were I much better qualified for the task than I really am. However, not wholly to disappoint you, take this account of some of their women at least, particularly the nobility. The custom of *Cavalieri Serventi* prevails universally here: this usage would appear in a proper light, and take off a great part of the odium thrown upon the Italians, if the Cavalieri Serventi were called husbands; for the real husband, or beloved friend, of a Venetian lady (often for life), is the *Cicisbeo*. The husband married in church is the choice of her friends, not by any means of the lady. It is from such absurd tyranny of the relations and friends of young girls, not suffering them to chuse for themselves, that this chusing of Cicisbeos, or Cavalieri Serventi, has taken its rise, and will never be relinquished in Italy, whilst the same incongruous combinations subsist: this surely lessens the criminality, at least in some degree. The Venetian ladies have a gay manner of dressing their heads, which becomes them extremely when young, but appears very absurd when age has furrowed over their fine skins, and brought them almost to the ground. I felt a shock at first sight of a tottering old pair I saw enter a coffee-house the other evening; they were both shaking with the palsy, leant upon each other, and supported themselves by a crutch-stick; they were bent almost double by the weight of years and infirmities,

mities, yet the lady's head was dressed with great care; a little rose coloured hat, nicely trimmed with blond, was stuck just above her right ear, and over her left was a small matt of artificial flowers; her few grey hairs behind were tied with ribbon, but so thinly scattered over her forehead, that large patches of her shrivelled skin appeared between the parting curls: the *Cavaliere* was not dressed in the same style, all his elegance consisted in an abundance of wig which flowed upon his shoulders. I inquired who this *venerable* couple were, and learnt, that the gentleman had been the faithful *Cavaliere* of the same lady above forty years; that they had regularly frequented the *Place St. Mark* and the coffee-houses, and with the most steady constancy had loved each other, till age and disease were conducting them hand in hand together to the grave. However, a forty years constancy is far from *universal* at Venice; *coquettes* are to be found there, as well as elsewhere: I have seen some instances of coquetry at fourscore; a *Donna Nobile*, whom a catarrh and Satan had bound, "lo, these eighteen years!" was sustaining herself on the arm of a brisk *Cicisbeo* about twenty-five, in the *Place St. Mark*; she had often changed *Cavalieri*, as you may suppose. Several instances of the most fatal effects from jealousy are to be found in the annals of modern Venetian gallantry; but such anecdotes, with some of a less tragical kind, I shall communicate

nicate to you when we meet, as they would consume too much time to narrate them with my pen. A new regulation in the coffee houses had just taken place before our arrival: the partitions, which formed a kind of cells in the interior of them, into which two or three people might retire and fasten the door, are now taken away, and the rooms quite open and public. At first the senate had determined to exclude the women entirely from entering the coffee-houses, but they remonstrated so violently and effectually against this measure, that they were allowed the liberty of appearing publicly, but absolutely forbid to retire in private into any room, and the little rooms were without exception ordered to be thrown into the large ones. Another law has just been promulgated, which is, that if any *fille de joie* is found walking the streets about the *Place St. Mark, &c.* for the first offence she is to have her head completely shaved, and suffer imprisonment for a time specified; and for the second offence, her eye-brows are also to be shaved, she is to be branded between the eyes, and banished the Republic. The singularity of the situation of this town, I believe, will account for its tiring strangers sooner than most others; I fancy myself a prisoner, from being surrounded with water; at the same time nothing can be more convenient and easy than the gondolas. I shall quit Venice with less

regret,

regret, than I have hitherto done any other residence in Italy.

Adieu, you shall hear from me again as soon as possible. I am, as ever, &c.

P. S. I forgot to mention to you, that the celebrated Rialto does not answer the idea I had formed of it. The arch is indeed large, but wants a certain dignity that should accompany architecture of a bold style; it does not strike one with awe, there is no greatness in the appearance. The bridge has paltry shades built on each side of it; these are shops, and their merchandise is brilliant and costly, for they sell nothing but pearls and gold ornaments.

L E T T E R L I V .

Padua, 19th of June.

WE arrived here last night, and find Padua an old, straggling, ugly town, though founded by Antenor, and celebrated by classic authors; it is but twenty-five miles from Venice. We embarked at Venice in a boat called a *burchio*, in which is a pretty room glazed, painted, and extremely convenient. Four rowers conveyed us from Venice to the canal, formed by the *Brenta*, when two horses towed us along. Before you gain the *Brenta*, your route is indicated by piquets fixed at certain distances in the water, that you may not lose your way through the Lagune; and the first *terra firma* you come to is called Fufina, Fufina. five miles from Venice. From that city to Padua the views are delightful; for the first five miles, Venice also gives you a variety of appearances: the islands of the Lagunes are fertile, and under a plentiful cultivation. While we were towed along the *Brenta*, the banks presented us, on each side, with gardens planted down to the water's edge, crowned with palaces and beautiful villas. One of the most elegant of the former is that of Fos- Palaces
Foscari
and Pifa-
ni. cari; another that of Pisani, twenty miles from Venice,

Venice, and five from Padua: the gardens belonging to this last are very large, and laid out in the taste of those of Marli near Paris. We passed by several villages after having entered the Brenta: the name of the first is *Mira*, in which are several good houses: the next *Doglio*; the third *Stra*; the fourth *Noventa*, but two miles from Padua.

Fortifica-
tions.

Lalande asserts the fortifications of this town to be in good repair; and says so much of them, that M—— had the curiosity to go round and visit them; but found them all in ruins. *Lalande* most certainly never saw them, but took his account from some old description of them, as all he says in regard to Padua, (the historical part excepted) is entirely false. I think, in a well governed state, there should be a severe punishment inflicted upon travellers, who do not make truth their guide: the least inconvenience attendant on so base a conduct, is the giving a great deal of unnecessary trouble and disappointment to those who credit their representations. In the Cathedral church of this city is a Virgin, painted by the famous

Giotto.

Giotto; *Petrarque* once possessed this picture, and bequeathed it to *Francesco di Carrara*. The Sacristy holds a collection of curious pictures; that of the Virgin and Infant, announced to be of

Tiziano.

Tiziano, is fine; but as the Virgin is not in the same style with most of those painted by that master, it has been conjectured *Pordenone* drew the Virgin, and Titian the Child. Here is an excellent

excellent portrait of *Petrarque*, placed amongst the *other* canons of the cathedral. The library is worth seeing, as it contains some curious manuscripts.

The Church of *St. Antonio* is an old Gothic building. Here are some *basso relievos* by *Dona tello* in bronze, tolerably good. In one of the chapels is a decollation of *St. John*, by *Piazzetta*; this is a very fine picture, but the subject, with the circumstances here depicted, is shocking to contemplate. A martyrdom of *St. Bartelemi*, by *Tiepoletto*. Also the martyrdom of *St. Agatha*; an executioner cutting off her breasts by the same painter: horrible objects!

Church
St. An-
tonio.
Dona-
tello.
Piazzetta.
Tiepolet-
to.

St. Antonio's chapel is much adorned with marble statues, *basso relievos*, pillars, &c. In the interior are nine pieces of sculpture in *basso rilievo*, with figures nearly as large as life, representing the most remarkable events of the saint's life; which, though but indifferently executed, afford amusement from the oddity of the adventures they represent. In the first compartment appears *St. Antonio*, who is so desirous of the glory of martyrdom, as to quit his canonical habits, to become a member of the poorest order of monks; this is by one *Minello di Bardi*. In the second compartment appears the saint, who making the sign of the cross, saves the life of a woman that her husband had kindly thrown out of a window. The third is by *Campagna*, and is one of the best.

Minello
di Bardi.

Antonio in this performs a very useful miracle, for he raises a young man at Lisbon from the dead, in order to clear his father from the unjust accusation of having murdered him. Another extraordinary miracle of his, is the joining on to his leg the foot of a child, who had cut it off, as a punishment for having kicked his mother. The conversion of an heretic, appears also amongst them; the heretic's name was *Alcardino*; he said he should be converted and become a disciple of *St. Antonio*, if a drinking glass thrown out of the window should receive no fracture, through the power or interposition of the saint. The experiment was made, and the glass, instead of breaking, broke the stone to pieces on which it fell; upon the sight of this miracle, the heretic was (as you may suppose) immediately converted. About the middle of the chapel is a fine altar of granite, in which is enclosed the body of *St. Antonio*: this altar is richly decorated with columns of verd antique, bronze statues of saints, some beautiful silver candlesticks of curious workmanship, and of great weight. One fine gold lamp and twenty-four of silver burn constantly in this chapel. The *Ex-votis* of gold and silver, cover the walls over. In the church are some monuments worthy observation; I noticed one in particular to the memory of *Helena Cornaro Piscopia*, a noble Venetian lady, who was honoured at Padua with the degree of Doctor in Philosophy for her great learning; I believe

believe it would not be easy at this day, to find a Venetian lady capable of answering for a doctor's degree.

The Church of St. *Giustina* deserves notice; Church St. Giustina. P. Veronese. there are some good pictures in it, particularly one over the great altar, by P. Veronese, which has much merit, though considerably damaged by the damp. Several of the churches here are worth seeing, and some palaces. The hall of audience called *il Salone*, is one of the largest in all Italy; it is principally visited upon this account.

Here you see several remarkable Monuments, Famous Monuments. two of them are to the memory of two as virtuous ladies as ancient Rome ever boasted of; one *La Marchesa Lucrezia Dondi Orologia*, wife of *Pio Enea*, *marchese de gli Obizzi*, who died in defence of her honour: the other, *Bianca de Rofs*, who was sacrificed upon the tomb of her husband, rather than submit to the tyrant *Ezzelino*. The stories of these ladies would take up more time than I can now command; besides, they are too shocking for relation. Adieu, for the present.

Verona, the 20th of June, 1771.

(In continuation.) Last night we reached Vicenza, which is about eighteen miles from Padua, and passed this morning in viewing the famous amphitheatre, &c. From Vicenza to

Verona is thirty-two miles; the road very tolerable, and the country well planted with mulberries and vines.

The face of the country is covered with water meadows, in which rice is generally cultivated. Nothing looks prettier than these meadows when the sun shines on them; the trenches for the water are cut in straight lines, and I do not know any thing so like a field of rice, as a fine pale green silk striped with silver.

Vicenza. *Vicenza* makes a singular appearance; as at first sight it presents you with nothing but commencements of noble palaces, which have been left unfinished. These edifices (by Palladio), if completed, would have made this a beautiful city: two rivers run through the town, over which are three bridges, one of them, by Palladio, is of beautiful proportions; it has but one arch, and on the parapet walls a balustrade of marble; the whole is simple, and in a noble style.

Bridge
Palladio.

Theatre
Olympi-
co.

Palladio has also built *il teatro olympico*, 'tis his *chef-d'œuvre* taken from the plans of the antique theatres; its form a demi-oval divided the long way; no boxes, but steps serve as seats for the spectators. There is but one scene, and that is fixed at the extremity of the stage, being a view of seven streets which seem to terminate there: these streets are decorated with temples and other public edifices, all in wood and immoveable; they lessen in real perspective; I could walk through some
of

of them, but the furthest grew too narrow to admit my passing. *The Proscenium* represents a triumphal arch, dedicated to Hercules; this theatre is esteemed one of the most perfect morsels of modern architecture the world can boast of.

In the *Piazza d'Isola* is a beautiful front of a palace by *Palladio*. He was an accessory to the ruin of many of the great families at *Vicenza*, by drawing them into a taste for architecture. It is asserted here, that it was done from a motive of revenge, for their having imprisoned his son, who was an extravagant spendthrift, during the father's absence from *Vicenza*, who on his return gave them plans and false estimates, to induce them to begin upon what he knew they never could finish.

Here are some churches worth seeing: that of *la Santa Corona* contains a fine picture, by *P. Veronese*, of the Adoration of the Magi. The country about *Vicenza* is rather pleasing. A flat field, surrounded with a ditch, and planted with trees, is the place frequented by the inhabitants as a public walk. You enter by a triumphal arch erected by *Palladio*; it is of fine proportions, very much and very deservedly admired.

There are some elegant gardens and casinos in the neighbourhood of this city, but we had not time to visit them. Your accommodation in the inns, provisions, beds, &c. are better through the Venetian states than in most others of Italy. The

Church la
Santa Co-
rona.

Verona.

river *Adigio* passes through this city, over which are three bridges: one in particular is remarkably fine; it is called *il Ponte di Castello Vecchio*.

Ponte di
Castello
Vecchio.

The *Arena*, or antique amphitheatre, is the first object of curiosity at Verona; it is superb, and built in the same taste with the *Coliseo* at Rome: the shape is oval. There are forty-five rows of gradins (steps) carried all round, formed of fine blocks of marble about a foot and an half high each, and above two feet broad. Twenty-two thousand persons may be seated here at their ease, allowing one foot and an half for each person. This amphitheatre is quite perfect, and has been lately as well as frequently repaired with the greatest care, at the expence of the inhabitants. They frequently give public *spectacles* in it, such as horse-races, combats of wild beasts, &c. It is supposed to have been built in the reign of the emperor Trajan. Near the amphitheatre in the *Piazza Bra* is a museum, or collection of rarities and antiques, some very curious inscriptions, statues, &c. but we had time only to take a very cursory view of them. In this building is a kind of public room for conversation and cards, where the people of fashion of the town meet every evening. There is scarcely a small town in Italy that has not something of this kind. It is a much more sociable plan than the receiving their acquaintance in their own houses, which occasions much trouble and some expence. I should think,
that

that were this practised in some of the country towns in England, under proper regulations, it might be productive of more society and rational amusement, than the continual dining about with country neighbours, and the teasing importunity of visitors, not always in themselves agreeable. The theatre is spacious, and very convenient; it Theatre. is almost circular, has five rows of boxes one over the other; each range consists of twenty-seven in number. To my great regret, there is no opera here at present; but they assure us that the music is excellent in the month of November, when they have as fine singers as any in Europe. They boast much of a *Cantatrice* of the name of *Aguari*, commonly called the *Bastardina* of Ferrara, whose voice, they say, is of a wonderful compass and flexibility. Mentioning this singer reminds me, that when at the *Pieta* at Venice, they told us the famous Gabrieli was educated there, and a long story of the manner in which she contrived to escape from thence. I think I have mentioned this singer to you before, whose musical talents and capricious temper have given trouble to every body she has had to do with.

Here are some vestiges of antique arches and gate-ways, but none very fine. Most of the houses and other buildings in this city are marble. Several churches contain pictures and sculpture not unworthy the traveller's notice: but we had not time this morning to visit them, and the other ob-

jects already mentioned, at our ease. We have employed the evening in viewing some cabinets of natural history. Amongst many rare and curious articles of the fossil kind, the petrified fish are the most surprising. I have packed up some to travel with us, as M—— thinks they are a good addition to the little collection I have sent to England. These petrified fish are found at about eighteen miles distance from Verona, in the mountain *Bolea*, where are certain stones in layers, of a dusky, greyish, and brownish hue; of about an inch thick in general, not rough, but of a superficies as smooth as a slate; they separate in slivers when taken from the quarry, by the application of the chissel; if that part is hit right which contains the print of the fish, the head, bones, fins, tail, &c. are all so extremely well preserved, that it is easy to distinguish the species. They also find the impressions of leaves, plants, &c. but never any kind of petrified shell, or shell-fish.

Petrified
fish.

Though we have seen but little of the Veronese, yet are we inclined to think them ingenious, and more knowing in physicks, and the speculative branches of science, than the Italians in general.

To-morrow morning we mean to continue our route with as much expedition as possible towards Milan, from whence you shall hear from us on our arrival. I am, as ever, &c.

P. S. Though the post does not go from hence to-night, they assure me my letter will be equally safe with them.

L E T.

L E T T E R L V.

Milan, the 23d of June.

OUR arrival here last night, was through a violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with gusts of wind and rain. We are well lodged at the best inn; the sign the Woman of Samaria, which I mention on account of its singularity. The night before last we slept at *Brescia*. From Verona to Milan is about one hundred and four miles, through a very rich soil and fertile country, closely cultivated with vines, mulberry-trees, and corn, &c.; its face is flat; at length the horizon is bounded by mountains, covered with snow: this sort of prospect continued to Bergamo. We had disagreeable rivers to pass, which are subject, it seems, in winter, to overflow their banks, and make the road extremely troublesome, if not dangerous. Some good pictures are to be seen at Brescia, as well in the churches *Brescia*. as in private collections; but we did not make any delay in this town, arriving in the evening, and leaving it the next morning. The weather was so extremely hot and stormy, that there was no possibility of going to see any thing, unless we had determined to stay here a day or two, which did not appear to us to be worth while. This town is remarkable in history, and mentioned as

the scene of many extraordinary events, both in ancient and modern times. I should have been glad to have seen the house the *Chevalier Bayard* occupied, when *Gaston de Foix* took the town. I dare say you recal the circumstances of this remarkable event, as mentioned in the reign of Lewis the Twelfth by the French historians.

Bergamo. Bergamo is the native country of Harlequin: here that absurd character originated, and although we did but change horses at that town, we had an opportunity of discerning the characteristics of the Italian Harlequin. The post-master, the postillions, &c. have a species of humorous repartee, an arch manner of being alert, and an agility which participates both of mischief and folly in all their actions: they are quite different looking people from any other Italians we have yet seen. The road from Bergamo hither lies through the rich and delightful plains of Lombardy. For about twelve miles before we reached Milan, it was perfectly good; and the meadows, enclosed with hedge-rows, and watered by trenches calculated for that purpose, present the richest pasturage that can be seen. This city seems very large and considerable; we are already provided with Milanese servants, a coach, &c. The prices are, for a very handsome town-carriage, *fifteen pauls* per day, the *laquais de louage*, *four pauls* a day each; our own dinner, *ten pauls* a piece; supper, the same; *four pauls* for the valet de chambre;

Milan.

bre; *ten pauls* more our bed-chamber; and no charge for our dining-room. We are admirably well served, fed, and lodged. The trout of the Barromean lake are as large as the largest English salmon, and much better than any fish I ever tasted. The turkeys and all their fowl of every kind, being fed upon rice and milk, are not only the fattest, but I believe the best in the world. All other sorts of provisions, as well as game, in the greatest plenty and perfection. I shall write once more from hence; we shall not stay longer here than to see this city, &c. and then direct our course to Turin. Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R LVI.

Milan, June the 28th.

WE set out on our journey to-morrow, and might reach Turin the same night, though it is ninety miles from hence, did we not prefer travelling in the cool of the day, and lying by during the heat; so we must sleep one night on the road. Milan, in my opinion, though very large and considerable, is not beautiful: some of the environs are pretty, and very convenient for taking the air in coaches. The Duke of Modena resides here (he is Vice-governor of the Milanese), with the princess his grand-daughter. Count Fermian

Fermian represents her Imperial Majesty, he shares the government with the Duke: Count Fermian's very amiable character is so well known, that it is needless for me to repeat those praises which natives and foreigners so liberally bestow upon him; we wished to have seen so remarkable a man, but at this time he is absent from Milan, we are told at Vienna.

Determining to make no acquaintance here, but to remain as little known as possible, we have sunk all our letters of recommendation; foreseeing that, instead of passing a few days at Milan, we might be induced, by the civilities of those to whom our letters are addressed, to a residence of at least a month or six weeks, which would have destroyed our present plan of operations, and frustrated our intention of returning to you within the time proposed. The *Milanese* character is universally that of hospitality and kindness to strangers, and with our letters of recommendation, no doubt we should have found as much difficulty in leaving Milan, as in quitting Bologna. By this prudent measure we have seen all that is curious in this city, and shall depart to-morrow without regret. Should you be desirous of a description of the Duke, I will give it you another time, *if possible*; for to do him justice, I think he "*beggars all description*;" ask me not in what sense.—His granddaughter has an amiable character; she is to be married immediately to a brother of the Emperor.

I shall

I shall now mention what we have seen : *Il Duomo*, Church of the Cathedral Church, is situated in the center of the city : it is the most considerable edifice at Milan, and esteemed by many, the finest church in Italy after St. Peter's at Rome. The columns that adorn and support it are superb ; particularly four pillars under the dome or cupola, which are each about twenty-eight feet in circumference : it is profusely decorated with marbles, statues, ornaments, &c. so that one fine thing hides another : whoever loves an extensive view, may find one that will content him from the top of the dome. The famous Chapel of St. Charles *Barromeo* is under part of the church ; his body is entire, and lies in a crystal case, finely dressed in rich pontifical habits ; his face is quite perfect, excepting just the tip of the nose, but his skin is of the colour and consistency of parchment ; it has a shining appearance, like a burn or a scald newly healed ; he has silk gloves on : his portrait is preserved in a little chapel just by ; it is done in embroidery by the famous Peregrina, and exhibits a strong likeness to what he is at present. He caused his catacomb (which is very near his chapel) to be dug out before his death, where his body had remained an hundred and eighty-seven years, at the time of its removal into this crystal case. The octagonal panes of rock crystal, of which the case is formed, are each ten inches long and eight broad ; they are set in silver gilt : his crozier, which

which lies by him, is richly ornamented with diamonds. The walls of this chapel are lined with silver pannels, wrought in *basso rilievo*; whose subjects are, the birth, life, and death of this Saint: this chapel is always illuminated, and is a rich treasure in itself. In the church, over the grand altar, is placed *il sacro chiodo* (the sacred nail), a relic for which the Milanese have a great veneration, enclosed in crystal, and surrounded with a gilt glory: it is what Constantine used for a bit for his horse, when he went to battle: Theodosius presented it to this church, and 'tis carried in procession every third of May. The sculpture, in marble and in wood, of the choir, is highly finished, and demands an accurate observation. The famous statue of St. Bartholomew is finely done, but there is something so shocking in the contemplation of a man flayed alive, that I could not look at it long; on the pedestal is this inscription,

Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrati.

The treasury contains a great number of articles in gold, silver, and precious stones, to a large amount. Next to this church the Ambrosian Library is highly esteemed here, which by no means answered the descriptions I had read of it, either in respect to the number of books, or the collection of paintings, sculpture, medals, &c. that it is said to contain. This library is really appropriated

priated to the use of the Public *gratis*, being open every day, and a great many people frequent it, and read commodiously whatever books they think fit; their time is not limited, nor is there any kind of restraint put upon them. The *Gabinetto*, or Museum, belongs to the library; this collection Museum, was made by one Manfredo Settala, a *Milanois*, remarkable for his learning and application to the study of natural history, antiquities, &c. One of the most curious articles, in this collection, is a lump, or ball of crystal; in the centre of which you plainly distinguish a drop of clear water. Amongst the pictures the following are the most Pictures. remarkable; a Virgin, by Carraccio. A portrait Carraccio. of a doctor, by Corregio. A Madonna, by Corregio. Rubens, encircled in a garland of flowers. The *Cartone* of the School of Athens, of the same size with the picture in the Vatican, by Raffaello. A Raffaello. Virgin, a Dutcheß of Milan, a Doctor and a Physician who grasps a dagger, by Leonardo da Leonardo da Vinci. Vinci. A beautiful Peter Nef, representing the Peter Nef. cathedral at Anvers. The four elements, a miniature, in oils, by J. Brughel. This Flemish J.Brughel. painter has discovered some little degree of fancy in the representations of the elements: the figures are so diminutive, that they cannot be clearly distinguished without a microscope. There are many other of his performances to be seen here; in general, his temptations of St. Antonio are the best and most humorous of his paintings. They shew
in

in this cabinet certain manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, on which they set an immense value, consisting chiefly of notes and figures, and here and there a very rough sketch indeed; however, it appears by a busto of one Galeas Arconati, a citizen of Milan, placed in this museum as a reward for his generous conduct, that James the Sixth of Scotland offered three thousand pistoles for one of these volumes; but this citizen, whose property they were at that time, preferred the giving them to the Ambrosian Library, to the pistoles the King had proffered him. While we were examining the contents of the museum, the *Ciceroni* who shews them beckoned to us to follow him, and conducted me to a case, in which was placed a skeleton; he bid me (with the utmost gravity) consider it attentively. I did so, and then asked him what there was extraordinary or remarkable in that skeleton? He replied, that it was the skeleton of the greatest beauty Milan had ever produced. By this lady's will, her heirs were enjoined to have her body dissected, fixed in a case, and placed in the Ambrosian Library, that every one of her sex, who should come to see that collection, should be shewn her skeleton; and be informed at the same time, that that skeleton once possessed such charms as made all the artists of Milan pronounce her perfect in every personal beauty; that she was esteemed and beloved by all who knew her, prizing her superior talents, un-

common

common understanding, and wit, for which she was as remarkable as for her beauty.—After a long harangue in words to this purpose, he at length informed me, that I must come at last to such a state. Whether he thought I should have wept at such an *extraordinary* piece of information, or what he expected, I know not, but I made him no other answer than bursting into a laugh, and asking him, whether he took me for a *stolta* (a fool), he seemed greatly surprised and disappointed, and I suppose thought me a very wicked wretch, quite hardened in heresy.

The church of San Vittore is a very elegant edifice, highly decorated with gilding and other ornaments. Here is a picture of the blessed *Bernardo Tolomeo*, by Battoni of Rome; the subject is the above *blest Bernardo* assisting people who are dying of the plague. This is the best painting the church contains. *Le Grazie*, the church of the Dominicans: this church was founded by *Luigi Sforce*, Duke of Milan; Beatrice his wife is interred here: the beautiful proportions of the cupola are much admired. Here is a picture by Tiziano, that the Milanese esteem one of his very best paintings; the subject is, Christ crowned with thorns. In one of the chapels is a St. Paul, by Godenzio Ferrari da Novara: this is a good picture, and the first I ever saw by this master, to the best of my remembrance. In the refectory of this convent, is the most famous of all the pictures

Church
San Vit-
tore.

Battoni.

Church le
Grazie.

Tiziano.

Godenzio
Ferrari da
Novara.

Leonardo done by Leonardo da Vinci; it represents the Last da Vinci. Supper, and is painted in fresco on the wall; it is a very large piece, occupying the whole end of the refectory. On the table, at one end, Leonardo has represented a dish of fried trout, of the famous lake near Milan; at the other end, a paschal lamb *larded*: the dish placed before our Saviour is empty; before each disciple stands a goblet of wine, and the table is garnished with rolls of bread and apples. The figure intended to represent our Saviour, is pretty well done, particularly the face, which expresses the utmost benevolence, clemency, and grace. You readily remark, that the painter has given six fingers to St. John: the disciples are poorly done, excepting Judas, which Leonardo exerted his utmost abilities to finish. This picture, upon the whole, is finely coloured, although much spoiled; the perspective is good; there is much vigour in the design, and a very fine air in all the heads: it is in a great style and manner, without being much studied, or highly finished. I shall give you a curious anecdote concerning this picture: Some time past, the superior of these holy brethren was so strikingly like the Judas, both in person and mind, that every one perceiving the resemblance, the monk, in a fit of vexation, ordered it to be whitewashed all over: thus it remained forgot and lost to the world for several years; till an English traveller, who had read of such a painting, by diligently examining the wall, discovered

discovered its concealment; the monks had its white skin taken off, by which operation the picture was injured in several places. In the fresco paintings of the life of St. Dominique, purgatory is represented at the bottom of a well, and the Virgin is employed in drawing up souls by means of her chaplet, in the same manner as a bucket is drawn up by a rope.

Unfortunately for me, who am so fond of music, there is no opera here at this season; the *commedia* is the only theatrical amusement.

The Theatre is a very large building, consisting of five ranges of boxes, thirty-five in each range: its plan is almost square. The boxes are large enough to receive and return visits, to play at cards, and to sup in, which custom is practised here as much as at Genoa. As to *la Commedia*, I could not enter much into the humour of it, never having read, or seen it before; but it seemed to me to be a kind of satirical piece, somewhat in the stile of the French comedy of *le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*: what diverted me almost as much as it did the Milanese, was the part of Harlequin in the farce; his blunders, action, attitudes, were worthy a true son of *Bergamo*. When he serves his master at supper, he is ordered to make the salad, and to observe particularly to put salt enough, and then to stir it well about. To obey the first order, he brings a measure of salt, as much as a large dish can hold, and flings it all in; then hav-

ing forgot the oil, fetches a great lamp, supposed to be burning in the hall, empties it entirely of the foetid train-oil, and upon deep reflection puts the cotton wick in also; he then brings a vessel, *not* intended for vinegar, and slops in the contents; he lastly produces the stable dung-fork, and with it stirs the sallad till he is almost extenuated. His master, at length losing all patience, frightens poor Harlequin out of his wits, who implores pardon on his knees for his giddiness and want of thought. The master takes him again into favour, on promise of amendment, and orders him to cut him a slice of *pane con molto delicatezza*: here Harlequin errs again; he goes out to fetch a knife, but meeting with a marble saw in his way, thinks that may do the business much more effectually; he brings it with difficulty, and commences sawing the loaf. I really am ashamed at taking up your leisure with such a nonsensical narration, but the truth is, the foibles here alluded to, are not much exaggerated; and as I have seen some Italian servants of the tribe of Harlequin, I was more diverted than I should have otherwise been.

The weather is so extremely uncertain, that I am afraid to venture to the Barromean islands: the palaces, or pleasure-houses, which were once so delightful, they tell us, are in a most ruinous condition, and not worth seeing; M—— would fain go, but I have dissuaded him from it. As there has been an holy day since we have been here,

here, we had the pleasure of seeing how extremely opulent the citizens and their families appear, even down to the lowest mechanic; though I cannot say I liked to see blacksmiths and shoemakers with gold and silver stuffs in waistcoats, long swords, and embroidered knots; taylors in brocade, and fine laced ruffles, &c. This is carrying opulence into luxury; at the same time, waving these ridiculous excesses, I was rejoiced to see every body appear rich, and happy. The women are in general very handsome. The noblesse and great ladies dress in a more noble style than at Paris, and have a very genteel air and manner; their clothes are of the richest materials, and better made than any I have yet seen in Italy.

Adieu for the present; it is now late, and I must be up early to-morrow.

L E T T E R LVII.

Turin, June the 30th.

WE reached this, our first acquaintance of the Italian towns, yesterday. Having lain at Novara, a very indifferent inn, where we had no rest from the vulgar and brutal noises made by the postilions and helpers, &c. who, playing and quarrelling at cards all night long, so frightened me, that I expected to hear in the morning they had assassinated each other, but happily no mischievous consequence ensued. Our journey here was made very disagreeable by the frequent crossing of rivers; some by means of a raft, others we were obliged to ford. The current of the *Tessin* in particular was so strong, that we had like to have met with an ugly accident; it was as much as could be done to avoid being carried forcibly down the river. We also crossed the *Doro*, whose sands are mixed with grains of pure and fine gold. The road was not very safe neither, as there was a banditti who lay concealed in a forest not far removed. Armed peasants were ordered by the magistrates to patrol, four or five in a company, in their turns, between one village and another, in order to assist travellers, in case of necessity; and as the road lies through both the

king of Sardinia's territories and the Milanese, it is a convenient circumstance that these villains sometimes avail themselves of, to escape into the one or the other state, when they ply on the borders of both.

We shall leave this city as soon as we have seen our acquaintance, then proceed to Lyons, and after a few days stay there, press on to the south. Our intention is, that this excursion shall not take up more time than three weeks, being anxious to see those monuments of Roman magnificence, which still remain at Nîmes, Orange, Arles, &c. of which you shall have a full and true account.

When in France, which we shall be in a few days, you must fancy us very near you. We, it is true, shall be in the south, and you in the north; but you know, in this instance, that north and south are not very far asunder. I can give you one circumstance which will afford you pleasure, that we are assured the roads through the Savoy have been so well mended, previous to the young princess's journey to *the Comte de Provence*, that travelling over them is no longer inconvenient or dangerous. We like this town as much as before we had seen all the others in Italy: I shall go again to visit the King's Palace, from an assurance of finding it as much to my taste as formerly.

The weather is delightfully fine, and the environs in high beauty. His Majesty has not ne-

glected his works at the Valentin in our absence, there is a great deal of earth moved and much done; it may probably be completed before winter. We are lodged at an hotel called *les Armes d'Angleterre*; the apartments are good, and we are well served. As we propose resting here but a few days, we thought it more convenient to lodge in an hotel, than to have the trouble of a house and housekeeping. Adieu, &c.

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